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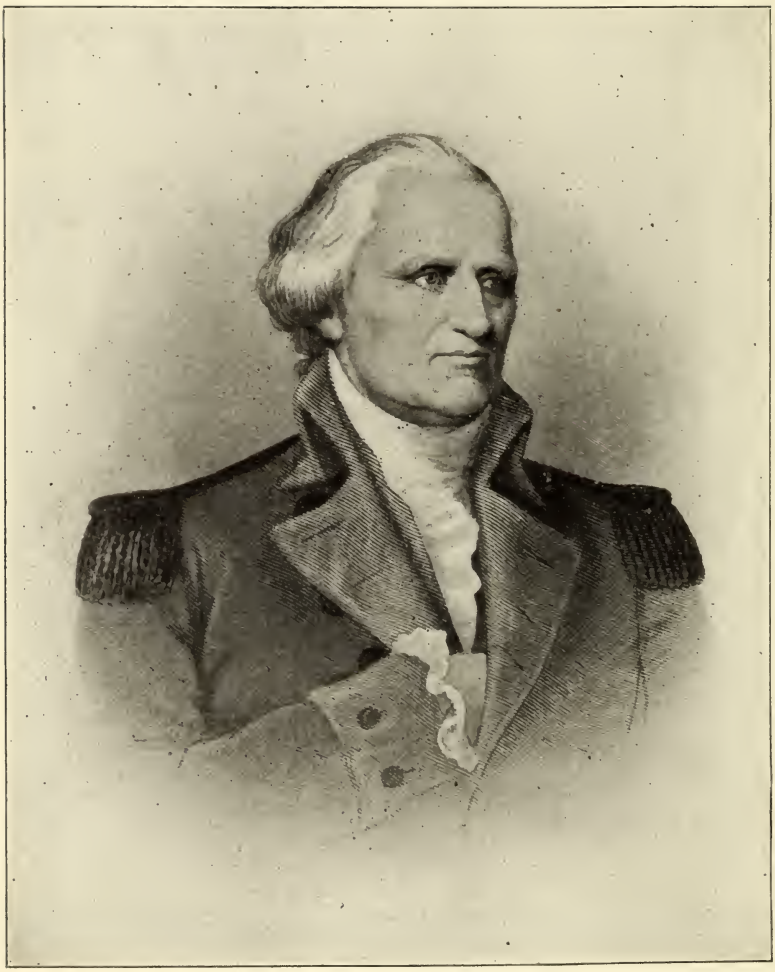

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN STARK

MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION COLLECTIONS

VOLUME IV — 1908-1910

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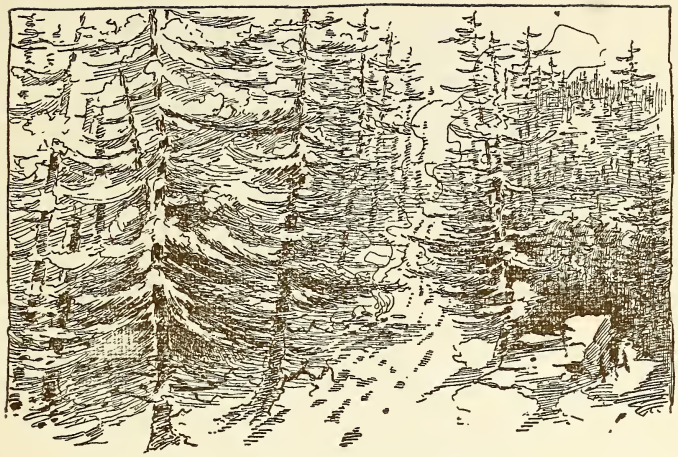


"WHEN THE WOODS WERE WHITE WITH SNOW"

The Snow-Shoe Men

By Nellie M. Browne

Recited before the Manchester Historic Association upon its celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the winter march of Captain Tyng and his snow-shoe scouts.

BY THE light of the early morning,
When the woods were white with snow,
Marched the snow-shoe men from Dunstable,
Now two hundred years ago.

With faces turned to the Northward,
Leaving homes without a sigh,
Ready to act for their loved ones—
Ready ever to do and die.

They had left their hearthfires burning,
And those they held most dear;
But honor and valor went with them,
Though the way was long and drear.

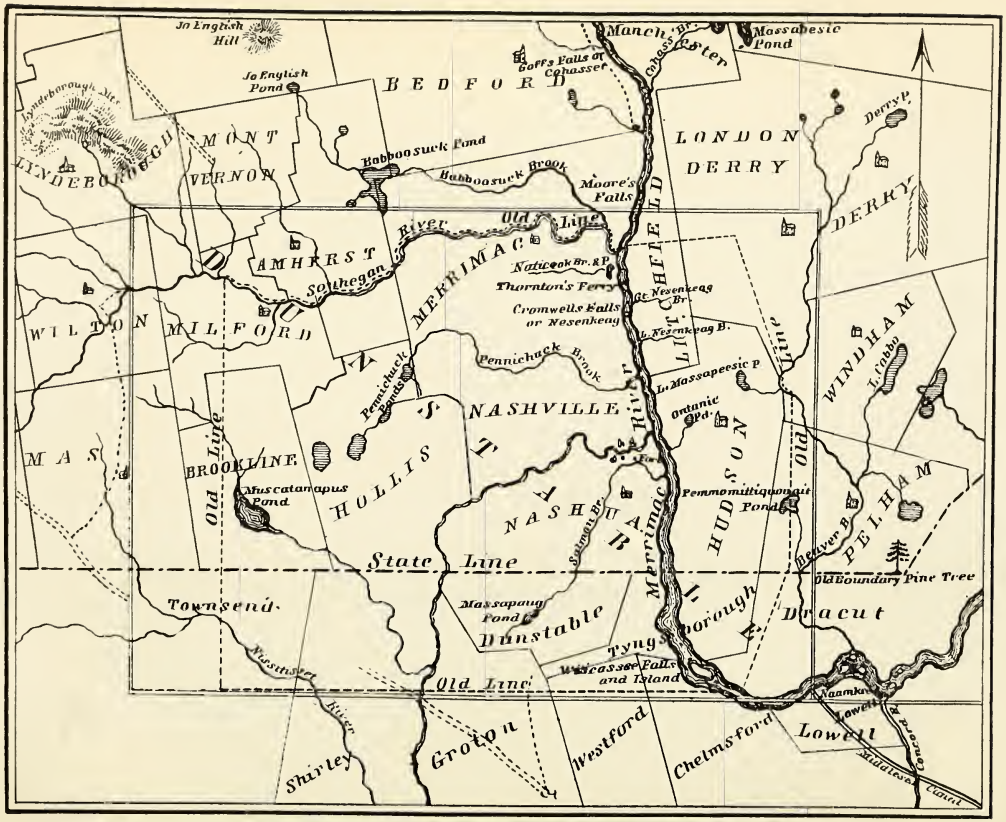
Up the "River of Broken Waters,"
In silence wended their way,
For their feet were clad with snow-shoes,
And stout of heart were they.

You have read how they met the enemy—
The tedious march was done,
Which gave to us our home-rights,
Their well-earned victory won.

Who shall say they were not heroes,
Though the years have flown apace?
Who can say they are not worthy
In our hearts to hold a place?

They have left with us their record—
The fight and hardships shared—
Let us keep alive their memory,
Remember the men who dared.

When at last life's chain is broken,
Let this ever be our prayer;
That their deeds shall be recorded,
And their names be written there.



From Fox's History of Dunstable

TERRITORY OF OLD DUNSTABLE

The Snow-Shoe Scouts

An Address Delivered by George Waldo Browne Before the Manchester Historic Association Upon the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Winter Scout of Capt. William Tyng and His Snow-Shoe Men.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

IT is my purpose this evening to speak of that little band of men whose names have become enrolled on the historic pages of early New England as "The Snow-Shoe Scouts;" the men who were foremost among the pioneers in breaking the New Hampshire wilderness; the men whose log cabins were the homes of the first actual settlers within the populous section of our city; the men whose clearings were the windows in the primeval forest to first let in the sunlight of these northern skies upon this paradise of the red men; the men whose rough-walled meeting house reared on one of the pine-templed hills near by, was the first to declare to the coming generations that their ancestors were a God-fearing people.

Sitting here in the enjoyment of the pleasures and privileges of a civilized life; coming from the homes of a Christian community, and protected by the laws of a free government, it is not easy to comprehend that within the span of two lives—a Stark and a Kidder—this scene was the heart of an unpeopled wildwood; where the lofty pine lifted high its sombre plume in defiance of the woodman's axe; where the sedgy vine bound in its relentless folds the oaken freeman of the forest; where the Merrimack ran its race unvexed from mountain to the sea; where by day the hungry bear crept forth from its lonely lair, and by night the stealthy panther prowled upon the footsteps of its prey; where, from sun to sun, the timid deer followed

its flight unfearing the shadow of a human being; ay, when and where the solemn drum-beats of Old Amoskeag, which had not lost a note for cycles of forgotten years, was unbroken and unchallenged by the rumble of factory wheels or the thunder of street traffic; the silence of the solitude broken only by the myriad voices of Nature—the murmur of running waters, the soughing of the wind, the trill of the forest songster, the plaint of a belated fox, the laughter of the loon—blending in harmonious concert, the softer notes drowned at intervals by the harsh tremolo of some wandering wolf.

If two hundred years ago only an occasional red man, like a shadow of departed greatness, lingered around these old familiar scenes, the Merrimack valley had been in truth the great battle ground of the aboriginal races. Here, the natural heir of Nature's realm, the lordly Penacook had threaded the dim aisles of its wild arcades, his snowy canoe had vied with the foam upon its broken waters, his warcry had awakened the fastness of its far-reaching forests, his council fires starred the Plutonian night of the barbaric wilderness long ere the white sails of Columbus' caravels had dotted the distant main; long ere the ravens of the Northmen had flaunted their dark wings on the sedgy shores of Old Vineland; ay, long ere the most learned cosmographer of the Old World had dreamed of a land and a people beyond the untraversed seas. Here, was sounded up and down the country, from the mysterious West, the wild alarm of battle from their ancient and deadly enemies, the Romans of America, the Mohawks. Here, from the Brave Lands of the Penacook to the murmuring waters of Pawtucket, from the pulseless breasts of Uncannoonuc to the crag-castles of Old Pawtuckaway the invincible Abnakis bore aloft the tocsin of war. Here wound the wartrails of nations that fought, bled and perished in the same cause which has wrung tears from the old earth since it was young. This was in truth the Thessaly of Olden New England.

From out of the misty background of Tradition rise the stalwart figures of that heroic period. Among them the stately Kenewa appears mustering his dusky legion, to lead it forth to anticipated conquest only to be swallowed up by the hungry wilderness as was Varus and his army in the old Germanic forest. Then the valiant Winnemet rallied around him upon the Brave Lands his gallant followers in his desperate endeavor to stem the tide of that disastrous Waterloo, falling encircled by the last of "old guard" of the Penacooks. Now the magnanimous Passaconnaway, reading in the signs of the times, the destiny in store for his people, taught them it was better to condone the wrongs done by a stronger race than to combat a hopeless fate, leaving them with his parting words impressed upon their minds, while he launched his frail boat upon the placid waters of Massabesic, to the red men "the eyes of the sky," to vanish from sight and story. What a picturesque sight was presented by the tall, erect figure of the aged sachem standing upright in the centre of his fragile craft, while it was slowly wafted by the rippling water away from the pine-fronded shore, away from the landscape which swiftly disappeared before the incoming of white man, but whose going out was even slower than the disappearance of the race of which this single chieftain was a noble representative. Here, the curtain fallen on the closing scene of pagan warfare, Wannalancet, the last great sachem of the Penacooks, called about him his few scattered followers to lead them to that rendezvous under French protection upon the St. Francis, to return himself a few years latter that his ashes might mingle with the dust of his fathers. Here, sacrificing every hope and ambition for his people, brave Merruwacomet, better known as Joe English, fought and fell in the interest of an alien people, an unhonored hero. Here, too, in the gloaming of that long day, came the lonely Christo to consecrate with the tears of a warrior the graves of his sires, the ashes of his race. No mean knights of chivalry these, every

hero of them worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with the best of the Old World champions.

Of their rights or wrongs I have little to say at this time, but am free to confess that I have no patience with those who declare they were hopeless savages, beyond the light of civilization. I would remind that same judge that it was not so very many generations ago that his own ancestors lurked sullenly in caverns of the earth and came forth clad in the skins of wild beasts. It is related by one of the pioneers that while abroad one night upon the river-bank, he discovered an Indian approaching upon his hands and knees. A friendly motion of the hand of the dusky scout caused the white man to wait his approach. Then, with his fingers upon his lips to enjoin silence, he whispered:

"Me watch to see the deer kneel."

Then it occurred to the white man that it was Christmas, and he realized that in the simplicity of his belief the red man was expecting at that sacred hour to see the deer come forth from the forest to fall upon their knees in silent adoration to the Great Spirit. Truly that race cannot be lost to Omnipotent justice who, in its honesty of faith, looks through Nature's eyes up to God.

The condition between the red man and his white competitor reminds me of the story of the "talking turkey." A white man and an Indian, hunting together, had agreed to divide equally the spoils of their hunt, which resulted simply in getting a good fat turkey and a worthless crow. In this dilemma the white man proposed that they divide even, by saying:

"I'll take the turkey, and you can take the crow; or you can take the crow and I will take the turkey."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the red man, "you no talk turkey to poor Indian at all."

* * *

The Treaty of Ryswick, September 20, 1697, closed Frontenac's long series of aggressive campaigns on the

part of New France against New England, and a period of comparative peace between the settlers of these provinces succeeded. The pride and the power of the Five Nations, always arrayed against the French since the days of Champlain, had been broken and humbled; their numerous acres of maize destroyed with ruthless hands; their great apple orchards ruined; their large tracts of ripening melons destroyed; and their towns ravaged and given over to the torch of the despoiler. The Abnakis, the constant allies of the French, were for the time gluttered of their vengeance and their appetite for blood sated.

But the respite was not overlong. Soon the war-torch was rekindled and the war-whoops of the Eastern Amerinds again awoke the solitude of northern New England. This was the coming of the twilight to the darkest night in the history of New England warfare. England and France were again drawn into an armed contest in that century and more of conflict which marks that era of European history. This time Spain was a part of the strife, largely the bone of contention, and European historians have styled this "The War of the Spanish Succession." In America it was called "Queen Anne's War," as that queen was the ruler of Great Britian, and, as usual, the trouble in the old world was largely fought out in the new, and its terrible warfare lasted for nearly ten years.

Hitherto the red men had carried on their predatory struggles mainly through their own arms and leadership. Now they were not only armed but trained and advised by the masters of French military tactics and unceasingly to strike their subtle yet terrific blows. Thus all the cruel cunning of the wild savage was united with the merciless ingenuity of the then foremost military power in the world. Urged on by this crafty ally, keeping constantly before their eyes the well-thumbed prayer-book while he held over their heads the sword, the Amerinds, in scouting parties numbering from half a dozen to a score or more, raided every section of the wide belt of wilderness lying

between the more thickly settled quarters of the English on the south and the French fortresses on the north. The pioneers of Maine and New Hampshire were consequently the greatest sufferers. According to the best information we have, and which is all too meagre, more than two hundred men, women and children were killed or taken into a captivity worse to contemplate than even death at the hands of a barbaric foe. The torch was applied to cabin after cabin, until it began to look as if the English settlers were doomed. By the swiftness and frequency of their attacks upon the scattered homes of the pioneers it seemed as if the dusky enemies were omnipresent hanging "like lightning upon the edge of a cloud," about those lonely cabins fringing the wilderness.

In their hapless plight the people turned to the government for assistance. The French were paying a bounty for scalps of the English, and the courts of Massachusetts, in order to encourage the pioneers of their domains, offered a bounty of fifty pounds for every Indian scalp that should be secured. This encouragement, in addition to the natural desire to retaliate for the inhuman deeds committed against them, caused the whites to speedily organize several scouting parties along the lower Merrimack valley for the purpose of driving back the enemy and striking a blow in self-defence. About twenty of these parties were organized, to see more or less of service, but the first and most conspicuous of these was that gallant band of whom I am to speak, "Tyng's Snow-Shoe Scouts."

The depredations of the Amerinds were mostly made in the summer. It was not only easier for them to move about like so many shadows under the forest shade, but the white settlers were then occupied with their various duties about their new homes, and less prepared to combat them. Upon the other hand, the English made nearly all of their retaliatory expeditions against their wily foes during the winter season. If the forests were snow-clogged then, the undergrowth was overladen with its heavy man-

tle, the streams and ponds bridged with silver planking, and the red men now aggregated in groups more readily found than in the summer when they were scattered. The whites, too, had more leisure in which to pursue this stubborn warfare.

The situation of the entire colonists in America at that perilous period was exceedingly critical. The English held only a chain of settlements along the New England coast, here and there fringing the banks of its many rivers; the Dutch, a cluster of hamlets in New Netherlands, now New York; and the English another colony at Jamestown, Virginia. The French meanwhile had obtained possession, in a large sense speculative, the entire interior stretching from Acadie on the east, up the valley of the St. Lawrence past Tadousac, the trading station at the mouth of the Saguenay, Quebec, upon its rock-throne, Montreal, on the site of ancient Huron capital, the rich country about the Great Lakes, and the fertile basins running down to the Gulf of Mexico. This crescent-shaped line of settlements, bounded on the north by the unexplored wilderness, was maintained by a chain of fortresses, guarded by a paid soldiery, encouraged by the prayers of zealous missionaries, and supported by rich traders who desired to become yet richer. In all this vast area there were only two homes within sight and sound of the rock of Quebec.

The English held their limited domain by actual home-building, clearing the wilderness and cultivating the soil wherever they dared to venture, and the natural resources allured them hence. They stubbornly defended their homes to their utmost. The first was a military power; the latter a civil body.

It can be readily understood that the Indians, situated in the broad belt of debatable country between these rival powers almost constantly at each other's throat, were like grains of corn between two mill wheels, sure to be crushed by one or the other. None realized this better than they

in their ignorance and weakness, and this very fact served to make them suspicious and revengeful. It was impossible for them to remain neutral, and it was natural they should be won over to the French through their zealous priests and dazzling glamor of their armed forces. To the simple warrior of the wilderness the soldiers of New France were dashing, courageous gallants, the flashing of whose rapiers was the lightning and the roar of whose firearms was the thunder of battle. When they saw these gaily-bedecked sons of mars, whom they knew were their superiors, lie down beside them in the wallow, and adopt with apparent cheerfulness their methods of living, they were easily induced to become their allies. In the words of Charlevoix: "The savages did not become Frenchmen; the Frenchmen became savages." But with all their shrewdness the French did not adopt the red man's tactics of warfare.

On the other hand, while the English scorned affiliation with the Indians they did not hesitate to imitate them in their system of border strife. In this respect they gained a decided advantage over the French from the days of Captain Tyng and his "Snow-shoe Scouts" to the close of the cruel drama under Rogers and his Rangers. Compared with the cunning artifices and hand-to-hand encounters of the veterans of those war-trails the personal prowess and valor of the mailed warriors of the age of chivalry in European struggles become common-place combats. It is true the pomp of bannered columns, the eclat of heraldry, the shimmer of burnished armor were wanting, but in their places were the stern, determined countenances of sun-bronzed and weather-beaten men; instead of the thunder of hoofs was the stillness of foot-soldiers shod with silence; instead of the clangor of clumsy arms rang the sharp twang of the bow, and the track of the hurtling dart was sped by the feathered arrow.

Where, in the one case, was a Saviour's grave to rescue from the infidels, on the other were human lives—

mothers, daughters, sons and sweethearts, over whose fates hung a mystery and horror that passed the comprehension of man. Everywhere the frontier had been ravaged by an enemy that neither compassed the range of suffering or knew the redeeming grace of compassion. Not alone were young men fired with the zeal of defence and rescue in those unwritten crusades, but old men became knight-errants on those long, tedious, perilous marches through the wilderness of debatable country lying between the blockhouses of the English and the strongholds of the French—a pathless belt of forest three hundred miles in width. These ardous marches had to be performed in the dead of winter, not upon the backs of eager warhorses, but upon foot, the shadowy soldiery threading in silence lonely ravines, scaling broken foothills, creeping under matted thickets reeking with the sweat of centuries, when the wilderness was snow-clogged, and the water-ways locked with the key of Nature. Resorting to the use of snow-shoes, the intrepid scouts wound their weary way over huge snow-banks, at times wading knee-deep in some turgid stream whose silvery covering had proved too thin to bear their weight, anon dragging their loads over the icy surface of an inland sheet of water; at nightfall stopping to dig a hole in the snow for the site of their camping-place, fearing to build a fire to thaw their benumbed limbs lest some argus-eyed enemy, who was to be expected at all times lurking in ambush, should spring upon them; appeasing their hunger with bits of dried meat, lying down on a layer of fir-boughs for their couch, a bedraggled blanket or frozen skin for a covering, —even in sleep the mittened hand holding upon the stock of the trusty firearm, and the trained ear alert to catch the first intimation of danger. Wet, tired, stiffened by the day's march, after a night's unrest, making a breakfast without a fire, these show-shoe scouts were up and moving again though the winter wind cut like a two-edged sword, and the sleet pelted like shotted lead. And ever the un-

certainty of their quest, should they succeed in reaching the end of their pathless trail, only an inkling of whose sufferings can be conveyed by the tongue.

It is said that it was a woman's forethought which suggested the snow-shoes, but be that as it may the idea found instant favor, and no sooner had Capt. William Tyng petitioned to the Massachusetts General Court for the privilege of organizing a band of scouts than busy hands began to get in readiness these useful objects. Within a week forty-four had signified their willingness—ay, eagerness—to accompany Captain Tyng upon his arduous expedition. Their names and residences are as follows:

CHELMSFORD

John Shepley
Peter Talbird
Josiah Richardson
Saml. Chamberlain
Ebner. Spaulding
Henry Farwell
John Spaulding
Jona. Butterfield
Stephen Keyes
Timothy Spaulding
John Spaulding, Jr.
Benony Perham
John Richardson
Paul Fletcher
Nathaniel Butterfield
Stephen Pierce
Henry Spaulding
Jonathan Parker
Ephraim Hildreth

GROTON

Nathaniel Woods
William Longley
Jonathan Page
Joseph Parker
Nathl. Blood
Thos. Tarble.
Richard Warner
Saml. Davis
Joseph Guilson
Joseph Perham
Joseph Lakin
James Blanchard
William Whitney
Eleazer Parker
Saml. Woods
John Longley
John Holden

DUNSTABLE

Thomas Lund	Joseph Blanchard
Joseph Butterfield	John Cumings
Thomas Cumings	

BILLERICA.

John Hunt	Jonathan Hill
Jonathan Richards	

Capt. William Tyng, the organizer and leader of this expedition, was the second son of Col. Jonathan and Sarah (Usher) Tyng, born April 22, 1679. His grandfather was the Hon. Edward Tyng, born in Dunstable, England, in 1600 His father, Edward, was one of the original proprietors of Dunstable, and with his family remained in town during the period of King Philip's War when all others fled to a haven of safety. William, as far as the records show, was the first white child born in the town, and he became a prominent citizen, holding the office of selectman at the time of organization of his famous band of scouts. In 1707 he was representative to the General Court, and was made major of the armed forces of that vicinity in 1709. The following summer, while engaged in active service, he was mortally wounded by the Indians, and died a few days later while being treated for his wound at Concord. He led other scouting parties than the one under consideration, and his younger brother, Col. Eleazer, was the leader of a relief party sent to succor the ill-fated Lovewell. Major William Tyng's son, John, was an honored and influential citizen, who when the old township was divided became a resident of Tyngsborough. He was judge and leading factor in in the Tyng grant to be mentioned later.

While the recording hand is silent in this matter, *

*The original pay-roll of Captain Tyng is not preserved, but the record of the money paid to him is to be found in the Massachusetts Council Records, Vol. IV, page 20. It amounts to 71 pounds, 11 shillings which sum includes 25 shillings paid to a surgeon for caring for one of the men who came home sick.—*Editor.*

I have every reason to believe that Capt. Tyng had no less noted person for his guide upon this expedition than Joe English, the friendly Agawam, whose early name had been Merruwacomet, meaning the "first to reach the meeting-place."*

These early scouting parties were usually le d by friendly Indians, and as late as 1724 Harmon, in his revengeful raid against the French priest Rasle and his dusky followers at Norridgewock, was guided by the friendly Mohawk, Christian, andthis same Indian a year later died while engaged in a similar service under Col. Eleazer Tyng. Joe English met a tragic death at the hands of his countrymen in this vicinity July 26, 1706.†

---

*Since writing the above I have found the following Declarations made in connection with the settlement of the boundary dispute between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, recorded in the Masonian Papers, Vol. 4, saying explicitly that Joe English acted as guide for Capt. William Tyng upon his expedition against the Indians during the winter of 1703-4, to wit:

John Cummings of Westford says that "he proceeded against the Indians with Captain William Tyng, and an Indian named Joe English, then a noted Pilot." John Langley of Groton, reiterates this statement and declares "that in the Year 1703, he went up said River (Merrimack) with Capt. William Tyng with a noted Indian Pilot with them, named Joe English." Another, Isaac Bradley of Haverhill, Mass., repeats this declaration with the added information that Joe English lived at that time at "Penicook with other of ye Penicook Indians." It is quite likely that Captain Tyng was joined here by the "noted Indian pilot," and that he parted with him here upon his return. This would indicate that the Indians were living at Pennacook later than most historians claim.—*Editor.*

†Joe English was a grandson of Masconnomet, chief sagamore of the Agawam family of Amerinds living within the territory now comprised in Ipswich, Mass. He inherited considerable land from his grandparent, which he conveyed to the whites and his wife by various deeds to be found recorded in the Massachusetts Military Records. Many are the stories related of his bravery and fidelity to the whites. His death was generally lamented, and the Massachusetts General Assembly made a grant of land and allowed the widow and her two children a pension, "because he had died in the service of his country."—*Editor.*

Captain Tyng had his men in readiness for marching, and on the morning of December 28, 1703, his party moved up the Merrimack valley, leading the way through the pathless forest for the many expeditions of the kind that were to follow during the sanguinary years of the French and Indian wars. Over this same route Woodward, Gardner and their companions had been the first white men to penetrate when upon their original survey of the Merrimack made by order of the Massachusetts court in 1638. Over this same course was Captain Tyng to pass again upon another march of this adventurous sort, and along his path Capt. John White. By this way, too, went the brave Lovewell in his memorable trips, the last of which cost him and his men so dear. Here, also, followed Col. Eleazer Tyng, and others, in their efforts to succor the unfortunate hero of border warfare.

The Sokokis, located upon the intervales of the Saco at Picwackett, as in later years, were the greatest source of annoyance to the whites, and among them a certain chief known to his followers as Raven Plume, on account of the black feather he wore in his head-dress, at the head of a small band of dusky slayers had become particularly obnoxious to the English. They had designated this leader of their enemies as "The Old Harry," which seemed the blackest color they could apply to him, and no doubt Captain Tyng had this dreaded foe in mind when he organized his snow-scouts. Thus Captain Tyng moved in that direction, always with extreme caution, sending out scouts by day to look for signs of the enemy and never sleeping at night without a watchful guard.

Captain Tyng was a God-fearing man, in those days when fear of Divine wrath meant more than an idle threat. He and his hardy men belonged to that religious body known as Dissenters, who had come to this country for one reason to enjoy freedom of worship. That freedom, however, was of a very austere sort. The Sabbath was strictly observed, and who disobeyed its precepts was sure

to call upon his head righteous condemnation and punishment. Each succeeding Sunday these snow-shoe scouts rested, the leader, with well-worn bible in hand holding appropriate ceremony, offering a sermon and prayer. The depth of feeling and earnestness of purpose of that little band of worshippers as they knelt upon the carpet of snow under the canopied church of the wilderness may be imagined but cannot be adequately described. No walls of masonry circumscribed the range of the preacher's voice which rose upon the wintry air with unbroken eloquence to the white throne of God. The melody of church bells was rendered in matchless beauty by the swelling anthems of the forest songs brought out by the wild winds, as they shook the roof of giant pines forming the great natural cathedral where the Genius of Solitude was the master builder.

Something of the rigidity with which these services were held and the manner in which the Sabbath was observed may be understood from the fact that one of the men, John Richardson, was fined by Captain Tyng forty shillings for "wetting a piece of an old hat to put into his shoe," which chafed his foot upon the march.

Toward nightfall upon the twentieth day the imprint of a moccasined foot was discovered by Joe English, and a halt was quickly ordered. The track had been made within half an hour, and it was believed some of the enemies were encamped near by. At any rate it stood them in hand to move with greater caution then ever. They were now in the heart of the country about the lodgment of the Sokokis. The guide, accompanied by one other, reconnoitred the scene, and they were not gone fifteen minutes before they returned with the announcement that Old Harry, with four of his followers, were bivouaced in the valley below. It was quite certain, Joe English declared, that the Sokokis intended to stop there until morning, and he counseled a pause where they were until it should be deemed wise to advance upon the enemy.

With impatience and anxiety the band remained inactive waiting the word of their leader to move. If the wintry cold pierced their bodies they dared not relieve themselves of the suffering by building a fire. The most that could be done was to move silently to and fro in a circumscribed space and defy the cold, the mittened hand always clutching the iron throat of the trusty firearm ready for use at the first alarm. Joe was gone longer upon his second scout than at first, and when he returned, it was simply to say that the foes had rolled themselves in their blankets, but were not yet in that sound sleep which he wished. So another hour passed on leaden wings, when the friendly chief made his third and last survey, coming back with the welcome tidings that the time for action had come.

Captain Tyng and Joe English had already decided to advance in two lines or files, their courses so shaped as to approach the sleeping red men from right angles. At the proper moment Joe was to give a sharp cry in the Indian tongue. This was expected to arouse the unsuspecting sleepers, who would naturally leap to their feet in alarm. Then, before they could discover the real cause of this signal, the whites were to pour a deadly broadside upon them.

Captain Tyng led the file upon the right, while his dusky ally, Merruwacomet, guided the other line. The snow-shoes effectually muffled every sound of the double line of march, and the scouts were too well trained in border warfare to betray their movements by any careless step. A deep silence rested upon the whited night. If the wind shook the arms of the fir upon the distant mountainside it did not so much as lift a finger of the sensitive birch in the lowlands. Only the snapping of an occasional twig bitten by the frost broke the ominous stillness.

So well and accurately did these files of scouts move that no sooner had one reached an advantageous position than the other was in readiness for the opening fire.

With a tinge of triumph in his voice, remembering the many wrongs inflicted upon him by his race, Joe English gave the war-signal, which must have rung up and down the valley with startling intonations, and taken up by the mountains sent back as a challenge between the races.

With what terror the red men leaped to their feet may be imagined, but they fell even swifter before the deadly fire of their white avengers, Old Harry the first to rise and the first to fall. Viewed in the light of to-day it was a cold-blooded deed, but it was only the awful echo of the war-whoops that had given the death-knell of two hundred innocent lives; the volley of musketry, the extinguishing flame of hundreds of torches swung over peaceful homes. Old Harry had been a merciless foe; he died as a true warrior of his race would have met his fate.

The slaying accomplished with a rapidity and ease almost regretted by them, the victors looked to the securing of the trophies of their expedition. It is said, though I cannot vouch for its truthfulness, that Joe English declined to take part in this work. It is possible he remembered them as his kinsmen. Still he knew so deadly was the hatred of the others that they would have shot him down with fiendish delight. In fact, a little over two years later he was surprised and killed as a wild beast would have been destroyed.

The object of their mission obtained, with the gory proofs of their victory, the scouts in the morning started upon their return. The journey home was uneventful. They reached Dunstable upon January 25, 1703-4, having been gone three days less than a month. The story of their expedition must have been listened to by eager listeners, and curious ones looked with feelings akin to awe upon the ghastly products of that wintry scout. The court paid Captain Tyng and his men the expected bounty, which amounted to two hundred pounds in the currency of the times.

While this expedition and others that followed that

winter in a measure checked the depredations of the Indians it did not end them, for within three years we find that the enemy dared to penetrate even to the homes of the settlers in this vicinity, and life after life was sacrificed to the gluttony of their vengeance. The desperate struggle between the races lasted until 1713, or for more than ten years. Scarcely had a decade of peace passed before there followed those stirring scenes culminating in Lovewell's deadly fight on that memorable May morning, 1725.

In conclusion, let it not be forgotten that whatever we have accomplished, whatever has been done in building up a civilization here in our rugged state, the foundation was laid by the men and women who dared and conquered the Genius of the Wilderness; the men and women who followed the Indian trails into the primeval forest, where now our streets and highways band the country, dotted with farmhouses or lined with city homes.

Little did it matter if they came, as some of them did, with an accumulation of wealth which in home lands would have supported them in comfort, they met difficulties heretofore undreamed of, dangers no money could avert, hardships and privations the foresight of man, under those circumstances, could not spare them. But the majority did not come thus amply laden; they were the rank and file of the British yeomanry, who made no murmur against the fate they had followed, but bent to the undertaking they had imposed upon themselves with a faith in their God matched only by that unswerving confidence in themselves that they were equal to the work. Perhaps the first class suffered the more, for the reason they had a brighter past, and may have found it harder to submit to the inevitable.

This generation ne'er can know
The toils they had to undergo,
While laying the great forests low.
—*Alex McLachlan, Canadian poet.*

In those days every man was a hero, every woman a heroine, who together overcame wild nature, cleared their forest fields, builded their humble dwellings, erected their mills, constructed their churches and school-houses, where a few years before the nearest approach to civilization was the conical wigwam of the red man, and the howl of the marauding wolf the voice of Solitude to her God.

The Indian Wars in New Hampshire

Remarks by Frank P. Sanborn, Before the Manchester Historic Association, February 8, 1905, Upon the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Winter Scout of Capt. William Tyng and His Snow-Shoe Men.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

FOR every persistent change in the condition of the human race, anywhere on earth, the causes seem to be both general and special. The *general* cause of the wars with the native Americans, whom our ancestors found ranging over the vast regions now included within our Republic, was the difference in habits and purposes of life,—what we term a difference in civilization. The red Indians inhabiting here, so long before us, had a kind of civilization; indeed, they had several different kinds, if we accept what is now the tendency of opinion among the experts in American archæology,—that the Mexicans, Peruvians, etc., were all but different families in the great red race that peopled America from one polar circle to the other. But whatever their special degree of civilization might be, these natives were nowhere free from warfare, or averse to it; the most peaceful and artistic among them had bloody rites and disgusting superstitions, which, to Europeans coming among them, and calling themselves Christians, seemed to invite missionary undertakings, with the Bible and the musket, the Cross and the sword, for the conversion of these Pagans. Too often, when conversion followed, it produced the state of mind described in the Dakota prayer-meeting by the new con-

vert of the Baptist missionary, in the past century. Lo, the poor Indian in question, being called on for his religions experience, six weeks after baptism, spoke as follows:

"Brethren, you see before you a witness to the excellent preaching of our good missionary. Two months ago I was a poor heathen; I knew neither God nor the Devil. Now, thanks to our dear Brother Jones, here, I can truly say, I know and love them both."

But in the more numerous cases where Christianity softened the vices of the converted Indian, it did not reach his whole tribe or nation; and the very fact that some of them had abandoned the traditions of the fathers was a cause of war, against the converted or converters, or both. Apart from this was the wide difference in habits of life between the colonist and the native, with a few exceptions, in the Five Nations of New York, the semi-civilized Indians of Mexico, Peru, etc., where settled communities existed, and cultivation of the soil was carried on,—the natives were hunters and fishers and fighters; the arts and joys of peace were unknown to them. Their ownership of lands, in this part of America, was of the slightest tenure; they had not even pasture rights here, but only a forest range for killing the wild beasts, feeding on the fish and birds, and growing a little Indian corn and tobacco here and there, in favorable nooks. The Five Nations, in central and southern New York, had great cornfields, and fixed dwellings; but they were exceptional. The colonists, on the other hand, came here to till the land, to build houses and towns, to freight ships and work mines, and repeat in New England the story of Old England, under freer conditions. The industry of the Englishman made the idleness of the Indian his natural antagonist. Slavery being then the rule in all Christian nations; the colonist naturally thought the Indian a fit person to be his slave and drudge,—hired servants being few and hard to keep, in a new country, where each active man soon set up for himself. Moreover, the native had certain troublesome

vices. He would steal and, when he could get access to the strong waters of the invading colonist, he would get drunk and do mischief. "Our Deacon," said the Missouri parishoner, "is a good man,—a right good man,—he has got but one fault; he will swear when he gets drunk." The good Indian, under the spell of drink, developed several faults; and the crafty and wicked among the colonists soon took advantage of this weakness. In 1677 some Abnaki Indians in Maine, perhaps inspired by Jesuits who had converted them, complained of our grand New Hampshire Indian fighter, Richard Waldron of Dover, that he had taken advantage of King Philip's War, hundreds of miles away, to punish them in Maine.

"Because there was war at Narragansett, you came here when we were quiet, and took away our guns, and made prisoners of our sagamores; and that winter, for want of our guns, there was several starved. Is it your fashion to come and make peace, and then kill us? Major Waldin do lie; we were not minded to kill nobody; he give us drink, and when we were drunk killed us."

There can be little doubt that Major Waldron, in his great trade with the Indians, made use of "fire water," either as merchandise or to facilitate buying furs. A curious instance of this is found in the early annals of Groton, as published by my friend, Dr. Green, a native of that town, to whose history he has contributed copiously for the past forty years. In his Historical Address, July 4, 1876, he said:

"In May, 1668, Capt. Richard Waldron built a trucking or trading house at Penacook, now Concord, where, a few weeks after, Thomas Dickinson was murdered by an Indian. It appeared in the evidence that there had been a drunken row, and that Tohaunto, the chief, desired the men from Groton, if they had brought any liquor, to pour it on the ground,—for, said he, 'It will make my Indians all one Devil.'"

The testimony of Daniel Waldron of Dover, son of Richard, and of Thomas Payne, Waldron's servant, is very suggestive on the use of liquor at the trading house. The Groton men, meeting some Indians at Penacook, were told by them that an Englishman had been killed there by an Indian, and that, in accordance with English laws, they had put the Indian to death.

"We further inquiring of them whether the Indians were drunk when the Englishman was killed, they answered. 'All the Indians were then drunk, or else they had no killed Englishman,' and Tohaunto, a Sagamore, being afraid that we had brought liquors to sell, desired us, if we had any, that we would pour it on the ground; for it would make the Indians all one Devil. Then we meeting with Thomas Payne, who told us he was Capt. Waldern's servant,—asking him whether the Indians were drunk, he said 'Not drunk.' But we saw a Rundlet in the trucking house, which would hold at least six gallons, near the said fort. After which, we meeting with the Indians then there, and telling them that Thomas Payne told us they were not drunk,—the Indians then said 'That Payne much lied, for we had divers quarts of liquors the same day;' and one of the Indians told his squaw to *wash* (fetch?) a bladder, wherein the Indian said there was a quart of liquor; and we do adjudge it to be as much."

Daniel Waldron, testifying before Simon Willard, our founder of Old Concord, and William Hawthorne, magistrates of Massachusetts, said he was the son of Richard Waldron, and added:

"Myself with many others was sent up by my father to see the corpse of Thomas Dickinson, and inquire into his death. When we came there we found the man dead, and an Indian lying dead by him. Examining the Indians how he came by his death, they said the Indian, that lay dead by him, killed him with a knife; and inquiring further why he killed him, the Indians told us they asked him, and he gave them no answer, but bid them shoot him.

After this we saw him buried presently, and returned home the next day."

It appeared that Dickinson was Peter Coffin's man (a partner of Richard Waldron) as Payne was Waldron's man; and no doubt the six gallons of liquor was part of the stock in trade of the two Dover magnates, who, but for this killing, were going to send carpenters to build houses at Concord, and have ground broken up for cultivation. This affair, and the Indian troubles following, deferred the settlement there for nearly sixty years.

The Abnakis of Maine had attacked New Hampshire in September, 1675, burning houses and killing men. Perhaps they shared the uneasiness which brought on Philip's War in Massachusetts, so disastrous to the Puritans; at any rate the Massachusetts and Rhode Island allies of Philip, after his death, strayed north and eastward, through the dense woods, and committed murders in New Hampshire,—then, taking refuge with the Penacooks on the Merrimack above you, and still farther north with the Chocoruas around the mountain of that name, who had been at peace with the settlers on the Pascataqua and the tidewaters. Their old friend, Richard Waldron, undertook to hold the New Hampshire Indians to their friendship with his fellow planters and lumbermen; and for this purpose, in September, 1676, he invited four hundred of the tribes, including two hundred of the friendly Penacooks, to meet the Colonists near his fortress in Dover. In an evil hour, Captain William Hawthorne, of the novelist's family, with a company of Puritan soldiers who had been fighting Philip and his allies in Massachusetts, marched his men to Dover, and proposed to Waldron to attack these peaceful savages; among whom, no doubt, were some of those who had been slaughtering and burning in the Plymouth and Bay Colonies. Instead of this open breach of the truce, Waldron induced Hawthorne and his companions to join with him and Captain Frost of Kittery in a stratagem which should place the Indians in their power. This was to beguile

them into a sham fight, in which the savages should fire first, when the Puritan captains should close upon them and capture them without bloodshed. The ruse succeeded, and the Massachusetts captains returned to Boston with some two hundred of the captured Indians, of whom a few were executed as murderers, and the rest sold into slavery in the West Indies or at the South. Rev. William Hubbard, the Puritan historian, who saw no evil in this treachery, says, complacently:

"They had their lives spared, but were sent into other parts of the world, to try the difference between the friendship of their neighbors here, and their service with other masters elsewhere."

It was no worse than Louis XIV. of France was to do a few years later with the hostile Iroquois of New York,—though that was one of the mildest of the crimes of that grand monarch, celebrated by the flattering priests and poets of his time as the propagater of Christianity. As Bancroft tells the story, it was thus:

"The welfare of my service," wrote Louis XIV. to the Governor of New France "requires that the number of the Iroquois should be diminished as much as possible. They are strong and robust, and can be made useful as galley slaves. Do what you can to take a large number of them prisoners of war, and ship them for France." By open hostilities no captives could be made; and Lamberville, a missionary among the Onondagas, was unconsciously employed to decoy the Iroquois chiefs into the fort on Lake Ontario. Invited to negotiate a treaty, they assemble without distrust, are surprised, put in irons, hurried to Quebec, thence to France, and chained to the oar in the galleys of Marseilles.

This treachery of the French king was not directly punished; and, indeed, Waldron's cruelty, though the cause of the Indian wars of the next year or two, along the New England sea-coast, was not personally punished by the murder of the old Major until 1689, when the French

clergy in Canada were beginning their long crime of inciting Indian wars in New Hampshire, Maine and New York, in order to check the Protestant colonies in North America. This, combining with the frequent wars between France and England, from the expulsion of James II., cousin of the French king, in 1688, to the capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759, was the immediate cause of the Indian wars in New Hampshire, which only ceased with the overthrow of the French power in America. But there was also the revenge of the unforgiving Indians for cruelty, fraud or treachery practised upon them; and this was a chief cause up to about 1685.

In these Colonial wars, there were faults on both sides, and also virtues on both sides. Many of the Indians were really friendly to the Colonists; some, no doubt, as old Passaconaway, chief of the Pawtuckets, had been, from a just sense of their power; but others for interest or affection. In the Groton testimonies recorded by Dr. Green, there are some relating to a certain friendly Indian, Jacob Nonantinooah, and his accuser, Abraham Miller, which are worth citing, to show what sort of riff-raff sometimes got into the Puritan Colony. Josiah Parker, a Groton citizen of good repute, testified in December, 1691, in favor of Jacob, then in prison at Boston, and against his accuser, as follows:

"He can say of his certain knowledge that he hath seen the said Jacob every month since the last Indian war began (in 1689) except it was when Jacob was in the Country service under the command of Capt. Noah Wiswall in the years '89 and '90. He further saith that, as far as it is possible to know an Indian, he is a friend to the English, and hath manifested the same both in word and action . . . expressing himself that it did concern him so to do; for if they were surprised by the enemy Indians, he should be worse dealt with than the English. . . . Concerning Abraham Miller, he is a man little to be credited; for on the 2nd day of this December, Lt. Bowers and I at

Mr. Somers's in Charlestown, discoursing him, and telling him he was mistaken, for these Indians were not at Canada when he charged them,—said Abraham Miller said, 'Zounds, if he ever saw them Indians again out of prison, he would kill them;' and being cautioned a little, to be sober-minded, he broke out with an oath, 'that if he were but out of the country himself, he wished the Indians would knock out the brains of every person in New England.' This was spoke before Mr. Somers and his wife and several others. Being asked some time after, whether he was not in a passion, he replied, 'No,—he was of the same mind still; that if he were out of the country, he did not care of all the rest were knocked their brains out.'"

Who and how many were these savages that gave our ancestors so much trouble?

An old authority says there were five principal nations of them in New England,—the Pequots in Connecticut, the Narragansetts in Rhode Island, the Pokanokets in Southern Massachusetts, the Pawtuckets in northern Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the Abenakees in Maine. The Penacooks seem to have been a branch of the Pawtuckets, while the Chocoruas and Norridgewocks were *Abenakees*. In 1675, Bancroft estimates their whole number in New England, west of the St. Croix river, and including the Mohegans, at 30,000; of whom 25,000 were south and west of the Pascataqua, and 5,000 in the Maine forests. At the same time he estimates the whites at 50,000.

So much harm had these savages done to the infant colonies that in 1684, shortly before his removal, at the instance of Lord Halifax, Cranfield, the tyrannical Governor of New Hampshire, who then hoped to be appointed over all New England, formed a plan for inviting the cruel Mohawks from their New York home, to destroy the Penacooks and other eastern Indians. In connection with this plan, which never took effect, we have the humble suppli-

cation of Kancamagus, Sagamore of the Penacooks, to Cranfield for aid against the Mohawks:

"(Penacook), May 15, 1685.

"*Honored Governor, my Friend:*

"You my friend, I desire your worship and your power, because I hope you can do some great matters, this one (time). I am poor and naked, and I have no man at my place, because I afraid allways Mohogs he will kill me every day and night. If your worship when please pray help me, you no let Mohogs kill me at my place Malamake (Merrimack) River, called Panukkog (Penacook) and Nattukkog (Naticook) I will submit your worship and your power. And now I want powder and such alminishon, shot and guns, because I have fort at my home, and plant there.

"This all Indian hand, but pray do you consider your humble servant,

"JOHN HOGKINS."

This was his Indian choice for an English name, instead of the lofty sounding "Kancamagus." The petition was endorsed by fourteen of his tribe, among them "Old Robin," who seems to have lived on a hill at Chelmsford. It was at Chelmsford, four years later, that the colonists received word of the proposed attack on the garrisons of Waldron, Coffin, etc., at Dover; but it did not get to Portsmouth or Dover till the mischief had been done. Hogkins, or Hawkins, was then thought to have been the contriver of the plot which so bloodily succeeded.

I will not dwell on the barbarity of these wars, and the great losses they inflicted on our ancestors in the older towns of New Hampshire; the story is familiar to your Society, and I might be trenching on the ground of other speakers. But the persistent effect of this long warfare was two-fold. It kept back the tide of colonization, which, after 1760, ran so speedily over the wooded hills and grassy valleys of our State; and turned it aside to other parts of

New England, less exposed to raids by the savage warriors. Hence our population was kept small; but hence, also, it was a people trained to arms and to guerilla warfare, as few of the American colonists were, except those who afterwards fought the Indians in Kentucky and Tennessee. For sixty years, from 1689 to 1759, the young men of New Hampshire were forced to be fighters, by land or sea, against the Indians and the French; and this experience gave them that fitness for the long military service of the Revolution, in which they bore so conspicuous a part. I have dwelt upon this in my History of New Hampshire, and have said there, what I have long felt, that this outside pressure from the Indians, and the less warlike, but equally offensive, pressure from English landlords and Massachusetts monopolizers of political power, consolidated our forefathers into a compact force, difficult to overcome, and gave its peculiar character to them as a Province and a State.

Incidentally I may remark that this evil business of stirring up a savage race to take part in a war between nations calling themselves civilized is by no means peculiar to the French, though used by the French clergy in a way that heightened the natural animosity between Catholics and Protestants in New England and New York. When the Revolution came on, British emissaries stirred up the Cherokees and other Southern Indians to fight against the patriots, and Burgoyne and the Tories led large bodies of Indians to commit atrocities in various parts of the North. After the peace of 1783, the same artifices were employed by British officers at the West, and the War of 1812 gave examples of English alliance with savages. In India England has used one set of natives in war against others; the Sultan constantly uses the barbarous Kurds and other irregulars against his Christian subjects or adversaries; and the Tsar utilizes the half-savage Cossacks in the same way. Our needless and fruitless Philippine War showed our Republic utilizing the same bad instruments,—partic-

ularly in the disgraceful treachery which made Aguinaldo so long a captive in Manila. The pending treaties of arbitration, or other international means of mitigating the horrors of war, ought to provide that no Christian nation shall ever resort to what Chatham denounced so vehemently,—"The means which God and Nature placed in your hands."

Indeed, savage warfare has little or no mitigations. Our red Indians, on more than one occasion, not only tortured and burned their foes but actually cooked and ate them. That industrious and entertaining author, St. John de Crevecoeur, who called himself the "American Farmer," though a Frenchman from Normandy, and wrote the best accounts of Colonial life from 1760 to the close of our Revolution, is a witness on this subject. He was an officer under Montcalm in the campaigns of 1757-58 around Lake George, and was present at the Indian massacre after the surrender of Fort William Henry. He says in his MS. account of that affair, of which he afterwards printed a part in French, that he saw the Indians put into their kettles portions of our soldiers whom they had killed; and he relates a conversation with an Indian chief, in which the latter defends the practice of such cannibals. It was this accomplished and amiable Frenchman who furnished Vermont with its melodious name and its escutcheon. St. John had himself been adopted into an Indian tribe, and in his correspondence with his son Alexander, during the dangerous days of the French Revolution, while he and his family were in France or Germany, after finally leaving America, St. John gave to himself and to them Indian names, in order to disguise their identity, should his letters be opened by the secret police. Like our New Hampshire map-maker, Dr. Langdon of Portsmouth, a copy of whose original map of New Hampshire and Vermont, with parts of Canada, I lay before you tonight,—Crevecoeur had made a map of about the same date (1756-57), which, like this one, has never been engraved, but exists in the French war

office at Paris, just as he sent it over from Canada. He was a dozen years younger than Dr. Langdon, and outlived him by a few more years than that.

I do not wish to be understood as taking the side of the savage in these Indian wars of New Hampshire. Whether it would be possible now to get along with a forest-ranging set of tribes, ever at war with one another, without the sort of warfare which our forefathers waged, I should not wish to assert. But at that time, with liquors so universally used and sold, and with the thirst of this race for that stimulant, it was not, humanly speaking, possible to avoid savage warfare. To whichever side the first blame fell, it presently involved both, and the only alternative to the extirpation of the Protestant colonists was the *extermination*,—that is, the removal, of the New Hampshire Indians. They gradually removed themselves to Canada, New York and Maine; then came in Dr. Wheelock with his Connecticut charity school for Indian youths, which was the nest-egg of Dartmouth College; but which Dr. Wheelock himself, in the Revolution, was anxious to transfer to Sir William Johnson's rich manor in the Mohawk Valley. It failed, in New Hampshire, to attract any large number of educable Indians; and as a college for our own race has been far more widely useful. The present facilities in the South and West for training Indian boys and girls are doing a good work, but we have reason to be satisfied with the virtual absence of these picturesque but ungovernable heritors, who have left to our mixture of European races the lakes, forests and rivers of the Granite State.

From Trumbull's Painting

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

Showing Major Andrew McClary in the left center, back of Major Knowlton holding the rifle. Other officers shown are Colonel Prescott back of Major McClary, Sir Henry Clinton in center background with sword uplifted, Sir William Howe at his left, Major Pitcairn in right center, in the arms of his son, Warren in foreground, where he has fallen.

The McClary Family

By John C. French

The following valuable sketch of the McClarys of Epsom was written for the *Suncook Valley Times*, and published in a series of articles in that paper. As these are not to be obtained now, it is believed its publication in more permanent form will be gladly received by those interested in the subject.—*Editor.*

THE old town of Epsom has furnished many worthy men, who have held prominent positions of trust and honor in the state and nation; but none stand out in so bold relief, or are more worthy of remembrance than the McClarys. In fact, no family in the Suncook Valley fills so large a place in its history or in the hearts of the people. For nearly a century, the McClarys were the leading, influential men in our civil, political and military affairs, and were identified with all the important events and measures that received the attention and governed the acts of the successive generations during that long period of time. There is something mournful in the thought, however, that a family and name, once so familiar in our midst, is but a record of the past, and that no lineal male descendant is living to inherit the honors so dearly won by a noble ancestry, or to transmit the name to a grateful posterity. And it is strange that so little has been written or preserved concerning their noble deeds and many years' service in public life, and that no testimonials are in existence, except public records, to aid in preserving their memories.*

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*A bronze memorial tablet in honor of Major Andrew McClary was unveiled at Epsom, August 25, 1905, with appropriate exercises. The tablet, which has been secured through the efforts of the Epsom Historical Club, is attached to a granite pillar, weighing 5,200 pounds, erected on the site of the old block house erected for the protection of the early inhabitants, and near the old training field in which Andrew McClary was plowing when a messenger brought the news of the Battle of Lexington.—*Editor.*

We know of no instance in our State, where history has so sadly neglected to do justice to a family which has rendered so efficient service in defending the rights, and promoting the interests of our commonwealth and nation, as in this instance. The only official effort made to perpetuate the name, as of national interest, has been to honor one of the fortifications of Portsmouth harbor with the name Fort McClary, and a privateer, which had but a short existence. The name of only one, Major Andrew McClary, appears in our printed histories, while several others of the family are equally deserving of mention.

The early proprietors and settlers of Epsom were of good English stock, though there was a small company of Scotch-Irish from Londonderry who bought land here about 1738. Among the number were the McClarys, McCoys, McGaffeys, Dickeys, Wallaces, Knoxes, etc. These Scotch-Irish were a peculiar race, not liked by the English. They were of pure Scotch descent, with the broad dialect, and many of the customs peculiar to their ancestry. They resided for a long time in the north of Ireland, where they suffered a series of oppressions and persecutions which which would have disheartened and subdued ordinary men. The famous seige of Derry is fresh in the mind of every student of history, where, for eight long months, these Scotch-Irish defended their city against the assaults of a powerful Irish army. History furnishes no parallel to the bravery, suffering, valor and endurance displayed in that memorable seige. They fought for their homes and the Protestant religion with want, famine and destruction staring them in the face. Horses, dogs, cats, rats and mice were choice morsels of food, before they received succor from England and drove back the beseigers. But in after years, with rents, taxes, and the annoyances of Catholocism, many were induced to emigrate to the cheap, fertile soils of America, and a few families founded a settlement in Londonderry in 1719, under the ministry of Rev. James McGregor. The history of this settlement is the most

important and entertaining in the unwritten history of New Hampshire. Among the descendants of this people, now numbering over sixty thousand, have been found many of the ablest men of the nation in all the walks of life. The Bells, Starks,* Thorntons, McKeens, McNeils, Reeds, McClarys were of this stock, besides many others who have done much to give character, wealth and reputation to the state and make New Hampshire what she is.

This colony first introduced the culture of the potato and flax, also the spinning and weaving of linen. They were high-spirited, outspoken, industrious, hardy, jovial and immovably attached to the principles of the Protestant religion. Among the number who felt the wrongs and oppressions, and sought asylum for himself and children in the wilderness of New England, was Andrew McClary. He soon died,† but two of his sons, Andrew and John, grew to manhood and settled in Epsom, where they carved for themselves a farm and fortune. By the records we find that Andrew McClary‡ held town office in 1739, and for eighty-three successive years some members of the family were promoted to positions of trust and power by their townsmen. Epsom at that time was a frontier town, with a few scattering pioneers, striving to find a "local habitation and a name" in the unbroken forests.

Theodore Atkinson was a leading spirit among the proprietors in encouraging a few families to push a settlement so far into the woods. None of the adjoining towns were settled till many years afterwards. This was nearly

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*This is in part an error. The Starks were not of Scotch ancestry, though the wife of Archibald Stark was a Scotch woman. The paternal ancestors were from Hesse, Germany.—*Editor.*

†He seemed to have settled in Nottingham at an early date (1727), as he was chosen selectman March 26, 1733. He removed to Epsom in 1738, with his sons John and Andrew.—*Editor.*

‡Evidently an error, and it was Andrew McClary, Sr., who first held office in Epsom.—*Editor.*

thirty years before Chichester, Pittsfield or Barnstead was settled; twenty years before Concord received its present name; over twenty years before Northwood and Deerfield were incorporated, and thirty-six years before the Revolution. The first settlement of the Suncook Valley was here, and not a tree was cut between this and Canada, and not a clearing or friendly smoke or any signs of civilization to break the monotony of the unbounded forest and to cheer the loneliness of the early settlers.

The sentiment that prompted the line, "Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness," could have here been gratified. Meagre, indeed, are the records and traditions concerning these hardy foresters during their many years of border life before the Revolution. Nottingham fort* was the nearest neighbors and the asylum for safety. The Indians frequented the valley, and bears, wildcats, deer and catamounts prowled through the forests undisturbed. The proprietors finally built a block house or garrison for refuge, in case of danger, near Andrew McClary's, and the old foundation was disturbed recently by building the house of Augustus Lord. Mrs. McCoy and family were hastening to it when captured by the Indians in 1747.

Andrew and John McClary were the leading influential men in all town or military affairs. Leaving John, who, for half a century, was a prominent man in public life, for future sketches, we will endeavor to relate some incidents in the life of his more romantic and adventurous brother, Major Andrew McClary.

In these "piping times of peace," ease and prosperity, we can faintly realize the times, manners, customs, hardship, dangers, privations and the rough llfe led by these wild woodsmen of a hundred and fifty years ago. Clearing, burning, hunting, scouting and prospecting required strength, bravery and endurance, while the rough sports,

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*This garrison house stood on what is now known as "the main" road in Deerfield, about one-half mile below the Parade.—*Editor.*

wrestling, boxing, etc., especially of the Scotch-Irish, tested the strength and agility of the participants. Only the men who excelled in these tests of strength and skill were the popular leaders of the day. In all such labors and pastimes Andrew McClary was the acknowleged champion. He stood over six feet in height, straight as an arrow, finely proportioned, symmetrical of form, muscles well developed, rough and ready, jovial, generous, with a stentorian voice, blue eyes, florid complexion and such an one as would be picked from a thousand as evidently "born to command." He possessed all the qualifications of a successful and popular border leader. It is said that in a barroom scuffle at Portsmouth, one night, six men attempted to put him out of the room, when he turned upon them with his herculean strength and threw them all out of the window.

During the French and Indian War Epsom was one of the frontier towns. The people lived in fear of the scalping knife and tomahawk, and suffered by the incursions of the prowling savages. Garrisons were established at Epsom, Buckstreet, Pembroke and a fort at Canterbury. Government frequently sent small detachments of troops up through this section scouting for the enemy and to protect and encourage the settlers. Captain Andrew McClary was the leading man in this region in all military matters and rendered the colony efficient service during the perilous times. He had the personal acquaintance of the highest officials of the colony, and such noted fighters and rangers as Stark, Goffe, Rogers, and others. His name frequently appears on the State records. In 1755 he applied to Governor Wentworth and obtained a company of troops to go in search of the Indians that committed the massacre and captured the McCall family at Salisbury. At another time he obtained a small company to aid in doing garrison duty at Epsom, while the Indians were seen lurking about. As an officer he was ever ready for any exposure or danger, while his men had the most implicit

confidence in his ability and integrity. His command was authoritative and no man refused obedience. In case of an emergency, he could swear enough for a battalion; enough to frighten the the Penacooks out of the Suncook Valley, and cause the old Scotch Coventers, to hold up their hands in holy horror. He built a one-story frame house and kept tavern on the height of land on the road leading from Epsom Village to Pleasant Pond. The place is now owned by Joseph Lawrence, better known as Lawrence "muster field."

His home was the common resort of the settlers, proprietors and scouts, and all who had occasion to travel in this direction. Town meetings were held here until the new meeting house was built. Jurors were drawn here for His Majesty's Court; training of His Majesty's soldiers, and many rude frolics and exciting incidents, which have long passed into oblivion never to be recalled, were enacted here. His wealth increased, as well as his popularity. He owned all the land on the north side of the Deerfield line. He had the advantage of a fair English education. He served as Town Clerk and his records on the town books indicate a thorough knowledge of business, a good use of language, and a style and beauty of penmanship seldom found at the present day. His last writing on the books, the year before he was killed, evinced care, accuracy and precision. He took a lively interest in the affairs of the colonies and early espoused the cause of the people against tho arbitrary encroachments of the mother country before the commencement of the Revolutionary War. His ancestry, education and experience would naturally lead him to take sides with the people in defending their liberties, when assailed by British oppression. Frequent meetings were held at his house and measures taken to co-operate with adjoining towns for mutual rights and protection. For fifteen years the white-winged angel of peace had hovered over the State,—the most prosperous period in her history.

The desire to possess real estate, so strong in the Anglo-Saxon mind, the huge growth of trees, the fertile soil in the Suncook Valley, attracted the attention of the emigrant and secured the rapid settlement of Gilmanton, Pittsfield Chichester, Loudon, Northwood and Deerfield, with Epsom as a common center.

The "Seven Years' War," that closed in 1760, had completely aroused the military spirit of the province, and organizations with experienced officers had been maintained up to the time of the Revolution. A new regiment was then formed, the 12th, comprising men from the towns of Nottingham, Deerfield, Epsom, Northwood, Chichester and Pittsfield. "Coming events cast their shadows before." The people were expecting a serious conflict.

The location of McClary's tavern made it a common resort for the rustic foresters to meet and talk of the difficulties, while the popularity and ability of the jovial landlord rendered him the political and military oracle of the Suncook Valley.

The battle of Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775, sounded the tocsin to arms. Signals flamed from the hilltops and fleet messengers transmitted news from town to town. A swift rider blowing a horn passed through Nottingham and reached Epsom on the morning of the 20th. The alarm found Captain McClary plowing in the old "Muster field." Like Cincinnatus of old, he left the plow in the furrow, and hastened to obey the summons. With little preparation he seized his saddle-bags, leaped into the saddle, swearing as he left that he would kill one of the devils before he came home. Jockey Fogg, who was his servant in the army, used to speak of his horse as a large, powerful, iron-grey, four-year-old stallion, so exceedingly vicious that no one could mount or govern him except the captain. He could spring upon his back and, by the power of his arm, govern him with the greatest ease.

The sturdy yeomanry of the Suncook Valley snatched their trusty firelocks and powder horns and started for the

scene of hostilities, with spirits as brave as ever animated a soldier and with hearts as noble and honest as ever throbbed in the cause of liberty and freedom. They were governed by one common impulse and came from blazed paths and crooked roads that wound through the forests and thickets. They were all known to each other as brothers and townsmen. Each soldier represented a household and they and their cause were commended to the protection of Heaven at the morning and evening devotions and in the services of the Sabbath. Donations of food and clothing were freely sent them by the families at home. The men from this section reached Nottingham Square at one o'clock in the early afternoon, where they found Captain Cilley and Dr. Dearborn with a company of about sixty, making with themselves about eighty men. Who would not have liked to have seen those men, some with broad-tailed black coats, worsted stockings, three-cornered hats, others in coarse homespun; all with long stockings, knee and shoe buckles and thick cowhide shoes? Their guns and equipments were as various as their costumes. Some had the old "Queen Anne," that had done service in the French War; some long fowling pieces; others a fusee; only one had a bayonet. Powder horn and shot pouch took the place of cartridge box. If we were to choose a subject for an historical painting, we would prefer the scene on Nottingham Square, April 29th, where were paraded the noblest band of patriots that ever left New Hampshire to vindicate her honor and protect her liberties. We would like to hear the roll-call and see a photograph of these heroes. Without the spirit of boasting, we doubt if ever one company in the country furnished so large a proportion of distinguished men or that cost "John Bull" so many lives or so much money. Many of their names are historic and come down to us in official records, filling a large space in our military history. Just reflect who composed this Spartan band, who not only astonished the nation with their famous deeds and heroism at the battle of Bunker

Hill, but consider their position and power in after years. There was Captain McClary, the oldest and noblest Roman of them all, whose sad fall is familiar to every school boy; Captain Joseph Cilley of Nottingham, aged 32, soon to be promoted Major, Colonel and General, serving through the war with distinction, and in 1786 appointed Major-General of the New Hampshire Militia; Dr. Henry Dearborn, but 24, to be Captain, then Major and Colonel, then member of Congress, United States Marshal, Secretary of War under Jefferson, Foreign Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army in the War of 1812; Thomas Bartlett, afterwards Captain, Member of the Committee of Safety, then Colonel in the army, and in 1792 Brigadier-General of the Militia; Henry Butler, but 21, afterwards Captain under Colonel Bartlett and Major-General of the New Hampshire Militia; Amos Merrill, first selectman of Epsom, Lieutenant, then Captain and Major, serving in the army four years, with honor to himself and town; the young and chivalrous Michael McClary, who served with credit four years in the Revolution, then represented the military spirit of the State for nearly half a century, and as Adjutant-General called out the Northern troops in 1812; Andrew McGaffney, another worthy officer from Epsom; also James Gray and Nathan Sanborn, both gaining the position of Captain in the army, and Joseph Hilton of Deerfield.

Captain Andrew McClary was by common consent the leading spirit of this noble band of patriots, though there had been no previous organization. There is much to be written concerning the achievements and adventures of this distinguished company and many of the able men composing it, but the most remarkable and thriling incident in this connection was their famous march to Cambridge. There is not a parallel in the annals of all the wars in our country and such wonderful power of endurance by a whole company of men excites our surprise as their patriotism does our pride and admiration. Dr. Dear-

born gives an account of it and Bancroft a passing notice, and tradition relates it from generation to generation, but it should be familiar to every son and daughter of New Hampshire as one of the brightest testimonials of our devotion to the cause of freedom and independence. Accustomed as they were to life in the open air and trials of strength by long journeys, hunting, tramping and scouting, they knew little of fear and fatigue. Leaving Nottingham Square at one o'clock in the afternoon, they pushed on at a rapid pace, as if the destiny of the province or hopes of the nation depended upon their alacrity and speed. At Kingston they took a "double quick" or "dog trot," and followed it up without a halt to Haverhill, crossing the Merrimack River in a ferry boat at sunset, having made twenty-seven miles in six hours. They halted at Andover for supper, and then started for a night march and on the morning of the 21st, at sunrise, they were paraded on Cambridge Common "spilin" for a fight. Those from Epsom traveled seventy miles in less than twenty-four hours and the whole company from Nottingham fifty-seven miles in less than twenty hours. Did bone and muscle ever do better? That was the spirit of '76; that was the kind of stuff the men were made of who lived in the Suncook Valley at this time.

The part which the soldiers of the Suncook Valley and adjoining towns took in this memorable fight has never yet been written, and we propose now to give it in full. For personal courage and firmness the battle of Bunker Hill stands among the first in the brilliant events of the war. When we inquire who were the men that gained the highest prize of glory in this great contest which ushered in our nation's birth, we can with honest pride claim for the men of the Suncook Valley a rich share of the praise and honor bestowed upon the soldiers of this memorable battle. The company from this section was not only composed of men who afterwards became distinguished in the Revolution, and at the outset made the best march

ever recorded in our military history, but it was one of the largest and best companies on the field and held a post of honor in the engagement. The American army, composed of rustic heroes who had left their implements of husbandry in the field and seized their firearms and powder horns and flocked to the scene of action, holding the British cooped up in the narrow limits of Boston, was without proper organization, equipment, ammunition and supplies; in fact, they had nothing but pluck, a righteous cause and a love of liberty to sustain their hopes. They were commanded by General Artemas Ward, an old, incompetent army officer. The New Hampshire troops who, as the news of the slaughter of Lexington and Concord spread like wildfire over the land had rushed to the place of rendezvous, organized into two regiments and lay entrenched at Medford. John Stark, by unanimous voice, was chosen to command the first under the rank of Colonel, with Andrew McClary as Major. The company composed of soldiers from Pittsfield, Chichester, Epsom, Deerfield and Nottingham was commanded by Henry Dearborn of Nottingham, Captain, Amos Morrill of Epsom Lieutenant, and Michael McClary of Epsom, Ensign. The British having become impatient of restraint determined to take the offensive. The first design in their plan was to move on the 18th of June and take possession of Bunker Hill which commanded the City of Boston and would enable them to annoy the American lines. Fortunately this design became known to General Ward and he was urged to anticipate the movement and frustrate the plan. He accordingly ordered a detachment of about a thousand men to march stealthily during the night of the 16th and entrench themselves on the commanding eminence. At sunset the men were paraded on Cambridge Common and stood reverently with uncovered heads while President Langdon of Harvard College offered a fervent prayer and commended them and their cause to the protection of Heaven. Then they took up their silent march, passing the narrow neck

of land that connects Charlestown with the main land, and reached the summit of the hill without being discovered by the enemy. The bells in Boston tolled the hour of midnight before a sod was turned. In three short hours the shadowy folds of night would lift and expose this bold advance and this brave band to the view and fire of the enemy, who lay in the harbor. The British ships "Lively," "Falcon" and "Somerset" lay in the stream between Charlestown and Boston and from the decks of these the drowsy cry of the sentinel, "All's well," could be distinctly heard by those who patroled the shore. The Americans applied the pick and spade with vigor and threw up a square redoubt, near the middle of which the monument now stands. At daylight the enemy, discovering this daring band of patriots entrenched almost over their heads, immediately opened a brisk cannonade upon their works; but, regardless of the flying missiles, the Americans toiled on until their work was completed, with a loss of but one man. This bold stand caused an instant commotion among the startled British, who immediately landed their forces and attacked the entrenchment to dislodge our men from their position. All was soon commotion along the American lines. General Stark and Major McClary came down to Charlestown in the morning to reconnoitre the field and made many valuable suggestions in the preparation for the conflict which it was evident was about to open. The movement of the British indicated a formidable attack, and orders were issued for re-enforcements to be forwarded to the redoubt. But such was the want of discipline and the conflict of authority that few reached the scene of action

The battle of Bunker Hill was a series of blunders and unequalled heroism. It was fought without a commander, each regiment acting and fighting on its own hook. Two of the regiments that had been ordered to the redoubt halted at the neck, which was swept with a continual discharge of chain and solid shot from the ships of

war. It was at this juncture that the New Hampshire troops under Colonel Stark came up, hurrying forward to the aid of their comrades in the redoubt. Each of the soldiers had received a gill of powder, fifteen balls and a spare flint. There were scarcely two muskets alike in the regiment, and the men were compelled to reduce the size of the balls to suit the calibre of their respective guns. They had received orders to be in readiness to march about ten o'clock, and reached Charlestown Neck about one.

It was one of the hottest days of the season and the men suffered severely from heat and thirst, yet every man was ready for a tilt with the British regulars. Finding the way blocked up with the halted regiments, Major McClary went forward and with his stentorian voice and commanding appearance called out to the commanders of these regiments to move on or open to the right and left and let the New Hampshire boys pass. This was immediately done; the regiments opened and they marched forward. The fire across the neck from the British frigates was so galling that Captain Dearborn, whose company was in front, as he marched by the side of Stark, suggested to him that they take a quicker step, but the grim old veteran sternly replied, "Dearborn, one fresh man is worth ten fatigued ones," and strode on as coolly as though on parade, and not a man of his command flinched or deserted his post.

They reached the hill about two o'clock. Stark halted below the redoubt and harangued his men in a few short, characteristic sentences which were answered by three hearty cheers from his men. When he arrived he found the redoubt exposed to a flank movement from the enemy and, selecting his position with the practised eye of an old soldier, he led his regiment to the left of the hill and posted them near a rail fence, cast off of the redoubt which run down to the Mystic. This was then a hay field, the grass having been cut the day before. The men seized the hay cocks and crowded the hay between the rails of the fence, giving it the appearance to the enemy of a

breastwork, though it afforded no real protection. Captain Dearborn's company was posted on the right of the line, which gave them a fine view of the action, and his written account of the battle throws much light upon the part borne by Major McClary and his men.

The British had then landed in large forces and were forming for the attack near the water's edge. While this was going on Colonel Stark stepped out and, deliberately measuring off forty paces, stuck down a stick. "There," said he, as he returned to the line, "don't a man fire until the Redcoats come to that stick; if he does, I will knock him down."

The British regulars, in their gay scarlet uniforms, presented a formidable and beautiful appearance as they marched and counter-marched in preparation for the attack. They at length moved forward with the order and precision of a dress parade. The column that was to make the attack upon the rail fence was commanded by General Howe in person, and was composed of the Welsh Fusileers, the veteran regiment and the flower of the British army. On they came, as if flushed with the prestige of one hundred victories. When within one hundred yards of the rail fence, they deployed into line and opened a regular fire by platoon as they advanced.

Along the whole line of the rail fence lay the New Hampshire boys, peeping through the hay, their guns resting on the rails, every man a dead shot and knowing his trusty firelock was good for a Redcoat, but intent on reserving his fire until they reached the stake; but John Simpson, better known as Ensign Simpson of Deerfield, being too much excited to wait, let drive, and this was a signal for a murderous fire along the whole line, so severe that the bold Britishers were driven back in confusion and disorder. Simpson, being reprimanded by Stark for firing against his orders, drawled out, "How in —— could I help it when I see them Redcoats within gunshot?"

The fate of the British in front of the redoubt was equally disastrous, and their whole line was thrown into coufusion and compelled to retire before the well-directed fire of the despised Continentals. They were, however, rallied by their officers, and being re-enforced again moved up the hill on the redoubt and upon the rail fence below in the same perfect order as before. "Don't waste the powder," "Pick off the officers," "Look out for the handsome coats," Take good aim," and similar remarks were passed from mouth to mouth in Captain Dearborn's company. Don't fire until they pass the stick and I say the word," said Stark. "Fire low and aim at their waistbands," rang the clear voice of Major McClary as he moved along the line, encouraging the men by word and example.

On came the British, making the same imposing display as before, stepping over their fallen comrades and firing as they advanced.

An ominous silence held possession of the American lines, not a shot was fired from the rail fence until the enemy reached the stick, when, "Fire!" yelled Stark, and, "Fire!" thundered McClary, and never did a volley of musketry do more fatal execution.

Almost the entire front rank of the Welsh Fusileers went down. No troops could stand the fire which blazed from that rail fence, pouring into their bosoms a storm of lead which swept them down like the mown grass. The officers were nearly all picked off. General Howe's aids were all shot but one. Howe himself made the most vigorous efforts to urge on his men. His long white silk stockings were smeared with blood that fell like rain upon the tall grass. British honor and British valor were at stake and cost what it might he was determined to urge them on to victory. There was but one mounted officers upon the field during the engagment and as he rode forward to aid in steadying the wavering columns and urge them to advance, Captain Dearborn's men caught sight of him and the captain writes that he heard them say:

"There is an officer on horseback, let's have him." "Now, hold on, wait until he gets to the knoll; now!" They fired and Major Pitcairn of Lexington fame fell dead at the hands of Captain Dearborn's men. Meanwhile the whole regiment with the rapidity which men practiced in the use of the gun alone can exhibit loaded and fired, keeping up a continued stream of fire until the Redcoats despite the efforts of their officers broke and ran, leaving the ground strewn with the dead and dying.

The Americans, jubilant at their success and carried away with the tempest of excitement leaped the rail fence and chased the fleeing regulars until restrained by their officers and brought back to their post. Their joy and exultation knew no bounds; they had won a victory and driven the proud, defiant army of old King George. They threw up their hands and made the welkin ring with shouts of triumph, though their tongues were parched with thirst and heat. They thought the day was won.

Twice scattered before their scathing, well-directed fire, they had no thought the enemy would rally again, but Clinton who had viewed the struggle from Copp's Hill in Boston now hurried over to the scene of action. It would never do to have it go out to the world that two thousand well-armed British troops had been routed beyond rallying before a little band of half-armed Continentals. Being re-enforced the troops were again formed into line and marched to the assault, but the Americans had already exhausted their ammunition, and without bayonets they could offer but feeble resistance to furious bayonet charges from the enemy. Those in the redoubt were compelled to beat a hasty retreat.

The New Hampshire troops retired in excellent order and covered the retreat of the army. They were the last to leave the field and Major McClary was in the rear maintaining order and discipline. During the engagement Captain Dearborn lost but one man killed and five wounded, while the slaughter on the British side had been terrible.

Of the regiment of the Welsh Fusileers, but eighty men escaped unharmed.

As the Americans retreated across the neck, Major McClary was remarkably animated with the result of the contest; that it was a conflict with the glorious display of valor which had distinguished his countrymen, made him sanguine of the result. Having passed the last place of danger he went back to see if the British were disposed to follow them across the neck, thus exposing himself to danger anew. His son cautioned him against his rashness. "The ball is not yet cast that will kill me," said he, when a random shot from one of the frigates struck a button-wood tree and, glancing, passed through his abdomen. Throwing his hands above his head, he leaped several feet from the ground and fell forward upon his face, dead.

Thus fell Major Andrew McClary, the highest American officer killed in the battle, the handsomest man in the army and the favorite of the New Hampshire troops. His dust still slumbers where it was laid by his sorrowing comrades in Medford, unhonored by any adequate memorial to tell where lies one of the heroes who ushered in the Revolution with such auspicious omens.

Major McClary had a splendid physique and soldierly appearance. With all the bravery of Stark, he possessed greater mental endowments and culture. With the natural ability of Sullivan, he possessed the magic power to incite his men to nobler deeds. With the popularity of Poor, he was more cool and discreet; in fact, he combined more completely than either the elements that tend to make a popular and successful commander, and had his life been spared he would doubtless have ranked among the most able and noted officers of the Revolution.

He married, in early life, Elisabeth McCrillis, a strong-minded, resolute, Scotch-Irish girl, who proved a valuable helpmeet and capable mother to his seven children. After her husband's death she kept the tavern and store alone, assisted at first by her husband's partner in business, John

Casey, and afterwards by her eldest son, James Harvey. Rumor says she was once published to be married to the above-named John Casey, but the match was prevented by the interference of a younger rival and the advice of friends. After nineteen years of widowhood and the children had grown up, she married Colonel Samuel Osgood in 1794. She died in 1800, aged 67.

The oldest son, James Harvey, was born in 1762, and as he grew to manhood continued the business of his father, and rendered valuable service to the family. He prosecuted an extensive business for those times, having two stores and a potash factory, besides the farm and tavern. He was highly respected, exemplary in his habits, early promoted to offices of public trust and honor, which he held for a series of years. He was one of the leading spirits in the organization of the Eighteenth Regiment and one of its first commanders, afterwards promoted to a Brigadier-General of the Militia. He married Betsey Dearborn, of Northampton, in 1789, by whom he had six children.

The second son, Andrew, born in 1765, was smart and active. He received a good education, but had a wild, roving inclination. He entered the regular army, was soon promoted to the rank of Captain, served for a time on the frontier and for several years was clerk in the War Department at Washington, where he died in middle life.

The third son, John, a man of fine ability and credit, followed his brother into the regular army and also rose to the rank of Captain, served on the frontier and died at Fort Gibson. He married Abigail Pearson of Epsom, in 1791. They had one son, Charles, who went to Stanstead, Canada.

The fourth son, William, was a blacksmith by trade. He married Isabel Dickey, in 1795, and in company with other young men from Epsom first settled Stanstead, Canada.

There were also three daughters. Elisabeth married Captain Simon Heath, well known in Epsom and vicinity. Margaret married Rev. Mr. Haseltine, who was pastor of the Congregational church in Epsom thirty years. Nancy, the youngest daughter, married John Stevens.

No family record or papers have been found to aid in this humble sketch, but we have given many official and well-authenticated facts, which are rescued from oblivion and may be interesting to some, and may aid the future historian in giving this family more extended mention than they have yet received in our written histories. In this connection we earnestly desire to call attention to one great duty yet to be rendered to Major Andrew McClary. The family, town or state have shown little patriotism, gratitude or affection in neglecting to erect some monument or stone to mark his burial place. He was buried near the encampment of the New Hampshire Brigade at Medford, near some two hundred soldiers who died of disease and wounds. There are now living persons who have visited his grave and can point out the spot. A suitable monument should be erected to mark the burial place of Major Andrew McClary, slain in the struggle for Independence.

John McClary was born in Ireland, in 1719, and emigrated with his family to America when he was thirteen years of age. The family settled in Epsom in 1739. John became industrious, methodical, and exacting, a stern Presbyterian, rigid as the old Scotch Covenanters, very different from his jovial, rough, impulsive, convivial brother, Major Andrew. He had no advantages of schooling, still he possessed a large share of common sense, a strong mind and good judgment. He early became one of the leading men of Epsom; was chosen moderator and for over forty years was one of the principal officers and advisers in town affairs. He was justice of the peace under the provincial government, and all cases of litigation in this vicinity came before 'Squire John McClary for trial.

He was well versed in Indian affairs; was called out to do scouting duty in the French and Indian war; was a Captain of the militia at that time, and rose to the rank of Colonel before the Revolution. Though closely connected with the Royal government; he took a decisive stand with the colonists to resist British oppression, and while his brother represented the military spirit of the valley, John represented the civil authority both under Monarchial and Republican rule. The towns of Epsom, Allenstown and Chichester (including Pittsfield) were classed together, and Esquire John McClary was annually chosen to represent them at the convention in Exeter. With such men as Colonel Joseph Badger of Gilmanton, Esquire John Cram of Pittsfield, and Hall Bergen of Allenstown as leading spirits, the hardy settlers were true to the cause of Independence.

Esquire John McClary was a prominent member of the first convention to organize a colonial government, and afterwards in framing our State government, and was an active member more than twenty years. He held the responsible office as one of the Committee of Safety from 1777 to 1785. This committee had power to call out troops at such time and in such numbers as they deemed necessary and expedient. In 1780 he was elected to the council and annually for the four succeeding years. In 1784 he was chosen to the council and also to the senate and served as a member of that honorable body three years. He was tall, erect, commanding, dignified and made an excellent presiding officer. He married Elizabeth Harvey of Nottingham. She was also born in Ireland and came to this country in the same ship with the McClarys. They had four children. The oldest son, John McClary, Jr., entered the army of the Revolution, and was killed at the battle of Saratoga in 1787, while serving as Lieutenant in General Whipple's Brigade (Adjutant-General's report says Lieutenant *Michael*, which is an error). The second son, Michael, will be the subject of another sketch. The third

son, Andrew, was sent to Dummer Academy to be educated, and died there during the war, aged sixteen. He was buried at Medford, by the side of his uncle, Major Andrew McClary. They had but one daughter, Mollie, who married Daniel Page of Deerfield. Captain John McClary had three sisters who settled in Epsom, besides his parents and brother Andrew. The oldest, Margaret, married Deacon Samuel Wallace. The second, Jane, married John McGaffy. The third, Ann, married Richard Tripp. After a long and useful life, he died, at the age of 84, in 1801.

The McClarys owned a very large land estate, which was divided into several farms for their sons and daughters. Esquire John built a one-story honse, on the south side of the road. This house was enlarged many times, and became a venerable looking mansion. It is now owned by Michael McClary Steele, of the fifth generation of McClarys, and great-grandson of Esquire John, This old mansion is a place of peculiar interest. For many years Esquire John received the friendly and official visits of the leading men of the Province. Here civil courts and military tribunals were held, and here for half a century following, his son, General Michael, dispensed his hospitalities to his townsmen, and the distinguished men of the times. Among the number were such men as General Sullivan, Dearborn, Stark, Governor Langdon, Plummer, Smith, etc. The New Hampshire Branch of the Society of Cincinnati held three annual meetings at this house.

Near by a huge liberty pole was erected in 1783 at the close of the Revolution, on the declaration of peace, when the scattered settlers of the Suncook Valley met to celebrate the happy event. Good speeches, good cheer abounded, but the great occasion wound up in a glorious drunk. No house in this valley has so many rich historical associations connected with it. The arrangement of the interior is reverently preserved, and as one passes through the spacious rooms, viewing the relics of the past, and reflects upon the number of honorable and distin-

guished men who have met within its walls, reason seems to lose its bounds and one fancies he is wandering through some ancient baronial hall or old Scottish castle, built in the age of chivalry, rather than viewing a spacious farm-house in the dull, quiet old town of Epsom.

General Michael McClary

Michael, second son of Esquire John McClary, was born in Epsom in 1753. He received the advantages of a fair education, was a smart, active lad and, in common with other members of the family, had military tastes. At the age of twenty-three, he joined the army at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, and was appointed Ensign in Captain Henry Dearborn's company in Stark's regiment. This company rendered heroic service at the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1777 he was promoted and made Captain in Colonel Scammel's regiment. He served four years in the army, taking part in some of the most decisive engagements of the war, and suffered with his men some of the severest privations and fatigues.

His soldierly qualities, engaging manners and family connections gave him the acquaintance and friendship of the leading officers of the Revolution, and by a severe experience in the army he gained a thorough knowlege of men and national affairs, which proved of great practical advantage in after years. On returning from the army, he at once took a prominent position in social and political life, which he held for half a century. He took an active part in the organization of the State Government and, being well versed in military affairs and of good executive ability, he was appointed Adjutant-General for the State of New Hampshire. He organized that department and held the office twenty-one consecutive years. In 1796 he was elected Senator and was a member of that body seven years, and such was his popularity that the votes in Epsom were unanimous in his favor and nearly so in the adjoining towns. He was United States Marshal for a long time,

which, during the last war with England, with the large amount of privateering prosecuted at Portsmouth, was a very responsible office. He was tendered the nomination of candidate for Governor, but declined to accept. Though well known throughout the State, with positions of honor and trust at his command, his popularity, power and influence in his native town was remarkable. He seemed to control the affairs of Epsom with almost universal consent. For over fifty years he served his townsmen in some capacity, either as Moderator, Town Clerk, Representative or Auditor.

Said an old Federalist, "If I had a family of children who would obey me as well as the people of Epsom do General McClary, I should be a happy man." Though once a Federalist, he cast his lot with the Democratic party and carried the town with him almost unanimously. During the last war with England, party feeling ran high and party lines were closely drawn. Governor Plummer, through Adjutant-General McClary, called out detachments of the militia without calling together the Council or Legislature, which provoked a great deal of controversy. General McClary procured supplies for the troops, made preparation for the defense of Portsmouth, purchased cannon and munitions of war. But in 1814, when the Federalists rallied and elected John T. Gilman as Governor, General McClary resigned his office with virtuous indignation, which he had filled with credit and ability, and in which capacity he had reviewed every regiment in the State.

The town of Epsom strongly supported the war. A full company, under Captain Jonathan Godfrey, volunteered for the defense of Portsmouth.

Michael McClary also did much business as justice of the peace and probate judge. He took an active part in organizing the New Hampshire Branch of the Society of the Cincinnati. He was the first treasurer and held the office twenty-five years. This honorable body of Revolu-

tionary officers met annually on the Fourth of July. Three of their annual meetings were held at the house of General McClary. This society is worthy of more extended mention, and their annual meetings called together more noted men than ever assembled on any other occasion. He was also a Free Mason. While in the army young McClary had met in secret conclave such men as Washington, Lafayette, Sullivan and other brothers of the mystic order and became an earnest worker in the craft. In connection with other ex-officers he was instrumental in organizing a lodge at Deerfield, and in honor of General Sullivan it was called Sullivan Lodge. He was the first Senior of this lodge, and afterwards Worshipful Master. In appearance General McClary was tall, commanding, well proportioned and prepossessing. He made a fine appearance as a military officer, either on foot or in the saddle, which, with his position, means, and hospitality rendered him exceedingly popular. He was remarkably affable and engaging in his manners, interesting in conversation, graceful in his movements, convivial in his habits, generous and public-spirited, fond of power, and when opposed displayed some traits not recorded among the Christian graces. His acquaintance and correspondence was remarkably extensive, embracing many of the most distinguished men of the country.

He married, in 1779, Sally Dearborn, an intelligent, interesting and accomplished lady, daughter of Dr. Dearborn of Northampton. They entertained company with style and grace, and around their festive board have been many happy meetings of the prominent men of the times. They had five children. The oldest son, John, born in 1785, was of great personal beauty. He was early promoted to offices of trust, Representative, Senator and a clerkship at Washington. He was killed by a falling building when but thirty-six years of age. The second son, Andrew, born in 1787, was wild and roving. He entered the army in the War of 1812 and served as Captain. He married Mehitable Duncan of Concord, in 1813, and had

one daughter. Shortly after he sailed for Calcutta and was lost at sea. General McClary also had three daughters. The oldest, Nancy Dearborn, born in 1789, married Samuel Lord of Portsmouth, whose ability and wealth is well known. One of his sons, Augustus, purchased a large part of the old McClary estate. The second daughter, Elisabeth Harvey, married Jonathan Steele, a lawyer from Peterboro. The third daughter, Mary, born in 1794, married Robert Parker and lived in Fitzwilliam.

General McClary and wife both lived to old age. He died in 1825, aged 72, and was buried with his ancestors in Epsom, where rests the dust of many heroic dead, whose lives and deeds are fast fading from the memory of passing generations.

Amoskeag's Old Fishing Rocks

By George E. Burnham

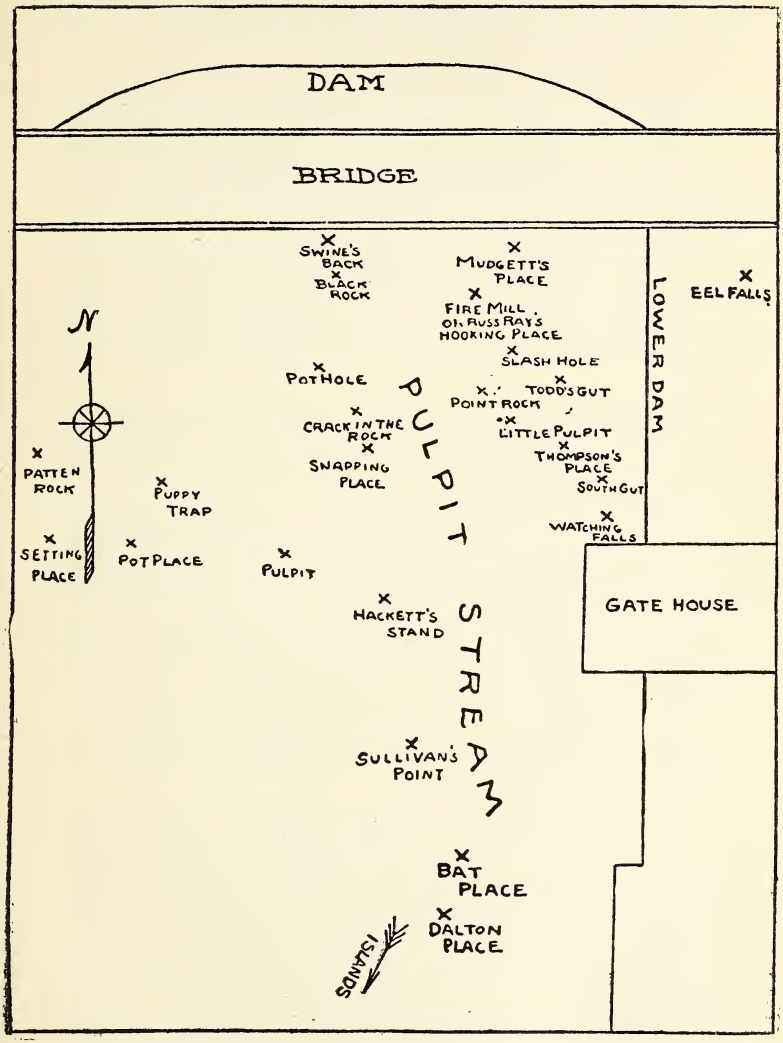
[Reprinted from *The Manchester Union* of February 11, 1904.]

HOW many of Manchester's thousands who visit Amoskeag Falls to see the rushing of the high water and hear the roar of the freshet think of the time when no dam was there and when the rocks had an interest far different from a scenic one, as the fishing stations of the early settlers along the Merrimack. Such a time existed and to-day the several points from which eels, shad and salmon were caught can be readily located.

In the days of Old Harrytown and later of Tyngstown and Derryfield, the life of the villages centered, as that of the city of Manchester does to-day, about the falls at Amoskeag, or Namoskeag as they were then known, the original Indian name not having at that time been changed to its present form. It was not, however, because of the vast water power that the first settlers located there. In those days the musket and the fish spear formed a great factor in the life of the community and the falls provided a great opportunity for securing fish and eels, the staple food of the settlers.

As the settlement grew and more and more the settlers gathered about the falls to build their homes, it became necessary to allot the best fishing places to those who, by reason of first occupation, had a right to them. In that way it came about that many of the rocks and pools in the water below the falls came to have names, either those of the owners or from some incident.

In the diary of Matthew Patten, which has recently been published, many references are made to the fishing places at the falls. Mr. Patten was a resident of Bedford,



FISHING PLACES AT AMOSKEAG FALLS

and during the months of May, June, July, and even into August many entries may be found in his diary similar to the following:

"June 4th. I got 60 shad and 2 salmon. One I throwed into the Company and the other Robert Macmurphy had. I pd Mr. Russ my fishing expenses and James Duncan came to see me about my going eastward to survey."

When the owner of a fishing place had secured his own supply of fish, he rented his rights to some less fortunate neighbor and in this way all managed to secure and salt down their season's supply of eels, shad, alewives and salmon.

Among the more important fishing places at the falls were the following, several of which were visited by a *Union* reporter recently:

Eel Falls.—This was situated about twenty-five feet south of the middle of the eastern span of the bridge, and was the highest spot in the falls where eels could be caught. The rocks from which the eels were hooked are now entirely submerged by the rise of water caused when the present dam was built, but when the water is clear they may be seen. Only the weaker eels frequented this place, as the large and fatter eels passed up the larger channels to the west of it.

Fire Mill or Russ Ray's Hooking Place.—West of the lower dam and south of the large rock which forms a pier of the bridge is a flat rock. This was about two rods from Todd's Gut and was known as Fire Mill and later as Russ Ray's Hooking Place. The former name was derived by the custom of building a fire there at night during the fishing season. Eels were caught there in great abundance at one time, but as the supply began to grow less the place was abandoned, Russ Ray at one time held the rights there and fished it by a method of his own. What the invention was is not known, but the record states that it was unsuccessful.

Todd's Gut.—That was one of the most important fishing places at the falls and was located just below the bridge, between two large rocks, upon the larger of which one of the supports of the bridge rests. It was sometimes called Eel Gut, but the name of Todd's Gut was more common. It received its name from the drowning of one John Todd, of Londonderry, at that place in 1859.

South Gut.—This was the name of the channel next south of Todd's Gut. It was sometimes called the Near Gut. It was of little importance. A pot was sometimes placed there, the ledge having been blasted away for that purpose, and some one had built a staging there, but there were few fish caught.

Thompson's Gut.—While the eels frequented this channel, it was an important fishing right, but as they afterwards ceased running up through there it was abandoned. It was situated between Todd's Gut and the South Gut.

Watching Falls.—This place was just above where the gate-house now stands, and was blasted out and fitted with a staging by Albert Stark. It was not of much importance, although many good eels were hooked there.

Little Pulpit.—The name of Little Pulpit was given this place because a curve in the rock gave a fancied resemblance to a pulpit. It was located a few yards northwest of the Thompson Place and almost directly in front of the lower end of Todd's Gut. Fishing there was called "fishing under the rocks," as the eel hook had to be run under the shelving sides of the rocks. The freshets carried away the large boulders that formed the sides of the channel and the little pulpit was abandoned.

Mudgett Place.—The Mudgett Place was situated on the east side of the Pulpit Stream and directly under the south side of the bridge, on the high rock upon which the bridge is built. As was the case with Todd's Gut, this

place was named for a man named Mudgett, who fell from the rock and was drowned. Another man, one Jonas Kemp, was drowned there.

Dash Hole.—The fishing rights at Dash Hole were owned by Peter Emerson, one of the most noted rocks of Pulpit Stream, about half way between Fire Mill and Todd's Gut. Although no staging could be used there, it was very successfully fished by Mr. Emerson, Capt. William Perham, and Jonathan, Hezekiah and Joseph Young, all of whom were among the earliest settlers in this region.

Point Rock.—The Point Rock was situated southwest of Dash Hole and almost due west of Todd's Gut, and was on the extremity of a ledge jutting out into Pulpit Stream. The place was famous for salmon and shad. It was occupied by one man dipping his net until he caught a fish, then he left and another held the place. This rule was strictly enforced, and if a man attempted to fish out of turn or to throw off a boy or a weaker man, the others interfered and the matter was quickly righted. In the earliest times, whoever got on Point Rock first and stayed upon it, held it for the season. Men have been known to go there on snow shoes to be the first in possession. It afterward became regulated by the same rule as at other shad places.

Black Rock.—Black Rock was situated on the west side of the Pulpit Stream, nearly opposite the Mudgett Place, and directly under the south side of the bridge. It was famous for salmon and shad, but was difficult of access and was occupied only by the most expert fishermen. Matthew McCurdy fell from the rock in 1820 and very nearly lost his life. He was carried down Pulpit Stream but caught hold of a log opposite the Island and was rescued by Capt. Israel Merrill, who was afterward awarded a gold medal for his heroism by the Massachusetts Humane Society.

SWINE'S BACK.—This rock may still be seen. It is just above the Black Rock, and was so named from its resemblance to the back of a hog. Salmon and shad were caught there, but it was a poor fishing place and was not much used.

SNAPPING PLACE.—This was located about ten feet southeast of the large pot hole and was claimed by Gen. John Stark and several others. It was a famous fishing place and the privilege of fishing there was sought after by many of the residents of surrounding towns.

PULPIT.—The Pulpit was also on the west side of the stream bearing the same name, and was a short distance south of the Snapping Place. It was one of the best places from which to catch shad and salmon, and was occupied for weeks before the fish began to run, some of the men watching even during the nights to retain possession. It was owned, as were many other spots, by the person first taking possession and ke ping it each season.

HACKETT'S STAND.—This was another famous fishing place and was located east of the Pulpit, and some two rods below it, on Pulpit Stream. To fish there required much strength and considerable dexterity, as a long pole was necessary and the current was rapid. This place was divided among six men.

SULLIVAN'S POINT.—This was situated a few rods below the Hackett Stand, on the western side of the Pulpit Stream. It was once famous for shad but was abandoned, as they ceased to run in profitable quantities.

CRACK IN THE ROCK.—This was on the west side of Pulpit Stream between the large pot hole and the Snapping Place, and almost directly opposite the lower end of Todd's Gut. It was a large fissure in the rocks, into which the eels passed and were easily captured. Gen. John Stark had an interest in this place, also.

Bat Place.—This was used principally for catching eels and was situated just below Sullivan's Point. It was the property of Lieut. John Stark and was fished by means of a scoop net.

Dalton Place.—This was down the channel near the head of the smaller island, and was named after a man named Dalton. It was also an excellent place for eels.

Puppy Trap.—The Puppy Trap was on the west channel, nearly opposite where the old island mill used to stand. It was unimportant as a fishing place, and was used by the proprietors of Hackett's Stand.

Pot Place.—Pot Place was on the same channel as the Puppy Trap and only a few feet below it. The quality of eels caught there was poor and it was little used.

Patten Rock.—This was a right claimed by Messrs. Patten of Bedford. One of them was the Judge Patten whose diary has recently been published. The rock was situated on the west side of the west channel and was directly under the old island bridge. It was a famous fishing right, and had been occupied for a great length of time.

The Setting Place.—This was situated a few yards west of the Patten Rock, and was operated by the same persons. In the diary of Judge Patten references are frequently made to this spot. His method of fishing it was by a dip net, and in his notes he states that one day he took out a salmon which weighed eleven and one-half pounds. In later years the Setting Place was given to the first person to occupy it in the spring, but for many years it was held by the Pattens, and took its name from them.

On the west channel there were several other fishing places, all of small importance. Among them were the Maple Stump, the Colt, the Salmon Rock, the Eel Trap, Salmon Cut and Mast Rock.

At the foot of the west channel, in what is known as the Eddy, were various rights for dragging seines. Near the center of the Eddy there is an island of sand, its cap covered with willows. This island was built or formed by Jonas Harvey as a landing place for his seine. Mr. Harvey at one time informed C. E. Potter, author of the history of Manchester, that he had frequently dragged upon this island as many as five hundred shad at one hand.

Scattered between here and Goff's Falls were many other seine rights. These were profitably operated until 1790, when the Provincial Government began making laws for the protection of shad, salmon and alewives. As the fish were running up the rivers to spawn, it was the worst thing possible to do to catch them in such numbers. As they began to grow scarcer, the laws were made more and more stringent until, at last, the use of the "seine; fish pot or weir" was made unlawful and these rights were given up.

Early Days of 'Squog

By Charles K. Walker

The following paper, read before the West Manchester Men's Club of this city, March 6, 1905, and printed in the *Mirror and American* the following day, is thought worthy of republication.—*Editor.*

DANIEL STEVENS is the only man living to-day who was born here when the stages were run to Nashua, Lowell and Boston, on the River road. I remember the stage drivers by name, Joel Conkey, Sam Gale, William Walker, Daniel Fling, Foster Farwell, and some others. Gilman Palmer was among the oldest drivers. He was a cousin of mine and a grandfather of Mrs. Mitchell Ward.

When I first saw the light, it was seventy-four years ago the eighteenth day of last July. I was born in the same house that I now live in. It looks the same as it did then, except that there was a railing round the edge of the roof, three feet high, and painted yellow and green. This was removed on account of leaks; the snow staid on and my father had to keep shoveling it off.

I looked across the road and saw two barns, one for cattle and horses and the other for sheep. I well remember my father taking me into the sheep barn and showing me the sheep that was found on a small island where one of the piers of the New Hampshire Central Railroad bridge now stands. Hiram Quimby, who worked for my father, swam over from the west bank of the river and caught it. It was supposed at that time that it was lost out of a drove.

Where our shed now stands was a hip-roof shed, painted red, which slanted to the east. I was playing ball against this shed with Charles Bowman; the game was

called barn ball. I by accident threw the ball over and we could not find it. He suggested that by throwing a potato over the same way I could find the potato and the ball would be close by. It was a failure, for we did not go round and see where the potato dropped. When the grass was mowed we found the potato and ball side by side. We tried the same thing afterwards, but it failed.

There were no houses on the west side of the road going north till we got within three hundred feet of Amory street. Perhaps I will turn about and go south. There was a house just south of George Eastman's that Dr. Parker used to own, and he kept it to let. Dan Stevens was born there. Just north of this was a tailor shop kept by three McFerson girls. The large elm tree at the corner of Parker street was in the yard. South of this was the house where Mace Moulton, the sheriff, lived. He went to congress, and he always had a good horse. Next to Mace Moulton's, in the house next to the river, there lived a man named Rowe. The house on the hill, just south of George Eastman's, was sold by Dr. Parker and moved. It was fixed up for a hotel and called the Merrimack House.

The first house south on the east side of the street was Deacon Mack's. The next was a store and a hat shop, then the blacksmith shop, which looks the same as it did then, except that it has been raised up eight feet and is now still lower than the grade of the street.

I well remember seeing the wooden pier to 'Squog bridge knocked out by the ice. This stopped the teams and stages. The wise men got together and started for Goffstown or New Boston and bought two masts, each one hundred and ten feet long. The distance between the abutments was seventy-five feet. They put one of these on each side, put iron bands over the logs, and they had teams and stages going over it in a week. The plank and sides did not go down, so foot passengers went across while it was repaired. I have thought a great many times

how smart and energetic these men were to conceive the idea of a suspension bridge with so little cost.

Mack's folks were good neighbors and we used to go there in the summer time to borrow fire. We used to cook by the fireplace, and sometimes the fire would go out, and we had no matches, so borrowing fire from your neighbors was common. I think to-day that matches were the greatest invention for housekeepers.

I recollect well when Mace Moulton and my father hitched up a team on a wood sled and drove over to Amherst and brought back two stoves, each buying one. When they were set up, good-by to cooking by the fireplace, but we still clung to the brick oven. These stoves were made with the oven on one side and the fire on the other.

After crossing the bridge came the store where the postoffice was. It was kept by Len Randlet, and his descendants live now in this city. This store was a landing place for boats from Boston. Here was the place where hops were shipped down the river and barrel staves and bark at different times went to Boston. General Riddle was the hop inspector, and what he marked them went.

We find next the tavern, corner of Log street. This was the only tavern when I first went down the road. When the second hotel was moved at the corner of Milford street it was in the year 1838. I was then eight years old. Fred Wallace was the man who kept the hotel, and I think Wallace the undertaker was born there. It was afterwards kept by Gordon and then Glines.

Connected with the first hotel was a stable just south of Log street, built to hold eighty horses. South of that was a stable holding twenty-five horses. South of this stable was the engine house where the firemen met once a month and the clerk called the roll. I think they tried the machine twice a year with water from the watering-trough near by, filling it with leather buckets. It would throw

water over the steeple of the meeting house, which is one hundred and ten feet high.

Log street, below Ranno's shop, was filled up with lumber, mostly sawed, which was rafted and taken down the river to Boston and Newburyport. This landing formerly went to the Merrimack River, but the water washed off the bank so that a line on the south side of this landing would run on the south side of the island; in fact, 'Squog River, on the south side of the island, is where the landing was. I might say here, in connection with this, that William Parker had this landing set off of his land for a public landing.

One house was built on the roadway, by Leonard Walker, who lived in it and ran a harness shop on Main staeet, just north of Sheriff Doane's. Fred Stark owns the house, which has been enlarged and kept to let. Some of the apple trees that Walker set out are still bearing apples. On the hill where Ira Barr lived once lived William Parker, who owned tavern and store. His wife was a great cook, and in the spring boarded fifteen to twenty men, who worked rafting.

My mother was born at the hotel at the corner of Log street.

I recollect going to a caravan right back of the Hildreth house. The first one that came the year before I did not dare to go in; I was afraid of the lions. I stopped at grandmother's while father and mother went to the show. At the crotch of the road, near the Wallace tavern, was a large red oak stump, three and one-half feet high and four feet across. It was left there, I suppose, because it would cost quite a little to dig it out; at any rate it was there, and teams and stages went each side of it. One dark night a horse and chaise ran into it, and tipped over, and the town of Bedford paid the damage, and then the town dug it out.

Where Bartlett lives, my uncle Robert built a house and lived there. This is where Colonel Parker was born.

He went to the Parker school. I remember Sarah Walker kept the school one summer and Wayland Parker, afterwards Colonel Parker, went to school. He was called out onto the floor for something—I do not remember what it was—and Miss Walker was going to whip him. He ran out of the door and down into the swamp, and the school teacher after him. She caught him in the swamp and brought him into the school and whipped him. He has told me within twenty years that the flogging did him lots of good. It made him a better boy, and he was willing to do just as the teacher told him afterwards.

Speaking of the swamp, I must tell you of the rabbits that used to be there. They were all killed off by the engravers when the first Print Works were active. I have seen them come out with seven or eight at a time, they were so plenty. They ran them with dogs and used to run down the brook to the mouth and turn and come back; then they were shot. I remember a boy coming up to the schoolhouse at recess time, saying that he saw a rabbit asleep in the swamp. One of the older boys said we could get that rabbit. He picked up a big stone and told the rest of the boys to come on and not to speak. He would creep up as close as he could and kill him before he waked up. "Now," he said, "if I should not happen to kill him, you all holler as loud as you can and that will scare him to death." The boy led the way with the big lad close behind him. Sure enough, there lay the rabbit fast asleep. The boy with the stone crept up like an Indian chief, raised it over his head and fired right down onto him. He did not hit him, and we all yelled and screamed, and I never saw a rabbit run so fast in my life. We all came up to the schoolhouse, thinking that rabbit scaring was a failure. Speaking of hunting, there used to be pigeon stands right west of Riddle's grove. I have seen one of the Riddle boys spring a net and catch two dozen or more right by the gravel bank on Milford street. I caught seven partridges in the edge of the woods right

where Levi Dodge lives, in one week, using thorn-bush plums for bait.

The schoolhouse where I went to school was a wooden building, on the spot where the Parker school stands. It was heated by a fireplace and the boys used to take turns building the fire. They soon got a big box stove and used it as long as I went to the district school.

Thirty or forty scholars went to school in the winter time, and about twenty-five in the summer. They were all American born and two were colored, George and Susan Tony. The girls and boys all went barefooted, two-thirds of them having a rag tied round their toes or a piece of pork tied on the bottom of their feet because they had stepped on a nail.

There were only four houses on Milford street: one where the Quimbys live now, one where Bill Young lived, and the McCoy house, where old McCoy was killed by a boy who lived there. Deacon Noyes lives in the house to-day. It was called the haunted house when I was a boy, and I never dared to go by there in the night.

The house where Fisher's house stands was called the Gillis house. He was a brother to Mrs. Frederick Stark—Stark who built the house where the Phelpses live. It was the first house that had a bell on it instead of a brass knocker.

The meeting house looked about the same—not quite as long as it is now. There was no steady preaching, as a rule. Priest Miltemore preached a short time, coming from Litchfield, but he was a poor man and a poor preacher. One day he was up here and General Riddle was loading a boat with posts and rails for fencing. He told General Riddle that he would like some of those posts and rails, but had no money to pay for them. Mr. Riddle told him he would sell him some and take his pay in preaching. The bargain was made and the general went round and got some subscribers and set the priest at it. It did not take more than three months to pay for the

fencing. The boys did not like to go to his meetings very well, for he prayed with his eyes open.

The meeting house was old fashioned on the inside, the pulpit was very high and the seats were in pens. The gallery went round the house with more or less pens besides the singing seats.

In 1843 it was fixed over for an academy. Good, nice timber was put across from one gallery to another and two school-rooms were made on this floor. The first teacher was a man by the name of Wason. The school flourished for a little while, having seventy scholars the first year. The people in the village took the pupils that came from out of town to board, charging them $1.75 a week, including washing. Here is where Gov. James A. Weston got his education, and the Jacksons, Buntons and Merrills from the east side of the river also went to school here. From Bedford came the Chandlers, Woodburys and Goffs; in fact, all the towns round about were represented in this academy.

Now let us go up the Mast road. The store on the corner was kept by the Porters and was called Porter's store. The small red house between that and the river was let with the store. Since then it has been used as a clay pipe manufactory. The McDerbys made common clay pipes here. Just west of this store was a small house where Cooper John Parker lived, so called to distinguish him from the rest of the Parkers, for he was no relation. He worked at coopering just where the sawmill is. The man who carried on the business was Henry Farley. The next house was a two-story house occupied by Dudley Tufts, a painter; and the grandfather of Ned Wallace.

The next houses were Melvin's and Bowman's, Bowman living where Brigham's house now is. He was one of the "400," owned a span of gray horses, and when he was rigged up Sunday to go to Bedford meeting he made the boys lay down their playthings. He had an office just south of Sheriff Doane's. The boys were afraid of the

squire; he never spoke to any of them, and they never met him in the street if they could help it, going across to the other side. The other lawyers were John Parker and Squire Wilkins. Wilkins left his property to the state for a reform school.

The next place was General Riddle's. Here is where the boys liked to go, and where the boys and girls learned to dance. His dining-room was a long one, and it was here that the boys kicked out "Money Musk" chorus jig, "Wild Goose Chase," etc. The old general played the fiddle and did not allow any nonsense. He struck one of his boys over the head with his fiddle bow because he was whispering to a girl. The rest of us were kind of scared, and I never whispered to a girl after that when he was playing.

Across the road, by the river, was a sawmill and a grist-mill, owned by Kendall & Gage, and three or four small houses were built around it. This mill was bought by Hamblet, who carried on the business till he died. He built a new house right where the Varney school stands. He had seven girls and one boy, who are all dead but two. Clark Hadley and Noyes sawed lumber here by the thousand, both dying rich.

The next building was Palmer's store, which I do not remember about, as it was before my day. I remember when there was a hall in the building and Jack Dow was the dancing master. I went once with my father to see them dance.

Just across the road old Dr. Walker, a cousin of my father, lived. He was on the road most of the time, riding in a gig day and night, except in the winter. The next three places were the Head Place, Jim George's and Hiram Quimby's. Moody Quimby lived there once and Charles W. Quimby was born there. This is now called the Hoitt house. I remember when Uncle Daniel Parker owned the land on the Head place, and William M. Parker used to carry it on. He wanted me to come there and ride a horse to plow amongst corn. He gave me a 12½-cent piece for

riding two hours. It was as much as my father used to give me to spend at the Goffstown muster.

Speaking of Goffstown muster, I well remember the first time my father gave me twenty-five cents to spend. I was the hero amongst the boys and marched into the field ahead of the others. There was one of those gingerbread peddlers standing at the entrance, and he said, "Now is the time, boys, to buy your gingerbread. I can sell it to you now for three cents a sheet, but it will be higher this afternoon." Now as I had twenty-five cents to spend, I thought I would take advantage of the market and buy a sheet. I carried it under my arm until about noon, wishing I had not bought it to lug around. When I came off the grounds the same man was selling it for one cent a sheet.

We will now move up north from where I now live. The first house you could see was the McGregor house, near the McGregor bridge. The Granite bridge was not built. It was one field from the Ferry lane, so called, to this house. I recollect one morning in haying time, looking out of the window and seeing seven men mowing down close to Ferry street. They had mowed down from McGregor bridge. After they had started back I watched them mow through the field. They each took a swath five feet wide and it made quite a wide road through the grass, about seventy feet wide coming down and back.

Where Simpson lives the house looks about the same. This side of Simpson's there were two cottage houses and a store called Hall's store. Beyond Simpson's was an old schoolhouse, and on a sign over the door was "George W. Morrison, Lawyer."

This Ferry street was a road two rods wide that led to the river, where they crossed over in boats before I can remember, and landed just below the sewer south of the outlet to the canal.

I remember when the Ferry house was torn down. There was a family living there at the time who would

neither get out nor pay rent. They said it was public property, and the woman said she would stay in the house until it was torn down over her head, which was done without hurting her.

I cannot stop writing this paper till we go down the River road below the Parker school. The first house was the John Davis house, just below the corner of Boynton and Main streets. The next was where Mr. Green lived. The next was Ephraim Harvey's, which was burned a number of years ago, but which has never been torn down. It is a disgrace and a nuisance to the neighbors. It seems strange to me that after getting $12,000 out of the city they could not take down the ruins of this old house. It is sad to look at the remains of this old house and think of the good times we used to have there sixty years ago. The young folks could do anything here, dance or play. There was no card playing in those days, but we played "Button," "The needle's eye," "Green grow the rushes, O," "Roll the platter," etc. The fried turnovers that Mrs. Ephraim Harvey used to make out of cider apple sauce, the writer still thinks, were the best grub that a boy ever ate.

There were no houses on the west side of Main street. Two barns belonging to Jim Harvey and Deacon McQuestion were the only buildings until you got to the old Gilmore place, where Bursiel now lives. The brick house of Jim Harvey looks just the same as it did seventy years ago. The McQuestion place has changed somewhat by fire.

The brook is about the same except that there are not so many trout in it as there used to be. The Bowman brook was the greatest brook for trout on the west side of the Merrimack, and is to-day.

Below the old Gilmore place, on the east side of the road, where Wiggin, Gilman and Payson French now have small farms, was then covered with a growth of hard wood. These woods were, in certain years, full of gray squirrels, after acorns. On the west side of the road it was cleared

land. When you got to Bowman brook there was a saw-mill, a grist-mill, a tannery and a curtain manufactory.

We will now just go up to Chandler's Tavern, which was called one of the best taverns on the road from Concord to Boston. I well remember the teams that could be seen there in the evening, and the teamsters sitting by a big fireplace, which I used to see when I was coming home from Uncle Cy's place.

They used to tell a story about Tom Chandler, grandfather to Henry and Byron. He was standing in the corn field near the river, leaning on his hoe, looking at a raft going down the river, which had just come over Griffin's Falls. One of the rafters looked up and saw Chandler. He said to his companions, "I never saw a scarecrow look so much like a man before."

Lamper eels and shad were caught on this side of the Merrimack. Lamper eels were caught on the north side of 'Squog River, opposite Baldwin's mill, and shad were caught below Stark brook, on Ephraim Harvey's land. I used to go down there and buy a shad when they were running. I have bought many a one for ten cents. Lamper eels were my fish. I liked them better than any fish caught in the Merrimack River, and I will not except salmon.

A Discourse at Amoskeag Falls 1739

By Rev. Joseph Secombe

Introduction by S. C. Gould

Through the courtesy of Mr. S. C. Gould, who owns one of the very few copies of the original tract known to be in existence, we are able to give a reprint, as nearly as possible to the first copy, of the early sermon preached at Amoskeag Falls. On account of its local associations it is of more than passsing interest, a small reprinted edition issued in 1892 by Mr. Gould having long since been exhausted.—*Editor.*

The first printed sermon preached within the limits of what is now Manchester, N. H., was at "Ammauskeeg-Falls, in the Fishing Season, 1739," by Rev. Joseph Secombe, of Kingston, N. H., a gentleman of good attainments, eccentric habits, and extremely fond of fishing. It was his custom annually, with other gentlemen, to visit the Falls for recreation and diversion. At such times he preached on Sunday to the natives and other settlers and visitors. One of his sermons was printed in Boston in 1743, and dedicated to the "Honourable Theodore Atkinson, Esq.," of Portsmouth, N. H., who was one of his hearers. Copies of the printed discourse have become very scarce, only five perfect ones being known to exist. With the exception of the modern "s" for the former long "f" the same appears *verbatim, literatim, et punctatim.* The quotation on its title page contains the name "Moniack," of which Potter's "History of Manchester," says:

"Moniack, one of the names applied to the Merrimack by the Indians, from the fact that it contained a great many islands. The literal meaning of Moniack is 'Island-place'—it being a compound word from the Indian nouns Mona (island) and Auke (place)," (page 721).

"'Namaoskeag,' or as called by the English, and now written, Amoskeag, has been a noted place for centuries. The terminals *oog*, *ook* and *uk*, written by the English *auke* or *ook*, were used by the Indians to represent a place or spot of land or water; and *eag*, *eeg* and *eek*, written by the English *eag*, *eke* and *ic*, were the terminals used by the Indians to represent long or extended places of water. Thus *Namaos* means a 'fish,' and compounded with *eag* with the *k* thrown in for the sake of sound, becomes the Indian derivative noun, *Namaoskeag*, a 'long and continued place of water for fish,' and was doubtless applied by the Indians to that part of the Merrimack river consisting of falls, rapids and ripples, extending from the Skowhegan in Merrimack, to Turkey Falls in Concord. . . . But as the country became settled, and fish scarce, the 'Namaoskeag' became limited to the rapids in the immediate vicinity of 'Namoaskeag' falls (pp. 638-9.)"

The word has many variations in orthography, among them being, Namoaskhag, Naamkeake, Namaske, Naumkeag, Naimkeak, and several others. (See Potter's *Farmers' Monthly Visitor*, 1852-53.)

Business *and* Diversion

inoffensive to God, *and necessary for the Comfort and Support of human Society.*

A

DISCOURSE

utter'd in Part

AT

Ammauskeeg-Falls,

IN THE

Fishing-Season.

1739.

Deep in the Vale old *Moniack* rolls his Tides,
Romantick Prospects crown his reverend Sides;
Now thro' wild Grotts, and pendent Woods he strays,
And ravish'd at the sight, his Course delays.
Silent and calm---now with impetuous Shock
Pours his swift Torrent down the steepy Rock;
The tumbling Waves thro' airy Channels flow,
And loudly roaring, smoke and foam below.

I. W.

Boston, Printed for S. Kneeland and T. Green in Queen-Street. Mdccxliii.

To the Honourable

Theodore Atkinson, Esq;

And Other

The Worthy Patrons of the Fishing

At

AMMAUSKEEG.

Gentlemen,

IT'S not to signify to others that I pretend to an Intimacy with you, or that I ever had a Share in those pleasant Diversions, which you have innnocently indulged your selves in, at the Place where I have taken an annual Tour for some Years past. Yet I doubt not but you'l Patronize my Intention, which is to sence against Bigottry and Superstition. All Excess I disclaim, but pretend to be a Favourer of Religion, and of Labour as an Ingredient, and of Recreation as a necessary Attendant.

I believe the *Gentleman* who moved me to preach there in some odd Circumstances, and those at whose Desire and Charge this Discourse is Printed, (asking their Pardon if my Suggestion appear to them ungrounded) were moved more from the uncommonness of the Thing, than any Thing singular in it. I have put off the Importunity for near these three Years; but least it should be, that I fear, it's being seen by the World, I submit it to Sight and Censure.

So little as I know you, *Gentlemen,* I heartily present it to you; tho' all the Reason that I intend to offer is, we have fished upon the same Banks: And tho' I know this will be no Bait, I am fond of being esteemed, in the Affair of Fishing,

Gentlemen,

your most Obedient

and very humble Servant,

Fluviatulis Piscator.

Business *and* Diversion *inoffensive to* GOD.

JOHN XXI. iii.

Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a Fishing.

THIS an odd and vicious Conceit of the Superstitious, who in Popish Countries are called the Religious; that a solitary Sequestration from the social Affairs and Duties of Life, afford a mighty Advantage to Religion: For this is contrary to the Design of the Creator in the Make and Constitution of Man; opposite to the Providence and Precepts of God, and the Examples of holy Men recorded in sacred History. The Instance in our Text shows that *Business*,* or I think Diversion in proper Portions of Time, and other suitable Circumstances, are not hurtful, but very friendly to Religion.

The Apostles were constituted Fishers of Men, to allure and draw Souls to Christ, from a Pit of Sin and Misery, to an Ocean of Piety and Pleasure.....An high and really religious Employment! And *our Lord* gave them a *Vacancy*, with Restriction, *but tarry ye at Jerusalem*. They had been commissioned long before, [*Matth.* x. 17 and *Luke* ix.] but before they were to enter upon

**For their stated Business, was to preach the Gospel; tho' Fishing had been their Employment.*

their Enterprize, in which he should be coporally absent, they must have a Leisure refreshing Season. To what should they in Reason have devoted this Intermission, but Fasting and Mourning, for now the Bridegroom was not always with them? Why, *Obedience is better than Sacrifice, and to hearken, than the Fat of Rams*, 1 Sam. xv. 22. He who best knew the Nature of Man, before he was to send Men upon extraordinary Business, would give them Leisure; nor was this Space confined wholly to Devotion. Some of it, we find, was spent in Business or Diversion. Certainly these Saints were as sincerely and piously affected to God, as the superstitious Biggots to Popery can, with any Shew of Modesty, pretend to be; yet they divert themselves in so suitable a Season, and our Lord not only appoints the Leisure, but supports them in it; by giving them a lucky Draught of Fishes. This sacred Story leads me to think,

I. In the general, that the common Enterprizes of Life are not inconsistent with Piety towards God: But that infinite Holiness may be pleased with them. And in particular, that

II. Fishing is innocent as Business or Diversion.

Some may think it strange that I give myself the Trouble to illustrate these Things, which, to them appear level to the lowest Capacity.

But all Men are not of the same Cast or Constitution. A Proposition which is easy and evident to one, may be as doubtful and difficult to another; and its no uncommon Case, for Men who have no higher End in their Employments, and have been unseasonable, unguarded and irregular in their Diversions, and have no higher End than Self, if they are convinced of their Idolatry and Carnality, to exclaim against the world! Then, when they most of all need to be diligent in some good Employment, Diligence is termed Worldly-mindedness; seasonably and temperately to recreate themselves, is carnal Pleasure. These Difficulties require no great Depth of Tho't, nor a Multitude of Words for their Solution.

We may, in an easy and natural Manner, consider that Religion is all of a Piece, and one Duty does not destroy another. That Business and Diversion, in their proper Place and Time, determined from a good Principle, and performed piously and prudently; are so far from being offensive, that they are a necessary Branch of our holy Religion.

Let us then in the general consider, *Whether the common Enterprizes of human Life, be consistent with practical Piety.*

Here we must tell what we mean, by the common Enterprizes of Life. And we renounce all unjust and dishonest Methods of obtaining the Riches, Honours, and Pleasures of the World: And all unlawful Games, and those which are lawful, when they are unsuitably and irregularly managed.

We consider Business or Diversions, as human Understandings. By Business, we mean our stated Exercises, or that which we ought to employ most of our Time in, and most of our Thoughts about. Diversion is the turning aside from Business, in some proper Period, to refresh ourselves, and fit us for a more chearful and lively Discharge of Duty. Now, if it should be made evident, that these are Parts of our Duty to God, I suppose they must be consistent with real Religion. And this will appear, if we consider, That God is an active Being, and proposes himself as our Pattern. It's not only contrary to Scripture, and deep thinking, but common Sense, to suppose the great Creator and Governour of all Worlds, idle and unactive. Every one conceives something of his Operation, as the Over-ruler of Human Affairs, or Author of all Things. And if God be Agent, he expects those to be such who are capable of acting: And as he is perfect, and must act in a most excellent Manner, according to his own Nature, he must expect and require his Creatures to act according to the Power with which he has endowed them. And as he

has endowed Man with a Capacity of knowing something of him, he must design his imitating of him in his Measure and Degree. In this the Image of God in Man consists. And we are to imitate him in Labour and Rest, as well as in other Respects. This will be clear to you, if you recollect the Fourth Commandment: *Six Days* shalt *thou Labour*, for in six.....*the Lord made*.....and *rested* on the seventh, &c.

Indeed, no Man was made for Time, but Time for him: And as God uses Eternity for his own Glory, according to his infinite Wisdom and Power; so he expects Man should spend his Time, according to his Capacity.....

Man's Capacity is the Measure of his Duty, and the Nature of man requires Rest and Labour, and a prudent Interchange and Succession of each. We were not obliged to do, in our Original, those Things which our Species were not capable of performing: But the Limitation of Nature was a Bound by the Deity, *So far shalt thou come, and no farther.* The Stretch of a human Mind, and the Strength of Man's Body, is limited by the supream Disposer of all Things. And the same *Being*, in limiting our Capacity, makes out our Duty, by our Make and Frame, and casual Circumstances in the Course of his Divine Providence, he shews a wise Man what he ought to do, and what to avoid, and how he should direct, guide, and govern himself or others. No mere Man ever could, nor will any Man that has the Government of himself, pretend to keep up an uninterrupted Series of Idleness and Indolence, of Labour or Devotion; for Experience must soon convince them that Man's Nature is formed for Variety: He is a changeable Creature, and is supported by Change. So Man at first was put into the Garden of Pleasure, not only to serve his Maker, in his Devotions, and delight himself by his Sensations, but *to dress it and to keep it:* For in his primitive *Make* he needed those Changes. And we need them much more in our lapsed State: As all the

Works of God, in Nature and Revelation, manifestly declare. Let those who would form to their Imagination, a beautiful Description of the Original of the World, read Dr. *Burnet:* But I must confine myself to Scripture, and the common Current of our Experience, in the present State of Things; and as to that original State of the World, you will excuse me if I say little about it, because we have little to do with it. But if we gaze upon Nature, in its present Situation, we shall find, that every Thing calls for a prudent Alloy of Labour and Diversion: [Tho' I must rejoin, because I would not be wanting in Caution, by Labour, I would be understood to mean, our Actions in our particular Callings; and by our Diversions, our turning aside from them, whether in the prescribed scriptural or rational Acknowledgements of the Deity, or our innocent unbending the Bow in those lawful Amusements, which are more commonly called Diversions. The Reason of my thus speaking is on the account of the *divine Division. Six Days shalt thou Labour. But on the Seventh*..... God who best knew our Capacities, has delineated our Business [or that which we are Statedly to employ most of our Time in, for that I call, must call so.] *God* confirms the Division both by Precept and Example: And if we throw off Superstition and allow our selves to think freely we shall be confirmed that Business is Part of our Religion.] To return then: Let us consider the Universe in its present State and Situation. All the heavenly Bodies keep their Course, [But their Orbits are more or less Excentric] The rising Sun calls Man forth to his Business. The *Sun* withdraws, and lengthning Shades forwarn us of the rising Damp, and unhealthy Vapour; and bid us retire for Rest and Shelter. Yet if something uncommon call us longer abroad, the *Moon* and *Stars* will lend a little of their *borrowed* Light; but amphibious Creatures, Birds and Beasts of Prey, oft check our Improvidence or Negligence. The Sun gives us our longest Days when the Earth requires most of our Labour, and when she refuses Produce, he shortens our Hours of Business.

So the vast Collection of Waters sometimes heaves in its briny Billow, swells every Bay, and rushes with Joy tho' every Channel; as from an Engine played by the Almighty Arm; then sinks into her deep Caverns, leaves Room for the Return of the rapid Rivers; with vast Additions from in-land Oceans.

The Winds also take their turns for Labour and Rest. The laborious East sends gently in the vast Magazines of floating Wealth, to the favorite Sons of Fortune; while he is gathering up the scattering Clouds, which he shoves in upon the craving Land, and genreously pours down a more universal Blessing: and retires, when the brisk West opens a Glene, scatters the broken Cloud, and sweeps up the redundant Moisture * * *.

So the Earth *here* raises a rocky Mountain with a frowning Front; and levels *there* a pleasant Plain; *here* sinks a rushy Fen, *there* raises a fertile Field: *Here* the struggling Streams rush down a rapid River, *there* the easy Waters lye still and move not.... But what in Nature does not? Every Thing calls for Labour, and Labour requires Rest.

These uncultivated Lands call for hard Labour, but some other Circumstances admit of Diversion; for this the half-tam'd *Deer graze* your Plains, and the rough *Bear* infest domestick Folds. The ingenious Dr. *Woodward* has shown what Convulsions there were at the Time of the Deluge, and how Sterile the Earth is made by that awful Event; and this to make us Labour, because our sinful Propensity required it.*

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*Speaking of the old World, he says that after the Fall of Man, "These exuberant Productions of the Earth became a continual Decay and Snare to him, they only excited and fomented his Lusts, and ministered Fuel to his Vices and Luxury, and the Earth requiring little or no Tillage, there was little Occasion for Labour, so that almost the whole Time lay upon his hand, and gave him Leisure to contrive; and full

But we are social Creatures; and the Cord of Society is strengthened by Industry. In this defective State, great Diligence is necessary in Education, in Purging out Prejudices, Infusing Principles and Maxims of Wisdom; and acquiring Habits of just Reasoning, and Prudent Determining in every Occurrence. It's needful that some should make a Business of Teaching; and the Labour of others must support such in their Labour.

Government is necessary to our good Order; to secure our Lives, Property and Peace: And those who are by divine Providence, set in Authority over us, should be esteemed and honoured; that they may be so, they should be set above Contempt, by a generous Support from the Society whom they serve: which it never can do unless Industrious.

Seeing we are to consider GOD, not only as Creator of Man, but as the Founder of Society, and it must follow that a social Homage is his Due; and this Homage must be paid in the best, the most regular and rational manner: It appears by the Light of Nature, and Suffrage of all Nations, that there should be some Persons stated and appointed to lead Societies in their Devotions; to keep the Knowledge of God, and our Duty to him, clear from all Confusions and unworthy Conceptions, and to excite religious Sentiments, &c. This requires the Labour and Study of such Persons, and the Labour of others to support them. So that unless we would have Ignorance and Irreligion, and all Manner of Miseries and Mischiefs infest Mankind, we must labour:

Swing to persue his Follies; and the Pravity of humane Nature was.....The Pravity of humane Nature is not, I fear, less yet than it was then.....And to remove the Temptation and Cause of the Sin, he brought this Change, by mingling and confounding its first constituent Principles..... That by this means a great Part of their Time might be taken up, &c.

See his natural History, Ed. 1*st*. Pag. 89 *to* 114

and as God is the Author of the Species, and Founder of our State, this industry should be practised with a View to his Glory, as Part of our holy Religion.

This Thought includes Piety, Justice and Charity. We must be diligent in some lawful Calling, because God requires it, as mere Reason shews, so doth the Scriptures.

Those who will take no Method for their own Support, rob Society or murder themselves. If a Man provide not for himself he either starves or pillages his Neighbour: I can call it nothing less than Robbery, if he could by any lawful Business, have supported himself; for he is as really a Villain, who, without my knowing it, picks my Pocket, as he who says, *Stand and Deliver!* And whatever I am obliged by Authority to pay towards the Support of Religion, Government, and the Poor, more than I should or ought to have done, if my Neighbour had been industrious, they really rob me of; for I have so much less of Estate thro' their Negligence..... The Equity of that Precept is clear, *He that will not work, neither let him eat.* And it's as evidently just, he that will not labour to support Government, forfeits its Protection and Favour.

The Man who will not labour, often thinks himself forced to lie long in this Neighbour's Debt; which is a great Piece of Injustice to his Neighbour and to Society: Seeing if his industrious Neighbour had his Money in his Hand, he would have turn'd it to the Increase of his Estate, and Emolument of the Community. It's thro' Idleness that Men have little to dispose of, and are tempted to ask such exorbitant Prices for their Wares.

The Original of Communities, are Families. In these are weak and feeble Members, who need Labour for their Support: And that Man is not only unjust, but barbarous and cruel, who neglects them.* *He that provideth not for*

*There has been long and tedious Disputes about a Medium of Trade, and a sad Complaint about the con-

his own, especially for those of his own House, hath denied the Faith, and is worse than an Infidel.

We ought to labour from a Principle of Charity, *That we may have to give to him that needeth.*†..... *The Poor ye have with you always.*‡ If the Poor perish thro' your Want, when you might have had it to give; it's as much thro' your Neglect, as if you had it, and refused to help and relieve them:

Indeed the most kind and prudent Way of relieving the Poor is by setting them to work, if they are able. For hereby you give them Courage, cause them to be prudent and frugal; and prevent much Sin. It does not put them to so much Pain, to ask for that for which they have laboured: And what they earn hardly, they will not be so likely to spend idly. While they have Employ they may be kept from making Mischief among Neighbours, from *wandering about from House to House as Busy-Bodies.*§

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stant Falling of Money: While the Prices of the Produce of the Country are under no Regulation by Law: Every one almost will make it a Rule, *to sell as dear as he can:* And if they ask an *Angel* this Year, for that which might have been purchased with a *Crown* last, an Angel is worth no more now than a Crown was then; and Money must continue Falling. It's worthy the Tho't of considerate Man, whether a want of Labourers be not at the Bottom of all this. If Men don't labour, they vainly complain of hard Times, and Scarcity of Money; for they have nothing to procure it.

†Eph. iv. 28. ‡Matth. xxvi. 11.

§In the best regulated Communities, they keep all employ'd young and old, strong and weak; those who are strong to more onerous Service, and the more feeble to that which is less burthensome, &c. *See Sir* Will. Temple *of* Holland *and* Busbeg; *Juci Epist.* Richelieu's *Pol. Will.* Chap. IX. Sect. vi.

If ye shall fulfill the royal Law, according to the Scriptures . . . . thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thy self, ye shall do well. If a Brother or a Sister be naked, or destitute of daily Food, and one of you say to them, Depart in Peace, be you warmed and filled, notwithstanding you give them not of those Things that are needful to the Body, What doth it? But can common Christians feed their Neighbours with any thing better than fair Words unless they be diligent in their Business.

Quest. *These are evident, you may say, but how do they reach the Rich?*

The Rich are of the same Nature with the Poor, and stand in as near Relation to God and Society as they: And in these Respects, have as much need of Business. Tho' Men have ever so much Wealth, they should consider that Idleness and Inactivity rusts and depraves the Mind, and renders it unfit for the Service of God or Men. It either distempers the Brain with Melancholy, or fills the Body with ill Humours, and the Mind with vicious Inclinations; and either of them give Satan great Advantage against us. Besides . . . . we are to consider Wealth as a Talent given us by God to improve, therefore the more any Man has, the more he has to turn to Advantage, which must proportionably encrease Care and enlarge the Sphere of Action. He that sinks his Estate thro' Indolence robs the Publick, for he cant do so much for the Commonwealth. And if he only keeps the Principal, and endeavours to make no Interest, he is an *unprofitable servant* to God who intrusts him, and to the Society who protects him.

Reflection. If we are to be Followers of God as dear Children; if God is an Agent; if we are to imitate him in labouring six Parts in seven of our Time; if the human Constitution in its Original requires Change of Labour and Rest; if this is the State of all Nature, if Piety to God, and Justice and Charity to Men require Labour; and Business cannot be perform'd to Advantage without some seasonable prudent and regular

Diversion: How wild and superstitious are those who would drive Persons into Monasteries and Nunneries, under the Notion of their spending their whole Time in Devotion? And how much better is it for Persons who are deeply in Debt, or dependent on Charity for their daily Support, to run about under the Notion of dealing with their Neighbours in some pretended Case of Conscience, prating about Things *which they understand not*; than study to be quiet and *do their own Business!*

Extraordinary Religion is the most exact Transcript of the communicable Attributes of God; and the nearest Imitation of the Divine Being, as far as the Dictates and Limits of our Nature, and the Rules of his holy Word. ..... They who are wise above what is written, will soon discover their Folly: For when Superstition has overwhelmed a man's Brain, like a Child with the Rickets, his Head grows too big for his Body, and the distempered Creature soon dwindles away to nothing. For Men in vain plead for such Devotion as robs Society, such as defrauds Mankind. ..... *He that loves not his Brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen.*

Weak Persons are apt to say, Can we do too much for God? Can we spend too much Time in Religion? No, you cannot. But you may disobey God, when you think you obey him: You may do what he forbids, when you think you do what he requires. You may be idolatrous, when you think you are mighty devout. Why, your Ancestors tho't this might be; Why else did they reject the exorbitant Number of Popish Fast and Festivals, &c.? In one Century you seem to have forgot your Errand to *America*. And what do you think of those *Israelites*, who sacrificed their Children, &c.? Do you think that they could do too much for God? Could they do any more than to give the Firstborn of their Bodies for the Sin of their Souls? Who could blame them, if none can do too much [in the common Sense]? If a man were to murder his Father or Mother, his Wife or Children, or himself, under the Notion of

being extraordinary religious, and should say, who can do too much for God, would you not think the poor Creature were delirious? Why, *He that loves not his Brother is a Murderer!* Many make a great Talk of Matters of Faith, or rather of Opinion, and will go prating from Place to Place,* and take little or no Care of their Families; they are mighty religious, but if it were possible they would not pay a Farthing for the Support of the Government, (by which our Lives are preserved) or of Religion, or for the Education of their Children. They like Holidays extreamly, and might be glad if every Day were such; but can, with a good Conscience, lie in Debt from Year to Year. It's an easy Matter to pray, and read, and hear, and talk devoutly; but to work is hard, 'tis tedious to the poor Carcass, a Weariness to the Flesh! It's an easy Matter to run down your industrious Neighbour as a worldly Man, but have you paid him that which you owed him? Is not he forc'd, in great Part, to support your Family?

I wish Men would know what Religion is in the Whole, and not set the several Parts of it at Variance, and make one Branch militate with another. *Let us love God with all our Hearts*, and at the same Time remember that we are to *love our Neighbour as ourselves.*

Let us meditate on and long after Heaven; but know at the same Time, that our Way thither is thro' the Earth: That the Soul is infinitely the superiour Part, but if we

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*I wish there were not too much Reason for Complaint in this Regard, at this Day. I have been often surprized, not only at the prophane Railing against Lectures, but at the Absurdity and Folly of many, who had hardly a Morsel of Meat to put into their Mouths, and their Children near Famishing, and all their Business ruining, on Account of their violent and furious rambling here and there on the Notion of some religious Errand; as if God would call them to a Fraud and Barbarity, which, the Apostle tells us, is worse than Infidelity, 1 *Tim.* 5. 8.

murder the Body, the Soul must eternally be damned. Let us be frequent at Church, yet not forget that we have something to do at Home. Let's be serious and steady in our Devotions, and likewise diligently follow our Business. In short, Let every Command have its proper Weight with us, every Duty it's Proportion of our Time and Tho'ts.

Business and Diversion, in the general, may be allowed as innocent and necessary. But some Enterprizes which wear that Name may be scrupled. We may therefore enquire in particular,

II. *Whether Fishing is lawful as Business or Diversion.*

Not only those called Religious, among the *Turks* and *Persians*, and the *Benjans*, &c. have scrupled eating of Flesh or Fish, but some among ourselves, fear whether we ought to take away the Lives of Creatures for our own Support; and are positive that we should not for Diversion. Many have a great Aversion to those whose Trade it is to take away the Lives of the lower Species of Creatures. A Butcher is (in their Apprehension) a mere Monster, and a Fisherman, a filthy Wretch.

It's an ancient Observation, that *a merciful Man is merciful to his Beast. The righteous Man regards the Life of his Beast*, Prov. xii. 10. Where any have long used any Creature, the Tho't of it's Service, and some sort of Regard contracted to it thereby, is not easily conquered. But a noble generous Soul hates Barbarity to foreign as well as domestick Creatures. "It's not certain [says my "Lord BEACON] that the worthier any Soul is, the larger is "it's Compassion. For contracted degenerate Minds "imagine that those Things belong not to them: But the "Mind that looks upon itself as a nobler Portion of the "Universe, is kindly affected towards inferiour Crea- "tures....."

He that takes Pleasure in the Pains and dying Agonies of any lower Species of Creatures, is either a stupid sordid

Soul, or a Murderer in Heart.....He that delighteth to see a Brute die, would soon take as great Pleasure in the Death of a Man.

But here, *in Fishing*, we are so far from delighting to see our Fellow-Creature die, that we hardly think whether they live.....We have no more of a murderous Tho't in taking them than in cutting up a Mess of Herbage. We are taking something, which God, the Creator and Proprietor of all, has given us to use for Food, as freely as the *green Herb*. Gen. ix. 2, 3.

He allows the eating them, therefore the mere catching them is no Barbarity. Besides God seems to have carv'd out the Globe on purpose for a universal Supply: In Seas, near Shores, are Banks and Beds made for them; .....to furnish the Lands adjacent.....and Lands which lye remote, are more divided into Lakes and Ponds, Brooks and Rivers; and he has implanted in several Sorts of Fish, a strong Instinct [or Inclination] to swim up these Rivers a vast Distance from the Sea. And is it not remarkable, that Rivers most incumbred with Falls, are ever more full of Fish than others. Why are they directed here? Why retarded by these difficult Passages? But to supply the Inlands? Does forming and disposing of these Things argue nothing?

Since the Flood the Earth is more barren, and Vegetables afford not a sufficent Support for Mankind.....So that if the Lives of all these are of less Consequence, nay, are freely given by him whose they are, they may be taken and used as Food: If they *may* be taken, any may make a Business of taking them for the Supply of others.

But if this be innocent as Business, some may still scruple it as Diversion.

And why not all Diversion with as good Reason? The grave and judicious Mr. *Perkins* says,* "We are "allowed to use the Creatures of God, not only for our

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**See his Works*, Vol. 2. p. 140.

"Necessity, but for meet and convenient Delight. This is "a confessed Truth. And therefore to them who shall con- "demn fit and convenient Recreation (as some of the "ancient Fathers have done, by Name *Chrysostom* and "*Ambrose*) it may be said, be not too righteous, be not too "wise, *Eccl.* vii. 16." But if we consider, that the End of Business and Diversion are the same, we shall clearly conceive the Truth. The End of both are the Refreshment and Support of Man in the Service of God. If I may eat them for Refreshment, I may as well catch them, if this recreate and refresh me. It's as lawful to delight the Eye, as the Palate. All Pleasure arises from the Suitableness and Agreeableness between the perceptive Faculties, and the Objects that affect them: And our bountiful Maker, as he has given the animal Life many perceptive Faculties, the Senses of seeing, Hearing, Tasting, *&c.* so he has provided suitable Objects for all these Faculties, and does allow us to gratify ourselves therewith.

When the Body has been long wearied with Labour, or the Mind weakned with Devotion, it's requisite to give them Ease; then the use of innocent and moderate Pleasures and Recreations is both useful and necessary, to Soul and Body; it enlivens Nature, recruits our Spirits, and renders us more able to set about serious Business and Employment. For to intermix no Gratifications, nor Diversions with our more serious Affairs, makes the Mind unactive, dull and useless.*

†"It proceeds either from Pride, ill Nature or Hypo- "crisy, when People censure and are offended at the Liber-

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*Cito rumpes arcum si tensum habueris.
At si laxaris, cum voles, eris utilis,
Sic lusus Animo debet aliquondo dari,
Ad cogitandum melior, ut redeat tibi.
.... Study and ease
Together mixt; Sweet Recreation,
And Innocence, which most does please,
with Meditation.

"ties which others use in thus relaxing their Minds. Sloth and Idleness, we have already inveigh'd against, and condemn'd; but those who give seasonable Hours for their Devotions and know how to dispatch the proper Business of Life well and seasonably enough, and still aim chiefly at the Glory of God, need be under no Apprehensions of the divine Wrath and Displeasure on the Score of their Diversions. For this is *good* and *comely*, Eccl. v. 18. And indeed, the Comforts and Enjoyments of this Life, which we receive from the bountiful Hand of God, is a great Subject of our Praise and Thanksgiving to God,.....*that the Lines are fallen to us in pleasant Places....our Heads anointed, our Cup runneth over.* The Steams lead us up to the Fountain and Spring-Head. Our Diversion, if rightly used, not only fits us for, but leads us to Devotion; and the Creature brings us to Christ. Thus in the Context, the Disciples go a fishing, and Christ manifests himself to them.....Not only countenances them, by succeeding their Design; but excites and draws out their Affections to him, so much that *Simon* could not wait 'till the Vessel came to Shore, but leapt into the Lake, and swam swift ashore, to greet and converse with his dearest Lord.

.....That I may not be tedious, I will only lead in your Reflections a Word or two.

Religion is the highest Reason, and Christianity perfectly suited to Man in his present State. And as the venerable Judge *Hale* says,* "Religion is best in its *Simplicity*

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†The Pharisees were of this Temper and frequently censure and condemn CHRIST for his Recreations, both for the Matter and Manner. *The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, behold a Man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a Friend of Publicans and Sinners.* Math. 11. 19. Luke 7. 34, &c. and Chap. 15. 2. But all Extreams are bad, one leads to another; those who in this Case *Strain at a Gnat*, in another will generally *Swallow a Camel.*

*Contemplations, last Part, *p.* 254.

"and *Purity*, but difficult to be retain'd so, without Super-
"stitions and Accessions; and those do commonly in Time
"*stifle* and *choak* the *Simplicity* of Religion, unless much
"Care and Circumspection be used: The Contemporations
" are so many and so cumbersome, that Religion looseth
"its *Nature* or is strangled by them: Just like a Man that
"hath some excellent simple Cordial or Spirit, and puts
"Musk in it to make it smell sweet, and Honey to make it
"taste pleasant, and it may be *Cantharides* to make it look
"glorious. Indeed by the Infusions he hath given it a very
"fine *Taste*, *Smell*, and *Colour*, but yet he hath so clogg'd it,
"and *sophisticated* it with *Superaddition*, that it may be he
"hath altered the Nature, and destroy'd the Vertue of it."
Some so muffle up Christianity, and make it look so melancholy, sickly and sowr, that inconsiderate People are apt to dread its Command, as they would the Tyranny of *Sallee-Men*. But

What prodigious Injustice is hereby done to the most sacred and excellent Cause in the World?

Such zealous, weak, mistaken Men can't easily be perswaded of the Dissimilitude there is between *their* Opinion and Practice, and the Doctrine and Behaviour of *Christ* and *his Apostles*. It were worthy of their diligent Application, to make a critical Attempt of running the Parralel. And they would certainly find their own Lives awkward and disjointed; and their Notions, in this Part, maim'd and defective, and bloated and swell'd in that. They would find likewise, that they have given themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary Fatigue and Perplexity: Wearying themselves and tormenting others, by making those Things Duties which God never requir'd, and forbidding those things which God never prohibited: Perplexing themselves and all around them with infinite Doubts and Fears, without any Foundation: Leading Men into the most loosing Labyrinths, for which there can be no Clue found, but in the Traces of their own maz'd Brain.

Therefore, How needful is it that we be well acquainted with the Scriptures, inform'd in the Religion of Jesus, con

form'd to the Example of Christ and his Apostles? There we shall see the Nature and Design of Christianity..... To bring *Glory to God in the highest*,.....*Peace and Good-will to Men.* That God's Glory and his Good..... his Duty and Interest.....Piety and Pleasure, can never be sundered.

He will find, that in order to an Action's being term'd really religious, the Principle from which, and the End for which it is done, is much more to be considered, than whether it commonly fall under the Denomination of Devotion, Busi ness, or Diversion; for they are all at one Time or other our Duty: And the doing our Duty from a good Princi- ple and for a right End, must be term'd religious acting. Eating and Drinking are natural and sensible Actions, but when *we eat* and *drink* to the *Glory of God*, they are to be considered as religious, 1 *Cor.* x. 31. and that not only when Men eat and drink the meanest for Quality and the least for Quantity that can support them in the Service of God and Society; but when they have a rich and plentiful Collation: As at *Cana* of *Galilee*, they had a Plenty of rich Wines miraculously provided by Christ himself, who made one of the Company at this chearful Entertainment: This was at a Wedding, which is not every Day. "No "Man should make Sports his Business, nor Pastimes his "Employment, no more than Cordials his Drink, or Sauces "his Meat." This destroys the very Notion of Diversion. Says Mr. *Lock*, "Some Men may be said never to divert "themselves, they can't *turn aside from Business*, for they never do any." *To every Thing there is a Season*, Eccl. iii. 1,.....4.

Should we not always in every Enterprize wish for the Presence and Blessing of Christ? Methinks those who love and adore the blessed Jesus, should desire to see him every where, and in every Thing! who calls for our Devo- tion and allows our Diversion! who procured Peace and Pleasure for wretched sinful Men! Don't I owe a *grateful Sense* of the Grace and Favour of my Benefactor, in the

Enjoyment of every Blessing? This gives a Gust to every Enjoyment, our tasting the Sweetness of Christ in them .....We consider him as Mediator of the Covenant of Grace, and when we see every Thing convey'd from God to us by him, then we have a real Relish for them..... There is no suitable solid Satisfaction in any temporal Good, but as the Gift of God thro' Christ. This every good Man, in a good Frame finds and feels....."Business "and Diversions, Cities and Palaces, with their various "Ornaments; Fields and Groves; Spring, Summer, "and Autumn, with all their flowry Beauties and tasteful "Blessings, are some of the Delights of the Sons of Men. "Books and Learning, and polite Company, and refin'd "Science, are the more elegant Joys of ingenious Spirits: "These are enticing Gratifications of the Senses or the "Mind of Man; they are all innocent in themselves, they "may be sanctified to divine Purposes, and afford double "Satisfaction if God be among them: But if God be absent, "if he hide his Face or frown upon the Soul, not Palaces "nor Groves, nor Fields, nor Business, nor Diversion, nor "all the flowry or tasteful Blessings of Spring or Summer, "nor the more refin'd Joys of Books and Learning, and elegant Company; not all the rich Provision of Nature and "Art, can entertain or refresh, can satisfy or please the "Soul of a Christian.....when smitten with the "Love of God.

To conclude, Let us ever remember that *we* and *all we have*, is God's, and that we are accountable to him for our Improvement of all, and depend on Christ for our Acceptance with him in all.

A M E N.

YE happy Fields, unknown to Noise and Strife,

The kind Rewarders of industrious life;

Ye shady Woods where once I us'd to rove,

To think for Men, and praise the GOD above;

Ye murmuring Streams that in Meanders roll,

The sweet Composers of the pensive Soul,

Farewell.---The City calls me from your Bowers;

Farewell amusing Tho'ts and peaceful Hours.

The Stowell Yard

By Clarence M. Platts

SIXTY-THREE years prior to April 18, 1906, steps were taken by some residents of Manchester Center and North Londonderry to purchase land so located that it should furnish additional room for burial purposes otherwise than was afforded by the old Manchester Center yard. A subscription paper was circulated by Nathan Johnson, Sr., bearing date of April 18, 1840, a copy of which is given below:

"We, the subscribers, promise to pay to Nathan Johnson or Bearer the sum of $15.00 for the purpose of paying for land for a graveyard to be located near Thomas Chase's and we furthermore promise said Johnson to bear our equal proportion in building a wall around said yard and in paying for the same."

To this are appended the names of nineteen men and one woman:

Moses Noys, born ——; died, September 29, 1860; buried in Londonderry, N. H.

Josiah Stowell, born April 3, 1779; died in Hudson, Mich., 1873.

Stilman Simonds, lived at Brick House, 1840; used it for a Tavern; died in New Boston, N. H.

James M. Gregg, born in 1809; died in Manchester, April 9, 1862.

Johnson Morse, born in 1795; died in Manchester, February 12, 1865.

John Proctor, born in 1779; died in Manchester in 1858.

Simon Haselton; died in Chester, N. H.

Joshua Webster, born in 1797; died in Auburn, October 4, 1865; buried in Center yard.

John G. Webster, born in 1805; died in Manchester, 1885.

Israel Webster, born in 1805; died in Manchester in 1885.

Thomas Chase, born in 1784; died in Manchester, April 11, 1859.

Hannah J. Conant; died in Manchester, August 20, 1847, aged 50 years.

James M. Webster, born in 1808; died in Manchester in 1889,

Nathan Johnson, Sr., born in 1775; one of the oldest men, buried in 1842.

Col. Francis Manter, born in Londonderry in 1797; died in March, 1888.

Samuel Manter, born in Londonderry in 1799; died in Londonderry in 1893.

Capt. Benjamin Corning, born in Derryfield in 1787; died in Manchester in 1860.

Edward C. Clark, born in 1810; died in Londonderry in 1862.

Nathaniel Corning, born in Derryfield, in 1803; died in Manchester in 1883.

George Manter, born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1768; (the oldest subscriber) died in Londonderry in 1860.

June 4, 1840, for the consideration of $15.00, Josiah Stowell conveyed by warrantee deed, for the above-named purposes, a certain tract of land bounded and described as follows, to wit:

"Beginning at a stake and stones at the road near Thomas Chase's house and running South Westerly 12 R. and 16 L. to stake and stones: thence North Westerly 12 R. and 16 L. to stake and stones: thence North Easterly 12 R. and 16 L. to stake and stones standing by the road: thence South Easterly, by this road 12 R. and 16 L. to

bounds began at and intending to convey one acre by measure for the purpose of a graveyard only, and the condition is that the same is to be fenced in a good and proper manner by the above named Proprietors or their Associates, heirs or assigns and I do hereby myself, my heirs and executors and assigns reserve one undivided twentieth part of said land subject to the same liabilities as those names above and for the same purpose and that only.

"Signed:—JOSIAH STOWELL.

"Witnesses:

"GALEN MERIAN.

"JONAS B. BOWMAN.

"JONAS B. BOWMAN,

"Justice of the Peace."

The land was then laid out into four tiers of lots by James M. Gregg (who at one time owned the Webster Mills) with a main drive cut through the center east and west. The outside rows on the north and south side of the yard were reserved for those desiring single lots and the poor.

Substantial wooden hubs were driven at the corners of the lots.

October 12 of the same year, twenty-eight men assembled by appointment with eight yoke of oxen to enclose the tract with a substantial stone wall. The stone was drawn from a distance. October 13, twenty-three men and ten yoke of oxen are credited with being present. October 14, twenty men and nine yoke of oxen. On October 15, the work being well under way, but four men and one yoke of oxen are credited with work. Again, October 19, three men. October 20, my grandfather, Francis Man ter, with two men and a yoke of oxen, finished the job which included making and hanging the gate. It was replaced about thirty years ago by a new one. One hundred and ten days' work, including twenty-three days of oxteaming are credited at 92 cents per day of not less than

ten hours. Each proprietor is charged $5.89 as his twentieth part of the expenses. Francis Manter is credited with twenty-one days' work. The expense on the gate was $4.83. October 19, John Proctor is credited with the work of three yoke of oxen.

Soon after the work was finished on the yard, a meeting of the proprietors was held at Colonel Stowell's house. He then lived at the Sawyer Corner. Stillman Symonds was running a tavern at the old brick house at that time. Francis Manter presided at the meeting and was elected treasurer, and John Goffe Webster, clerk. No superintendent was chosen. This was the last official meeting of the proprietors.

Subsequently, lots were chosen by the proprietors as occasion demanded.

The first person buried in the yard was Henrietta E. Stowell, wife of Colonel Stowell. She died in 1840, aged 36 years and 6 months. The family then lived at Sawyer Corner. A procession was formed of friends and mourners, who marched to the grave.

Three monuments marked EMPTY GRAVES: Jessie Chapin, April 16, 1834, age 72 years; Hannah Chapin, the same day, age 68 years; Mary Brown, May 2, 1834, all of whom died of smallpox at the Brick House and were buried northeast of the house, the place inclosed with stone wall and monuments erected. A subsequent owner removed the walls and monuments and plowed over the place. The monuments were taken and set up in the Stowell yard.

There are two soldiers of 1812 buried in the yard: Col. Francis Manter, born December 2, 1797, died March 12, 1888; Richard Perry, who died December 22, 1865, aged 87 years, 8 months, 19 days.

The following soldiers of the Civil War are interred in this yard:

Dr. George W. Manter, surgeon, Third Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers; died July 7, 1870, in Wellfleet, Mass.

Thomas B. Platts, Fourth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, Company K.; died in Manchester November 11, 1887, aged 62 years.

Nahum A. Webster, First Heavy Artillery, New Hampshire Volunteers; died October 4, 1872, aged 28 years, 1 month, 6 days.

John Hatch, Seventh Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers; born September 28, 18—; died May 6, 1895.

Edward C. Clark, Fifteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers; died in Londonderry, 1869, aged 59 years, 6 months, 9 days.

Charles R. Clark, Fifteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers; born June 18, 1818; died May 31, 1889.

Elijah A. Morse, Second Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers; died October 16, 1880, aged 46 years, 3 months.

Everett Stevens, First Heavy Artillery, New York; died October 16, 1869, aged 37 years, 5 months.

Besides the above there were two sons of Edward C. Clark who were buried in the Grandison Moss lot, but we have no definite information in regard to them.

It is estimated that there are over three hundred persons buried in the Stowell yard, though less than one-half are marked with monuments. An effort is being made to locate the unmarked graves, and it is hoped that any person having such information will make it known. As there are no official records of the persons buried, either in the hands of the city or the proprietors, it is a matter of importance that all such information should be gathered and preserved. We have examined such records as can be found, which include probate, city, town and private records, and are preparing a list of such names, which will be published a little later, and shall be pleased to receive any corrections or additions; only bear in mind, it is much less trouble to find errors in the work of another in single instances than to furnish a more accurate list.

Sixty-three years had come and gone, bringing great changes. The only care it received was that given by individual effort. The walls had many breaks, the monuments were badly out of line, many of them having fallen and in some instances buried from sight. It was only when another weary traveler was taken to his or her last resting-place in the old yard that the living were reminded of its neglected condition. Fifteen of the original proprietors were sleeping in the Stowell yard, together with their wives, many of their children and children's children.

June 3, 1903, a meeting of the legal representatives of the proprietors was held at city hall, Manchester, agreeable to notice. Clarence M. Platts was elected chairman; F. A. Platts, clerk; R. M. Corning, superintendent of the yard. A board of directors was also chosen and a committee appointed: Dr. George W. Manter, Lyman A. Dickey, Mrs. Luther S. Proctor and C. M. Platts to confer with the city government in regard to placing the yard under city care. Little encouragement was found in this direction. Some gentlemen interested in the improvement of the yard have acquired by bond or purchase a large tract of land adjoining the north side of the Stowell yard. Papers are being circulated to obtain subscriptions of money to pay for the land and make needed improvements. With the addition of land and the natural advantages (the Manter and Giles brooks run through the tract, insuring a permanent water supply), we believe the Stowell yard will become one of the most beautiful and attractive cemeteries in Manchester. If the yard is not taken under city care, it is proposed to incorporate and run it as an independent yard, with provisions for care of the yard and individual lots.

Art and Artists in Manchester

By A Staff Contributor

No one regrets more than the compiler of the following sketches the injustice done the subjects through inadequate information regarding several of the persons mentioned. Credit is due to the local press for much of the material offered, and also to the notes and manuscripts of at least two of the artists named.—*Editor.*

ART and literature have never seemed to an outsider to be terms in harmony with the spirit of our city, known far and wide as a manufacturing center. The noisy struggle of tumbling waters has never seemed conducive to either, calling rather to the strong arm of industrial enterprises and sending out into the world the representatives of crafts that would crush the finer gifts of man. Still it is doubtful if there is a place of its size in this country that has given encouragement and patronage to so many artists of high reputation, both local and national. A writer in speaking of this fact has aptly said:

"Not only have these artists won success and fame, but they have demonstrated that theirs was the skill that survives the mutations of time. In selecting from the list some of the best-known names, it will be seen that the profession of art and science has been advanced in its most important lines. The beautiful art of wood engraving owes much to the skill and genius of those who have once made Manchester their home. The landscape painter, the portrait artist and the draughtsman have all added to the state's reputation, while science has been promoted by those who at one time had studios in the Queen City."

Our list begins with that veteran artist and inventor, who was for a considerable period associated with life in our city, Samuel Finley Breeze Morse. He was the eldest

son of Rev. Jedidah Morse, the noted geographer, and was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 23, 1791. He died in New York, April 2, 1872, enjoying such high honors as fall to few of his fellow men. He was educated largely under the private instruction of his learned father, and graduated from Yale College in 1810. The following year he went to England to engage in the study of art under the instruction of Washington Alliston and Benjamin West, the last the most popular painter of the day. The young student received as his first honors a gold medal from the Adelphi Society for his model of "A Dying Hercules." Returning to this country in 1815, he made a study tour of New Hampshire and Vermont, locating for a while in Concord and Portsmouth. In 1818 he again visited our state, painting this time in Walpole, Concord and Portsmouth. In Concord he met and married Miss Lucretia P. Walker, who became such an inspiration and helper in his work that at the time of her untimely death, in 1824, it was feared that he would abandon entirely his high calling. After having made extended tours in the south, he located in New York city, where he was largely instrumental in establishing "The National Academy of Design." In 1825 we find him located in West Manchester, where he painted for a considerable time. Here he became acquainted with the rising artist, Mr. John Rand, who later became his companion in the pursuit of art studies in London.

During his art career, Morse was at intervals engaged in several inventions, only one of which, the telegraph, resulted in fame and fortune. After his first rude conception of this, in 1832, it was nearly thirty-five years of trial and alternate hope and disappointment, ere he reached ultimate and complete success in 1866.

John Rand was celebrated both as a portrait painter and as an inventor of the compressible paint tube now used for pigments all over the world. He was born in Bedford in 1801, and when about twenty years old was a fellow-apprentice with the late Rev. C. W. Wallace in painting

and finishing furniture. About the year 1825 he began his first attempts at art, and received some assistance from Mr. Morse, the celebrated artist and inventor of the telegraph, who was then painting in West Manchester.

Rand soon after went to Boston and, like his friend and teacher, made professional winter trips to Charleston, S. C., and other southern cities. His first visit to Europe was made about the year 1834, and he established himself as a portrait artist in London and Paris.

His invention of the screw-top paint tube was made about the year 1836, but this grand and invaluable gift to art passed from his hands without his realizing the princely fortune that was in it. Winsor and Newton, the great paint manufacturers of London, controlled the invention at first, and it was generally known in this country about the year 1840.

Rand returned to his native country about 1848, and soon established himself in New York city, following his favorite line of portraiture. He was highly esteemed by his brother artists. He lived at Roslyn, L. I., where he had for a neighbor and friend the poet Bryant. He died in 1873, leaving relatives in Manchester. Several examples of his portraits have been exhibited in the collections of the Art Association.

In 1842 Israel Endicott established himself in a humble studio on Pine street, west of Tremont square. Mr. Endicott was known to his acquaintances as "The Captain," from the fact that he had left the post of captain of a coast-wise vessel, at Danvers or vicinity, to try his hand at the palette. He was a very enterprising and spirited practitioner, who prepared his own convases from good cotton drilling, ground his own colors, from necessity, as tubes were then unknown here. Only a few flesh tints were available, and these had to be kept from the air in oil silk receptacles. Background and drapery colors were prepared in a common painter's hand mill, and had to be applied in a rapid way. Yet, with these limitations, Mr.

Endicott executed work that was a credit to his amateur experience, especially if it is considered that his only brush for detail work consisted of a common camel's hair quill pencil. Many specimens of his art still exist in the city.

Two brothers, Walter and George Ingalls, soon followed in the art history of the city. They came here about 1847, making portraiture their line of work. Not much is known of them or the quality of their work, as they were here only for a brief time.

Haynes was another artist of those early days, and his work, some of which is to be found in the older families, was of a higher order than is usually found in the country. He painted largely among the families identified with the corporations.

J. H. Knowlton had a studio in Union Block in 1843, and many of his portraits are found among the families of our older residents. He soon drifted into other fields of enterprise, to neglect his native art gift, which was of an unusually high order.

Thomas Bayley Lawson, born in Newburyport, Mass., January 13, 1807, and educated in the public schools of that city, with a course in the National Art Academy, New York city, was a portrait painter who made Manchester his home about this time for quite a period. He painted many famous men, among whom may be mentioned Daniel Webster, the original now in Boston; Franklin Pierce, Memorial Hall, Bowdoin College, Me.; William Lloyd Garrison and Caleb Cushing, at Newburyport Public Library; Henry Clay, James Freeman Clarke, Benjamin Cheney, the mayors of Lowell, and others, about two thousand portraits in all. He died in Lowell, Mass., June 5, 1888.

Ulysses D. Tenney is so well known to the Manchester public that both himself and his work as a portrait artist need no lengthened introduction. He was a thorough New Hampshire man, both in lineage and spirit, was born in Hanover, April 8, 1826, where he resided until the age of twenty. He began his art studies at the age of seventeen, and at

nineteen commenced the coloring of his portraits, under the direction of R. T. Smith, Adnah Tenney, and Francis Alexander of Boston, with some supplementary aid from George A. Baker of New York. He came to Manchester in 1849, and here kept his studio for fourteen years. Afterwards he spent his time between Hanover, Concord and New Haven, until 1874, when he returned to this state, settling at Portsmouth. The last twenty years were divided between this city, Concord and Portsmouth. Mr. Tenney's family has generally been located at New Haven; in the vicinity of that city he has a son and daughter, the former being a physician with a pleasant family and a successful practice.

The great success of Mr. Tenney as a colorist has given his portraits a deserved and wide-spread popularity. A large number of his works are to be seen at the state capitol at Concord, representing men celebrated in the civic and political life of the state. Mr. Tenney has painted, among others, the following whole-length portraits of celebrated statesmen: Hon. John P. Hale, Gen. John A. Dix, Hon. Dexter Richards, and ex-President Pierce. Also Gen. John Stark for the city of Manchester, Prof. Benjamin Silliman, and the following ex-Governors of New Hampshire, Moody Currier, Frederick Smyth, James A. Weston and Benjamin F. Harris. The portrait gallery at Hanover also contains many of his works.

George Derby, a young and enthusiastic artist, set up his easel in the city about fifty years ago. His art experience here was of short duration, for after a few months he left for other fields, much to the regret of his friends, who saw in him great possibilities.

Adnah Tenney born in Hanover in 1810, a relative and instructor of Ulysses D. Tenney, was located here a short time about 1845 and again in 1872, when he painted some of our fore most citizens; the late Governor Straw being one of them. This artist had native powers of a high order, and his work showed firmness and originality of handling.

George D. Fuller established himself here as a portrait and general artist about twenty-five years ago, and painted portraits of some of our best-known citizens. Among these is the portrait of former Mayor John Hosley, in the city library. Mr. Fuller divided his time between painting portraits and teaching.

William H. Hanley came from Nashua to this city about the year 1850. He made a very good drawing of his subjects, much of his work being done in crayon. He was quite an adept in securing a likeness of his subject, whether the medium was oil or crayon. Several of his portraits in oil are hung in the parlors of the early families and are highly esteemed. He came to the states from the British provinces.

William H. Kimball was in these early days a miniature painter of merit, his work being done on ivory. His time was for a period divided between editorial duties on the *Manchester Democrat* and the fine arts. Mr. Kimball was well educated, of high mental endowment, and had he given his energies solely to art he would have made a name of great repute in that direction. He finally became librarian of the state library at Concord.

Among those who claim Manchester as their place of nativity, few have achieved wider success in his particular line of work than Mr. A. B. Shute, the son of George C. Shute of this city. Mr. Shute was born in 1850, August 8, and after leaving the Manchester high school he was for three years in the employ of the Print Works, "sketch making." Following this he studied wood engraving, and then went to Boston, where he was employed a couple of years. He then gave this up and has since been occupied in drawing and painting, his illustrations being found in many of the books put out by the publishers of the past few years.

Here in Manchester, and, indeed, almost everywhere, Henry W. Herrick is so well known, both by the work of his brush and graver, that it seems like repeating what is

already a part of the art history of the city. Mr. Herrick began his art career at a time when it meant a good deal to start out hoping to win a path to fame. It meant hard work and untiring toil for years. Although the field was new and wide, the public was not then prepared to appreciate even the higher touch of skill, and the choice of art as a life work involved determination and untiring application. The man who took up the brush must cross swords with many obstacles, but when once the first determined steps had advanced the young artist firmly on his course, the future was sure to bring recognition and reward. Mr. Herrick had the courage and the skill, and might well have looked with satisfaction upon the results achieved.

Henry W. Herrick was born in Hopkinton, August 23, 1824. His ancestors settled in Salem, Mass., in 1629. His father, Israel E. Herrick, was a country merchant and lumber dealer.

In early life the son became interested in the art of engraving, studying mostly by himself, and a little later worked for some two years in Concord and Manchester. He afterwards went to New York and studied in the National Academy. While in New York, Mr. Herrick executed commissions for the Harpers, Appletons, and also for the American Tract Society, as well as making designs for the American Bank Note Company and the Imperial Bank of Russia. In 1865 Mr. Herrick removed to Manchester, but continued to work for New York houses. After this he took up the brush again and made that branch of art his principal occupation. Many of his best works are owned by well-known residents and may be seen in the homes of art lovers beyond the limits of the state.

Mr. Herrick was prominently identified with the Manchester Art Association. Deeply imbued with the interest of the early history of our city, it was natural that he should be greatly interested in the work of The Manchester Historic Association, and in connection with the

memoirs of our deceased members a more extended biography of him will be given.

Edward L. Custer was born in Basel, Switzerland, January 24, 1837. He came to America with his parents when nine years old, lived in Syracuse, N. Y., a short time, then the family moved to Manchester. While at school he delighted his playmates by his pencilings. He had inherited imitative powers and an intuitive feeling for art. Some of his pictures of farm-yards and other rural scenes, done while an untaught boy of twelve, are still preserved by the family. Though, of necessity crude, they are strikingly natural in tone and action. He went to Europe in 1860 and studied at the Royal Academy in Munich and Dusseldorf, mostly under the tuition of Steffan, an original and powerful painter of landscapes. In 1863 he married Miss Ruth A. Porter, a lady who was held in high esteem as a successful teacher in the public schools of Manchester, and settled in Boston, Mass. He painted both landscapes and portraits, and always found purchasers and sitters without solicitation. His portraits were uniformly good likenesses, for no man was more accurate in the observation of traits, or more faithful in their reproduction. He had the genius of patience and attention, and his power of concentration kept him alike from the sentimental and the overemphatic style of treatment. It was wonderful to see how he could look into a faded photograph and discern the character and lineaments of a deceased subject. Some of his pictures made in that way were almost startling to friends, who could scarcely believe that the painter had never seen the original among the living. Though excelling in portraiture, he was a master of landscape, figure, fruit and animal painting. In 1870 he went abroad again with his wife, and spent a year in devoted study. On his return his work began to exhibit a style and vigor beyond the expectations of his best friends. His portraits of men of character and eminence were greatly admired. Among them may be mentioned Judges Hoar, Aldrich, Allen, and Bacon, Mr.

Haven, the eminent antiquarian, and Hon. Stephen Salisbury. He was also very happy in the pictures of childhood, combining natural expression with intuitive grace, setting off the figures with charming freshly studied backgrounds.

His death occurred January 9, 1881, causing deep and heartfelt sorrow to a wide circle of friends and admirers. The world lost an accomplished artist and a genial and high-minded man.

John Badger Bachelder was born in Gilmanton, N. H., in September, 1825, and died at Hyde Park, Mass., December 22, 1894. His early life was passed in his native town, where he received the rudiments of his education. He began to show skill in drawing when quite young, and though his success in that direction was somewhat overshadowed by his reputation as a historian, it will be seen that the last rested largely upon his talent as an artist. His masterpiece, though unfortunately left unfinished, was his "Battle of Gettysburg."

Almost immediately after the battle, he visited the field and began collecting the facts and writing out the history of the decisive conflict. By traversing the field thoroughly year after year, and by personal interviews with the soldiers on both sides in the battle, he had become more familiar than any one else with the topography of the field and the various positions held by the different corps, divisions, brigades and regiments. He was thus invaluable in planning and locating the many state and regimental monuments that have been erected on the field, and in escorting to the chief points of interest the many bodies of veterans and distinguished persons who have visited the scene.

He designed the historical painting of the battle, and the one depicting the "Last Hours of Lincoln." Besides his general history he was the author of "Gettysburg: What To See and How To See It," "The Isometrical Drawing of the Battle of Gettysburg," "Descriptive Key to the Painting of Longstreet's Assault at Gettysburg,"

"Historical Painting of the Battle of Gettysburg," "The Illustrated Tourists' Guide," of which several editions were published.

Manchester has an interest in this artist-historian from the fact that he had a studio in Tewksbury Block in 1854, 1855, 1856, and a part of 1857, during which period he was engaged in painting a series of New England scenes, which he grouped under the title of "Gallery of Cities," embracing Haverhill, Lowell, Lawrence, and others, including Manchester. His pictures of this city were "Manchester in 1854," a reduced copy of which has been published in the Collections of the Manchester Historic Association, a painting of Amoskeag Falls in 1855, and that still more famous picture of the muster of the firemen upon Merrimack Common, September 16, 1859.

Mr. Bachelder received the title of Colonel for service in the militia prior to the Civil War. He was a man of tall, commanding appearance, a fluent talker and well informed. His wife was a sister of the wife of Hon. Benjamin F. Butler.

J. Warren Thyng, who for twelve years has been Director of Art Instruction in the Manchester public schools, comes from an ancestry that belonged to the early settlers of the state, his name being but a different form of spelling that of Tyng, noted among the pioneers of the Merrimack Valley. His direct ancestors were among the first permanent settlers in the town of Exeter, in 1670. His paternal grandfather moved from that place to Lake Village when that beautiful suburb of the city of Laconia contained but four houses. Here Mr. Thyng was born, but when a young man he went to Boston and New York, where he studied the technique of his art under such artists as George L. Brown, F. E. Church, George Innis and William Hart, and at National Academy. In 1872 he accepted the directorship of the state art school in Salem, Mass. Eleven years later he went to Akron, Ohio, where he was supervisor of art work in the schools for seven

years, founding during the time the Akron School of Design.

His love for his native state caused him to return to New Hampshire and he located in Manchester in 1891, taking charge of the art department of the *Manchester Union*, which position he held until he was unanimously called to take charge of art instruction in our public schools. Even while in Ohio he prepared with brush and pen a work upon Winnipesaukee, its history, tradition and pictures, which had a wide sale. He has done work for Harper Brothers, having been for many years special artist for *Harper's Weekly*, and other New York publishers. The poet Whittier, who evinced a warm friendship for him, in speaking of his painting of Lake Winnipesaukee said, "Thy beautiful picture is the best I have seen of the lake." Another, eminently qualified to criticise his work, has aptly said:

"His pictures indicate a wide range of achievement, and that, too, within the limits of Nature's quieter moods. It is ever a pleasure and privilege to look over his portfolios of sketches. They are full of suggestions dear to every lover of nature.

"There are pictures which call to memory rambles through the flower-dotted grass of June, the air full of fragrance, vibrant with the soft adagio of the winds among odorous pines, or the babbling lullaby of mountain brooks. pictures of shaded streams dim with the twilight of overhanging trees, where the speckled trout lurk beneath the rocks; pictures of ragged mountain sides, where not so long ago bears might have had their home; pictures of the lake at all times of the day, some with soft, blurred shadows made by the level light of dawn, some with the glare of the noonday in them, and others sweet with the illusory charm of twilight. There pictures of farmhouses nestling among great maples, of country roadways, of woodland paths, dainty bits of mountain and lake scenery, drawn with a vital touch and extraordinary facility of expressing with a few touches the boundless variety and beauty of nature."

In the odd moments that Mr. Thyng has snatched from the routine of a busy life, he has drawn for the *Granite State Magazine*, for which he has shown a deep interest as coming within the scope of his own love for the picturesque charms of outdoor life in his native state. Among the subjects which he has accompanied by graceful descriptions from his pen are "The Old Blacksmith Shop," "Asquam," "Cot in the Valley," "Wreck of the Belknap," "Old School-House," "Chocorua from the Saco," "Lake Winnipesaukee and Mount Belknap," "Old Marblehead," "Whittier's Favorite View of Mount Chocorua," "Baston's Mill," and "Pictures from Picture Land." The great magazines of New York cannot boast of better work than these from his brush and pen.

Mr. Thyng has shown himself master of the art of etching, happier examples being hard to find than "Asquam" and "Baston's Mill." The schools of Manchester are indeed fortunate in having so gifted an artist and capable an instructor as this artist-author.

In the words of one of the leading masters of our schools:

"A life seems to be infused into the work that all instructors do not have the power to impart. His instruction is of a high order.

"Mr. Thyng is high in the ranks of Masonry and is widely known and highly esteemed, and by his character and devotion to his friends, attracts and keeps the friendship and affection that are lasting with all who are favored with his companionship."

Frank French was born in Loudon, this state, in 1850, and showed in early life a marked talent for drawing. The death of his parents, when he was fourteen, breaking up the family circle, he went to live for a time with relatives in Pittsfield. Thus the little studio at the old farmhouse, in the formation of which he had been largely assisted by an older sister, like himself gifted with art, was closed.

He came to Manchester in 1869 and, meeting Mr. Henry W. Herrick, who was then in this city doing work for New York publishers, he was encouraged to begin drawing on a wider scale than he had yet been able to do. His first venture was to do simple drawing and engraving for the *Mirror and Farmer*. In 1871 he showed his earnestness of purpose by starting the Manchester Art Association, in connection with W. W. Colburn, the principal of the high school. About two years later, he secured a place in the engraving department of the American Tract Society, New York. He entered upon this broader scope of work with the enthusiasm and energy which has characterized his busy life, and in two or three years he was producing the class of work for which the great magazines of New York have become famous. As well as being an artist, Mr. French has a happy command of descriptive language, and his drawings largely from nature have been frequently accompanied by his own text for *Scribner's Magazine*, *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Outing*, *The Delineator*, *Appleton's* and the *Lotus Magazine*.

Thus for twenty years he continued to ply his pencil and graver in the thick of the fight, until about a year ago he returned to the scenes of the beginning of his art career. Here, in Pickering Block, his accomplished daughter, Mabel Edna French, following the profession of her father, has opened a "Studio of Fine Arts," and will from time to time, bring to this city works of the best living American painters and sculptors, in the hope of contributing to the cultivation of a taste for that which is worthy in art.

Mr, French has been highly honored in his profession, having been awarded a bronze medal at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893; a silver medal at the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo; a gold medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition at St. Louis. He was on the jury of selection for art at each of these exhibitions, receiving, besides the medals for the excellence of his exhibits, a

commemorative gold medal for service during the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition. He is a member of the Kit-Kat and Salamagunda Clubs of New York, and has been a member of the Board of Control of the Artists' Fund Society for several years. He is also a member of the New England Society of East Orange, N. J., and of the Art Institute of Manchester, N. H. He has for some time made a specialty of portraits and miniature work, and has painted the portraits of several noted people in New York and Washington.

Mr. French married, in 1875, Miss Alice H. Hendricks of Brooklyn, N. Y. Besides the daughter mentioned they have a son, Frank, Jr., a resident of this city.

Lizzie McCrillis Foster, the daughter of John B. and Mary Kilgore McCrillis, was born in Manchester and educated in the public schools of this city, graduating from the high school in the class of '72. She studied flower painting under George L. Seavey of Boston; Mr. Leavitt, the distinguished fruit painter, of Providence; E. L. Chaloner and H. W. Rice, of Boston, in water colors. She also received instruction from Franz A. Bischoff, one of the finest china decorators in the country; and in figure painting on china from Mrs. L. Vance Phillips of New York. In addition to the instruction received from these sources, she attended a course of lectures by Henry W. Herrick, which she considers of greater value.

In 1876 she began painting on china with Miss Lucretia Manahan, and later, when this association was broken, she continued to paint in her chosen line of work, having now a studio at her home, 520 Beech street. She married, February 18, 1881, her classmate in the high school, Mr. John Foster.

Helen L. Squire, the daughter of Ami C. and Elizabeth M. Squire, was born in Sutton, P. Q., of English parentage, but came to Manchester upon finishing her academical education, where she began the study of art, for which she had shown an early aptitude. In order to

receive a broader and more comprehensive knowledge in her chosen profession, she later went to Boston, where she studied under the direction of George L. Seavey, the great flower painter, and Mr. Webber, the landscape painter. Later, returning to Manchester, she studied under Mr. Henry W. Herrick.

While showing a decided talent in landscape painting, having produced several pieces in this line that are worthy of notice, as well as fruit pieces in oil, she has of late years made china painting her specialty, enjoying at this time a good patronage in this work. She has a studio at 323 Hanover street, where she teaches a large class of pupils in the art beautiful.

Miss M. Llewellyn Foster, although permanently identified with Manchester artists, is of Southern birth. Ten years were passed in New York, for the purpose of studying the art of landscape painting in water colors and of figure drawing. Summers are passed at her studio in the Franconia Mountains, and winters are devoted exclusively to completing orders.

Examples of her work are in the possession of the wife of the German Embassador, the Countess D'Anvers at Paris, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and others whose opinion in matters of art are worthy of consideration.

Book illustration has occupied considerable time, the subjects being our native wild flowers, drawn and painted from nature, several books owing their illustrative value to her skill.

She is of the realistic school, and highly honored.

Mrs. Maude Briggs Knowlton was born in Penacook, N. H., the daughter of Henry C. and Louisa Morgan Briggs. Her parents coming to this city when she was a child, she received the benefits of an education in our public schools. Her art training was secured in Boston, New York and Holland. In New York she was under the special instruction of Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, one of the most gifted of figure, landscape and flower painters.

Mrs. Knowlton has made a specialty of flowers in water colors, and among the treasures she has at her studio are beautiful paintings of old-fashioned flower gardens, where asters, marigolds and stately hollyhocks reigned supreme before the coming of the later-day queens, if more graceful yet lacking their hardy beauty. She is also skilled in figure drawing and landscapes, having many fine specimens of these. Mrs. Knowlton has also done considerable in miniatures on ivory for people in and out of the state.

Specimens of her work have been exhibited in the New York Water Color Club and at other places of exhibition of art. She was united in marriage to Mr. Edward T. Knowlton, and has her studio at their home, No. 41 Brook street, where ample evidence of the skill of her brush and pencil is to be seen.

Miss Jane Cutter, who has a studio at No. 21 Charleston avenue of this city, was born in Manchester, was educated in the public schools here, and is a true representative of local art and artists. Her education and training in her special field of work, besides instruction received from Mr. J. Warren Thyng, was obtained largely under the direction of Mr. George H. Smillie of the National Academy of New York.

Among the many talented artists of whom Manchester can boast, Miss Cutter deserves high rank, both on account of the quality of her work and the local color of much that she does. Like several of the others of whom mention is made here, she has divided her talents with water color paintings and decorated china. Among the former class is a beautiful water color of Kimball's Point and "The Birches" at Lake Massabesic, and several landscapes of the Franconia Mountaons. Her subjects are usually scenes in the country which she portrays with a marked fidelity to nature. She has also shown rare skill and taste in china and miniature painting. Flowers in natural designs and in the conventional style are very clev-

erly done by her hand. She has conducted art exhibitions in the city, and exhibited elsewhere, always with many compliments for the specimens of art displayed by her. Besides her studio at home she has had a summer studio in North Woodstock in association with Miss M. Llewellyn Foster, for several years.

At least two specimens of her work have been given in the *Granite State Magazine*, a pencil sketch of Mr. Thyng and a painting of the home of "Ocean Mary," in Henniker, which has called forth many favorable comments.

William E. Burbank, son of J. Oscar Burbank of this city, was born in Boston, October 6, 1866. His father moved to Manchester and established a well-known drug-store on Elm street, and young Burbank was early initiated into the mysteries of the business but, preferring art, he was at a schoolboy's age permitted to follow his inclinations. In 1887 he entered a well-known art school in Boston, where he remained three or four years. He continued his studies abroad in Paris in the years 1891-92, where he was connected with the School of Julien and the Government Art School, Beaux l'Ecole. Returning to this country in the year last mentioned, he engaged as tutor in the winter classes of the Boston Art Club and Cowle's Art School, Boston.

Mr Burbank's favorite line of practice is figure drawing, both in portraiture and whole-length subjects, and he also has produced many still-life pieces and landscapes.

He exhibits in Boston and Philadelphia galleries. He has now become closely identified with the art section of the Manchester Institute.

William F. Herrick was a wood engraver in the city in 1846-47, when he went to New York for a year or two, subsequently finding his way to San Francisco, where he established himself as engraver for general commercial work until about 1855, when he became city editor of the *Alta California*. The paper being in the hands of cred-

itors, Mr. Herrick was appointed receiver and manager. He afterwards entered the insurance business, in which he has been employed about forty years.

Alonzo Bunton came to Manchester early in the 50's, from Henniker, and attracted notice as a skillful musician in the City Band. He afterwards took up the gravers and boxwood, and ultimately became a very expert artist in bold commercial work in Boston. He was several years the principal engraver in New England for large posters used by the circuses and menageries, the work being cut on pine.

J. Foster Cross began engraving in the city about the year 1863. He was a native of Hooksett, where he was born in 1846. After keeping an office in Wells' Block for two or three years, he went to New York, and in 1867 changed his quarters to Boston, where he has since remained. He is especially skillful as an engraver of fine mechanical and commercial work. Mr. Cross was married in 1889, to Christine McPherson, and lives in Malden, Mass.

Henry Clay Cross, brother of the preceding, was born in Manchester in 1852, and studied engraving with his brother, and about twenty-five years since established himself in Boston as engraver, the firm being the well-known Kilburn & Cross. He is widely known as a very expert artist and engraver, having been employed on the best New York magazines and holiday publications. Mr. Cross married Elizabeth M. Eames, in 1890, and lives in Malden, Mass.

Stephen Greeley Putnam, born in Nashua, October 24, 1852, studied engraving on wood with Frank French, in the publishing department of the *Mirror*, about the year 1871, and gave much promise of the great success he afterwards achieved in New York. He was employed by the American Tract Society for several years, and is at the present time engraving at Oradell, New Jersey, for the

great New York periodicals. He is a connection, by his mother's kindred, with the family of Horace Greeley.

Allen E. Herrick was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1854, and removed to Manchester in 1865. He engraved on wood several years in Manchester and Boston, and was noted for the neat and careful execution that is required for book illustration. He left engraving for stenography and bookkeeping several years since, and is now a teacher of shorthand.

E. H. Dearborn was born in South Weare, N. H., June 23, 1863. He studied art with H. W. Herrick, U. D. Tenney and at Cowles' Art School, Boston, and makes portraiture his line of practice. He is a conscientious draughtsman, and is noted for his careful finish in painting and his excellent likenesses. He has painted in several towns in Hillsborough county, and has a summer studio at South Weare.

Walter H. Shilvock studied wood engraving with A. E. Herrick, about ten years since. Later he united half-tone engraving with his boxwood practice. He is now employed by a large engraving firm in Denver, Colorado.

Besides the long list briefly mentioned here, there are other names worthy of mention. Among these is Leon F. Jones, the landscape painter, a native of Manchester, but now located, if we are not mistaken, in New York. Then there is Victor E. Stevens, a descendant of one of the strong families connected with the early history of our city. Mr. Stevens has for seventeen years been associated with the art department of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, where he has given us an inkling of the skill of his hand and brain in the illustrations that adorn the regular journal of that organization.

The foregoing sketches, briefer than we wish they might have been in some cases, include the names of the professional artists, many of whom are not now living, who were identified with the early days of the city. No means are now available whereby the likenesses of the majority

of them can be obtained, so that we are not giving the portraits of any. These artists were, in their day, a worthy class who, with the limited advantages for study at their command, creditably served the public in a period when photography was in its earliest stages of development, and had not begun to supply the demand for family portraits that it now has reached. But the days of portraiture art were numbered about 1850, when, with the exception of costly pictures or groups for wealthy families, there was a diminished call upon the professional portrait painter.

Early Days in Amoskeag

By Lucina Colburn Gardner

A communication sent to the Amoskeag Old Home Week Association, and published in the *Daily Mirror*.

TO PEOPLE whose childhood days were happy, the scenes, surroundings and friends of childhood are ever dear, especially does memory revert to them as the years of second childhood begin to creep on.

Memory presents to me a little girl, not yet in her teens, standing upon the bluff, gazing in rapt admiration upon the scene before her; the village at her feet, the hills and valley, the river and falls; the rocks, islands and the city beyond, and wondering if in all the world there could be a scene more beautiful. And now at threescore years and ten she still marvels if there exists a scene of such surpassing beauty.

Nature surely was in her happiest mood when she laid the foundation for this region. Man perchance has marred the picturesqueness of the scene, yet improved it in an economic view.

How dear this spot must have been to the aborigines. Some say it was named for them; others that they named it Namoskeag, meaning fishing place. Be that as it may, it was a famous fishing place until the completion of the dam at Lawrence, in 1848, which forever barred the denizens of the ocean from coming to their favorite annual resort, where in the summer the lively antics of the spotted salmon, the lampreys and others drew the disciples of Izaak Walton to their haunts. These finny aristocrats inaugurated the resort system, and a certain class, following their lead, became known as codfish aristocracy.

There are rocks in the river at Amoskeag Falls with cavities in which tradition tells us the Indians stored and concealed their corn.

In 1662 Winnipurket, the sachem of Saugus, came to Penacook (now Concord) to woo and wed Weetamoo, the dusky daughter of the great chief Passaconnaway. The Indians throughout the chief's domain brought of their dainties to grace the marriage feast. The tribute from the stone-cribs of Amoskeag was served on birchen dishes garnished with spoons of shell and horn. With great pomp the bride was sent to her new home, and with equal pomp was returned for a visit later by her arrogant lord. In the fall, when Weetamoo wished to return to her husband's wigwam, the crusty sachem refused to go for her and demanded her father to return her in regal pomp, with wampum gifts.

This the haughty chief would never do, neither should daughter of his again sit on such a sachem's floor. When spring came the heart-weary wife essayed to go to the home she loved, despite the chief's haughtiness, and in her little canoe, and with a single paddle, with her beaded blanket about her, she started.

The Quaker poet describes a spring freshet on the Merrimack, and the sad fate of Weetamoo thus:

> The wild March rains had fallen fast and long,
> The snowy mountains of the north among,
> Making each vale a water-course, each hill
> Bright with the cascade of some new-made rill.
>
> Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,
> Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,
> The ice bridge yielded, and the Merrimack
> Bore the huge ruin crashing down the track.
>
> On the strong, turbid water a small boat,
> Guided by Weetamoo, was seen to float.

* * * * * *

Down the vexed center of that rushing tide,
The thick, huge ice-blocks threatened either side;
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,
With arrowy swiftness sped the light canoe.

Sick and weary of her lonely life,
Heedless of peril, the still faithful wife
Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

Down the white rapids like a sere leaf whirled
On the sharp rocks and piled up ices hurled,
Empty and broken circled the canoe
In the vexed pool below—but where was Weetamoo?

Such a freshet as thus described flooded all the islands in 1839, save a little hillock on which stood a large, double boarding house, filled with anxious people. The mill and the dye-house were flooded, and for a time the water around the latter was bluer even than the people in the dwelling. They, however, were so gravely anxious, amid their terrible surroundings, as to defy the power of Morpheus for three days and nights.

The reminiscence of life in Amoskeag covers the decade from 1838 to 1848, yet the recollection of those days seems like that of a lifetime, as the events crowd upon the memory.

In those early days state and interstate traffic was carried on by canal-boats on rivers, and overland by canvas covered wagons. Farm products from Vermont were taken to Boston and exchanged for other commodities. In one of these traders' wagons the production in 1838 consisted of ten specimens of the *genus homo*, eight of whom were a happy, lively lot as they stepped down upon the water-encircled terra firma. And though they had not come to a land flowing with milk and honey, they surely had come to a johnnycake land, for there in the center of the otherwise vacant dining-room stood a big basket of yellow Indian corn. Whether it came from the "stone-cribs" in the river,

"deponent saith not." It was the next spring that the freshet referred to occurred.

The Amoskeag of this decade was a unique factory village. The factories drew together the bright, intelligent, independent, enterprising sons and daughters of New England. Labor was no disgrace. The factory was a place to earn money faster and easier than in any other field open to Yankeedom. These young people had breathed the pure air of New England from childhood, had had the benefit of good schools and good associations. Coming to Amoskeag they found a place healthy morally, intellectually and physically. Rowdyism was never tolerated. Neither was it a place for dull-boy-Jacks. There was fun as well as work. The day's work over, groups of congenial friends would gather, some to sing, some to sew and chat; others would meet and earnestly discuss topics of local, national and international interest or perchance the latest publication. *The Olive Branch*, *True Flag* and other papers and magazines circulated freely among the busy workers. Some there were who burned the midnight oil to read and study.

Amusements were various. One of the most prominent was the singing school. And good singers always abounded. Of such Amoskeag seems to have no lack to-day—as representatives of their fathers and mothers enliven with song the Old Home Day festivities. There were moonlight coasting parties when ox sleds were brought into service. Spelling schools, exhibitions and for "tripping the light fantastic toe," "the hall" and the Tenny hall furnished ample accommodation. Then the Saturday evening chowder parties were social events.

Among the summer amusements was the pretty game called "Grace" or "Grace hoop," in which both skill and grace were displayed. In imagination I hear again the rich manly and maidenly voices in tune, as the melody of the boat songs and the merry laughter came floating back over the water by the party ascending the river on a bright moon-

light evening. Some fun-loving ones could never forget the "melon parties."

A reverent New England atmosphere pervaded the place on the Sabbath day. The non-church-goer was quiet and orderly. The weekly cottage prayer-meeting was a savor of life unto life, and greatly prized by many.

The Amoskeag Old Home Day of the 40's was Thanksgiving. And the great-hearted, genial hospitality was extended not only to descendants, but included many a lonely one absent from home. Precious and never dying heart memories resulted from these reunions.

The May Day training, with its music, its uniformed militia parade, was ever a joy to the little folk. And the musters with their sham fights, auctions and gingerbread are not forgotten, having still a souvenir of an auction of 1847. The gingerbread our fathers and brothers used to bring home was of unforgetable quantity and quality. Such gingerbread! We ne'er shall see its like again.

War was never associated with these maneuvers. But when these youth became middle aged and responded to the call of Uncle Abe for aid to save the Union, then we realized the meaning of these drills as we did not even when we saw the boys drilling across the river for the Mexican War.

The 40's were ushered in by the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign. When the old general sent his log cabin, and cider so hard it took eight yoke of oxen to haul it, to show us that if the pace was slow result was sure.

In the early 40's a party of Indians landed from their birchen canoes, in the field above the falls to visit the fishing and hunting-grounds of their forefathers. The committee that welcomed them was self-appointed and included a large part of the villagers. That field in the spring was often the tenting ground of the Norcross logging men.

Then came the bridging of the river and the change from canal boats and canvas covered wagons to steam cars for traveling and commerce.

The Millerite excitement, with its earnest but deluded adherents, and the follies, farces and sad events that attended it.

The next year's excitement was the singing presidential campaign, when the young people of an evening returning from the campaign meetings the house would resound with their songs, and the small boy chorus on the street would echo "James K. Polk of Tennessee."

From the factories and from the school-house on the hill have gone forth young men and maidens into the various walks of life to do faithfully their part and to share the respect due to true manhood and womanhood. Some have been called to fill places of responsibility with honor to themselves and to the state. Among the teachers of those days were Dr. Cromby, E. T. Quimby and the Misses Margaret Allison and Rebecca Richards.

The doctor not only "taught the young idea how to shoot," but also how to walk by rule. Memory recalls one time when he had a drill exercise. A line was formed across the school-room and he gave to each a personal illustration of his favorite rule so effectively that sixty years and more have failed to efface its memory. Writing compositions was a matter of choice and few the result. One, however, comes to mind which would tax the old Thompsonian chemist's skill to equal. But, orators! Amoskeag had them galore. Who could render Marco Bozzaris with more ease and grace than our gifted president in his youthful days. And who could declaim such classics as "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of Waterloo," "The Roman Soldier," "Last Day of Herculæneum," with such oratorical power and pathos as would have made Cicero and Demosthenes, groan with envy.

I think it was in 1844 that some of the villagers were permitted to look down from the bridge upon a real live president of the United States, as he stood upon the depot platform. Some who disapproved of his course as president looked upon him with critical eyes.

The "Fourths" at Amoskeag were always celebrated in a patriotic manner. One celebration was unique in the history of the village. For weeks previous preparations were being made. In the "hall" were heard music and the rhythmic stepping as the gentlemen drilled the ladies to march in military order. In the meantime young men were busy inventing new designs and manufacturing combustibles of waste, tar and other items too numerous to mention, for the grand fireworks. The housewives caught the spirit of preparation and the elaborate and bountiful menu testified to their success.

The "Fourth" arrived on schedule time, in all her glory At the appointed time and place the procession formed, led by the band, followed by the Amoskeag Phalanx, in their blue and white uniforms, their white cockades nodding approval with every step, while over them floated the stars and stripes. Then came the ladies dressed in white, with blue sashes and bows. In their midst a gentleman bearing a magnificent silk banner, with appropriate designs and golden fringe and ribbon streamers, held by four little girls, dressed in white, with blue ribbons.

The procession started, the citizens falling into line and augmented by visitors from the city and the adjoining country. When it reached the grove everything was in readiness: seats, speakers' stands and tables. The oration was pronounced unusually interesting, the banner was gracefully and fittingly presented by the ladies to the Amoskeag Phalanx. The band enlivened the exercises with patriotic music. In the closing part of the program all present participated, with such satisfactory results that both by word and act the generous housewives must have felt complimented, for not only the villagers but all the visitors were bountifully supplied, even to the proverbial small boy.

The fireworks rounded out the day's program, surpassing all previous efforts, and a credit to the ingenuity and pyrotechnic skill of the boys of Amoskeag.

The old village pump on Second street must not be forgotten, with its sparkling and life-giving waters. Its memory was as dear to the old villagers as ever could have been the "Old Oaken Bucket" of song.

By 1848 great changes had taken place. Amoskeag had a memorable fireworks, greater and grander than ever witnessed on the "Fourth," with a fiery thirst so intense that the mighty waters of the Merrimack, surging round its feet, failed to quench it. The illumination and fire painting of land and water, with the flames wildly leaping and roaring, presented a scene grand and weird, yet beautiful. Never were the signal fires of the Indians on this spot so far-reaching. It was a beacon to the nearby city, to warn her that soon a regiment of men, women and children would invade her precincts with a never-retiring purpose.

The exodus from Amoskeag, the breaking up of the homelike community to be scattered never to meet again as a people, was a sad and closing event of this decade.

We hail with gladness this Old Home Day reunion, for its influence in bringing together some of Amoskeag's former inhabitants, and cherishing in the hearts of later generations a love for the home so dear to the parents, grandparents and friends.

Phinehas Adams

By Arthur P. Dodge

The following sketch was written about thirty years ago and published in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, by George H. Ellis, Boston, but is now scarce.—*Editor.*

PHINEHAS ADAMS was born in Medway, Mass., the twentieth day of June, 1814, and comes from the very best Revolutionary stock of New England. His grandfather and great-grandfather participated in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and served through that memorable war. He had three brothers and seven sisters, of whom the former all died, previous to 1831. Three sisters are now living: Sarah Ann, born in 1816, the wife of E. B. Hammond, M. D., of Nashua; Eliza P., born in 1820, widow of the late Ira Stone, Esq., formerly an overseer in the Stark Mills; and Mary Jane, born in 1822, widow of the late James Buncher, Esq., a former designer for the Merrimack Print Works in Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Buncher is the present popular and very efficient librarian of the Manchester Public Library.

His father, Phinehas Adams, Sr., married Sarah W. Barber, a native of Holliston, Mass., in 1811. Her father was an Englishman; came to America from Warrenton, England, during the Revolutionary War, and married in this country a Scottish lady who came from Edinburgh.

Phinehas Adams, the senior, was both a farmer and a mechanic, and became quite an extensive manufacturer. At a very early date, he constructed handlooms, which he employed girls to operate; and, subsequently, started the first power-loom that was ever established in this country, at Waltham, Mass., in the year 1814.

In this year and in the same town, he became a mill overseer, and afterwards gave his whole attention to manu-

facturing. He resided, when Phinehas was a child, at different times in Waltham, Cambridge, and in Nashua, N. H., to which latter place he removed later in life, and became proprietor of a hotel,—the Central House.

This business was now more agreeable to him, since he had broken three or four of his ribs and received other injuries from an unfortunate fall.

Hon. William P. Newell, of this city, who was agent of the Amoskeag Old Mills from 1837 to 1846, was once a bobbin-boy for the elder Adams. This was ten years before the son, who was attending a private school in West Newton, Mass., until 1827, began to work in the mills.

In the last-named year, his father became agent of the Neponset Manufacturing Company's Mills,—which were owned by himself, Dr. Oliver Dean, and others,—at Walpole, in the same state; and to this place he removed his residence.

When quite young, the son disliked close confinement in school, the task of poring over books being to him rather dry and irksome; but his father said to him that he must either study or go to work in the mill. At the latter place, he was soon found engaged in a work well calculated to dispel boyish romance in a summary manner.

He almost repented making this choice, but pluckily "stuck to the work" with the indomitable perseverance so often displayed in after life, and was employed as bobbin-boy for a year by the company.

He then entered Wrentham Academy, where he remained, making good progress in his studies, for a year and half, when his father was compelled to inform him that he had met with serious losses by reason of the failure of the company, and that he, Phinehas, would now have to leave the academy and go to work.

The father very much regretted feeling obliged to take this course, having cherished the hope of being able to give his son a thorough education.

The latter, readily accepting the situation, replied to his father that he was ready and willing to work, but that, if he must go to work in a mill, he preferred that it should be in a large one, and not in a "one-horse concern;" for he desired a wide field and the best possible opportunities to gain a knowledge of the business in its many details.

One of the greatest events in the commercial history of our country was the founding of the "City of Spindles," Lowell, in 1821. Very naturally, the junior Adams was led to go there to gain his desired knowledge.

On the 10th of November, 1829, he proceeded to this city, and at the age of fifteen became employed as bobbin-boy in the mills of the Merrimack Company.

At that time the company had only about thirty thousand spindles in its mills, but now its five mills contain (in 1876) one hundred and fifty-eight thousand four hundred and sixty-four spindles, and three thousand nine hundred and forty-one looms; has a capital of two and one-half million dollars; and employs eighteen hundred female and nine hundred male operatives.

In these early days of manufacturing, the system was adhered to in Lowell of keeping fierce bull-dogs—one, at least—in each mill. They were liberally fed with fresh meat, *not* for the purpose of making them *less* savage, and chained near the entrance to the mill, making effectual sentinels while the watch-*men* were making their rounds. This custom was followed until about 1831.

Mr. Adams was early possessed of an ambition to become an overseer; and to this end he labored hard and faithfully, never thinking or dreaming, however, that he would become agent of a large mill.

This was his real beginning, the wedding to his long and uninterrupted manufacturing life, the "golden wedding" anniversary of which event occurred in November, 1879.

Soon after his commencement at Lowell, he was promoted to the position of second overseer in the weaving department, a post he retained until 1831, when he passed

to a similar position in the Methuen Company's mill, of which his uncle was agent. In 1833, he made another change, going to Hooksett, N. H., where he became overseer in the Hooksett Manufacturing Company's mills, of which his father was then the agent.

Not long afterwards he assumed a similar position in the Pittsfield Manufacturing Company's mill, at Pittsfield, then under the administration of Ithamar A. Beard, Esq., agent, who was by profession a civil engineer. Mr. Beard went from there to Brunswick, Me., where he subsequently engaged in the construction of mills.

Mr. Adams remained in Pittsfield from December, 1834, until Mr. Beard resigned. The latter urged the former to continue in his position at Pittsfield, and gave him an excellent letter of recommendation, saying, as he handed it to Mr. Adams, "There, young man, you can keep this: it may never do you any good, but it will never do you any harm. I can indorse it with a good conscience."

It was on a Saturday night, the 7th of March, 1835, that Mr. Adams, who had previously decided to return to Lowell, left Pittsfield; being driven in a team to Hooksett, where he secured a night's lodging. In good season the next morning (Sunday), he embarked in the mail stage, and found himself about noon of the same day at Nashua, where his parents then resided. In those days there was no city of Manchester, neither was there a splendid railroad service running through the fertile Merrimack valley. But the waters of the Merrimack, though scarcely at all utilized at that time to propel water-wheels, carried upon its fleeting bosom myriads of heavily laden vessels from Boston, via the old Middlesex Canal, running as far north as Concord. From the Boston & Lowell Railroad, the former course of this canal can now be traced much of the way. It ran through Charlestown, Medford, Billerica Mills. and Middlesex Village, at which latter place it intersected with the Merrimack River. Locks were in use at Garvin's

Falls, Hooksett, Manchester, Goffe's Falls, Nashua, and at other points. A passenger steamer plied in those days between Lowell and Nashua upon the river, which was higher than the canal.

Mr. Adams remained at home only until Monday—a short visit. But he was industrially inclined, and proceeded immediately, we learn, to the Merrimack Mills in Lowell, the scene of his earlier labors, as previously mentioned, where he accepted the position of overseer. He remained with this company until he came to Manchester, in 1846.

In December, 1841, the late John Clark, Esq., the agent of the Merrimack Mills at Lowell, proposed that Mr. Adams should enter the office as clerk. This idea was very distasteful to Mr. Adams, as he detested bookkeeping, having previously had much of it and other writing to do for his father, when overseer and bookkeeper in his father's mill. However, he yielded to the wishes and advice of Mr. Clark, who had excellent opinions of Mr. Adams, and who said to him on this occasion, "You have a thorough knowledge of manufacturing, and ought now to get acquainted with bookkeeping and the general business of the mills; for you are destined to fill a higher position." Time has abundantly proven the truth of Mr. Clark's prophecy. During the five years he held this position, Mr. Adams had good opportunity to observe the lively interest Mr. Clark took in his employees. There was a fellow-clerk, a young man, who was given more or less to the demoralizing habit of loafing around saloons. On one occasion, Mr. Clark himself, always strictly temperate in his habit, censured the practice of that young man, and requested Mr. Adams to talk with him, and at the same time to inform him that he could not be promoted without mending his habits. In this connection, it can be said that Mr. Adams has never used tobacco or intoxicating liquors during his life.

In the year 1846, Mr. Adams left Lowell to assume the agency (succeeding the Hon. William P. Newell) of the

"Old Amoskeag Mills," then located on the west side of the Merrimack River at Amoskeag Falls,—now a part of the city of Manchester,—on the present site of ex-Governor P. C. Cheney's paper-mill.

The building of the Amoskeag Mills was the beginning of Manchester's wonderful career of prosperity, which has developed to such great proportions. Her many mills, now running more than three hundred thousand spindles, many looms, and many cloth printing machines, and the many other signs of industry, are abundantly attesting to the truth of the statement.

With the Amoskeag Corporation Mr. Adams remained until the 17th of November, 1847, when he became agent of the Stark Mills.

Of the great manufactories of Manchester, that of the Stark Mills Company ranks third in magnitude and second in age. This company was organized September 26, 1838, and, and began operation the following year.

During its forty years and more of busy existence, it has had but two resident agents, John A. Burnham, Esq., holding that position from the inception of the corporation until the 17th of November, 1847, the date marking the commencement of the long term of service by the present incumbent, the Hon. Phinehas Adams. At that time, the capital of the Stark Mills Company was the same as now, one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The shares, the par value of which was and is one thousand dollars each, were worth six or seven hundred dollars, when Colonel Adams was chosen agent; but they rose to fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars each share during the late Civil War.

In the early days of New England manufacturing, more labor was performed by hand than is to-day; and, though substantially the same machinery was employed, yet it had by no means attained its present capacity and wonderful completeness.

In December, 1863, Mr. Adams was commissioned by the directors of the Stark Mills to go to Europe for the purpose of securing machinery and information relating to the manufacture of linen goods. At that time, owing to the war, cotton goods were very scarce and expensive. For unmanufactured cotton itself, the Stark Company paid as high as one dollar and eighty-six cents per pound, and a higher price even than that was paid by other companies. A bale of cotton brought nine hundred and thirty dollars.

Mr. Adams travelled extensively through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and visited the city of Paris. He ordered considerable machinery of the English manufacturers, who were very busy with American orders at the time. So great, in fact, was the demand upon them, that the Stark machinery did not arrive until the September following,—nearly a year after being ordered.

At Paisley, about seven miles from Glasgow, Mr. Adams examined the interesting process of making the far-famed "long Paisley shawls." They were made principally by weavers upon hand-looms, at their places of abode; some of the rooms in which many elegant shawls were manufactured being found to be low-studded, dark and dingy in the extreme. The different-colored yarns were "given out " to the weavers to be made into shawls as are stockings, in this city to be "heeled and toed." He saw a pattern for one long shawl that a man was constantly engaged in painting for the space of nine months.

From choice, Mr. Adams has been quite clear of politics, having only served as ward clerk when a young man in Lowell, and, later, as a presidential elector for General Grant. He was Governor Straw's chief of staff, which, by the way, it is believed never "turned out in a body" as such. He was also four years a director in the Concord Railroad, just after the decease of Governor Gilmore. About the year 1848, he was chosen one of the assistant engineers of the Manchester Fire Department, in which

capacity he served with peculiar fidelity for twelve years..

Never being "up for office," as were many of his friends, he could act with positive independence; and he invariably did act, as he thought, for the best interests of the city.

This sort of conduct was in marked contrast with the non-committal policy of politicians who felt obliged to please (?) the firemen, who at that period, as is well known, exerted great influence in municipal politics.

Mr. Adams and the other engineers resigned their positions after two steamers had been obtained, thus giving the captains of the old companies chances of promotion.

He has for a long time been closely identified with the moneyed institutions of this city, having served as a director in the Merrimack River Bank from 1857 to 1860; the same in the Manchester National Bank from 1865 to the present time; and as a trustee in the Manchester Savings Bank nearly all the time since it obtained the charter.

Since the decease of Hon. Herman Foster, Mr. Adams has been one of the committee on loans for the latter institution.

He is one of the directors of the Gas-Light Company, and was for many years director of the Public Library.

He was elected in 1865 one of the original directors of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association.

Three years ago last October, Colonel Adams attended a class reunion of scholars of Mr. Seth Davis, then ninety years of age, at his home in West Newton, Mass. Ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice and other prominent men were of this number.

Mr. Davis lived upon a large farm (one hundred and seventy-five acres), and kept a private school for boys from six to twelve years of age, some of whom he boarded. Mr. Adams attended this school in 1826-27, and was one of seventeen lads who lived in their tutor's family. Some of

them had parents or friends residing in or near Boston, who were in the habit of driving out to visit, and to give the boys cakes, candies, and other dainties.

Now it used to happen that nearly every Monday morning found the ranks of this solid seventeen broken; and it also happened, said Mr. Adams to the writer once, while conversing upon the days of long ago, that sickness was the cause thereof or rather the *effect*,—for those pernicious sweetmeats were the primary *cause* of thin ranks on those occasions.

For many years, Mr. Adams has been engaged, as opportunity occurred, in procuring rare coins, medals, etc. Of the former, he now possesses very complete collection of the various denominations in gold, silver, nickel, and copper; and he has a great number of valuable medals. Many of these antiquities command a very high price in the market, their numbers being absolutely limited, and the demand for them steadily increasing.

The present officers of the Stark Mills are: Clerk, Phinehas Adams; Treasurer, Edmund Dwight; Directors, William Amory, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Lewis Downing, Jr., T. Jefferson Coolidge, John L. Bremer, J. Lewis Stackpole, and Roger Walcott; Manufacturing Agent, Phinehas Adams; Selling Agents, J. L. Bremer & Co., Boston. Mr. Amory was Treasurer at the commencement and is now President of the Corporation.*

During the administration of Colonel Adams, which covers a long series of eventful years, a great many changes have taken place. In what may be called, more particularly, the manufacturing world is this specially true.

He is the oldest agent and the longest in such position in the city,—nay, more, in the entire Merrimack Valley; and most of those holding similar positions thirty-two years ago are now passed from life.

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*It should be remembered that this was written in 1880.—*Editor.*

That fine old estate on Hanover street, for a long time known as the "Harris Estate," was formerly owned by the Stark Company, who built the commodious mansion now converted into a charitable institution,—the "Orphans' Home," for the use of their agents. John A. Burnham was its first occupant; and next, Mr. Adams, who resided there nine years, beginning with 1847.

When Baldwin & Co.'s steam mill on Manchester street, where D. B. Varney's brass foundry is now located, was, with other structures, burned on the 5th of July, 1852, that house then occupied by Mr. Adams was set on fire by the flying sparks; but it was speedily extinguished. Mr. Adams was at the time attending to his duties as engineer where the fire raged the fiercest. Thus Mrs. Adams and those of her household were without the protection of the sterner sex in the early part of their peril. Soon, however, aid was proffered by several men, of whom Mrs. Adams admitted Mr. Walter Adriance and three others, friends of the family, whereupon she securely barricaded the doors. The work of passing water to the roof was very lively for a while.

In 1856, Mr. Adams moved into the house No. 2 Water street, now occupied by Moses O. Pearsons, Esq., where he lived also about nine years, when he purchased his present fine residence No. 18 Brook street.

On the 24th of September, 1829, Mr. Adams was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Simpson, daughter of the late Deacon Samuel Simpson, of Deerfield, N. H. He served in the War of 1812; and his widow, who is now eighty-one years of age, draws a pension from the government.

Mrs. Adams' paternal grandfather, Major John Simpson, participated in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and, it is said upon good authority, fired the first shot of that famous engagement, on the American side.

It occurred in this wise: The men in his line were instructed by their commander, Colonel Stark, not to fire

a gun until the British had arrived at a certain point, forty paces distant from the American works. When the red-coated invaders had advanced to within that distance, the major (who was then a private), an excellent marksman, being unable to withstand so good an opportunity, fired before the order was given, and dropped his man. The fire was then opened along the whole line. On being reproved for disobeying orders, Mr. Simpson replied, "I never could help firing, when game which I was after came within gun-shot." He died October 28,1825.

From this happy union of Mr· Adams with Miss Simpson, two children have sprung: Elizabeth, born June 15, 1842, and Phinehas Adams, Jr., born December 26, 1844,—both being born in the same house in the city of Lowell.

The former is the wife of Daniel C. Gould, Esq., paymaster of the Stark Mills, and the popular tenor singer at the Franklin-street church, to whom she was married the 10th of September, 1868· Mr. Gould is a son of Deacon Daniel Gould, who was the first railroad station agent in Manchester, a position he held until succeeded by the late Henry Hurlburt.

Mr. Phinehas Adams, Jr., married Miss Anna P. Morrison of Belfast, Me., and they reside with the subject of this sketch. He (the son) is engaged in the cotton business in Boston.

About a year after being married, the father of the latter joined the First Congregational church in Lowell, Rev. Amos Blanchard, pastor. Mrs. Adams was also a member of this church. On removing to Manchester, both had their relation transferred to the Franklin-street Congregational church, the Rev. William V. W. Davis being the able and esteemed pastor thereof.

At a recent business meeting of the Stark Corporation directors, on the suggestion of Edmund Dwight, Esq., it was voted to present Colonel Adams with a suitable token, bearing testimony of the high respect in which he is held by them.

Therefore, on the 17th of November, 1879, that being the date completing his thirty-two years of service as agent of that corporation, they presented him with one of the most valuable gold hunting-case, stem-winding watches ever made by the Waltham Company, together with a massive gold chain and an elegant seal. Inside the watch-case is engraved the following: "The Stark Mills to Phinehas Adams, November 17, 1847-1879, William Amory, Edmund Dwight, treasurer."

Accompanying these superb gifts was the following letter, expressive of sentiments that any honorable man would be justly proud to merit:

BOSTON, November 15, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you a watch and chain by request of the directors of the Stark Mills. It will reach you on the anniversary of the day on which you entered their service, thirty-two years ago.

Will you receive it as an expression of their great respect for your character, and their high appreciation of the service you have rendered the corporation during the third part of a century?

It is their sincere hope that the connection which has lasted so long may long continue.

With great regard, yours sincerely,

EDMUND DWIGHT, *Treasurer.*

PHINEHAS ADAMS, ESQ.

This testimonial was eminently deserved, as no one is held in greater or more universal respect than is the upright, courteous and genial recipient.

The life of Mr. Adams proves that tireless persistence and devotion to duty accomplish much. The influence exerted by his life is far greater than is commonly supposed or realized. It can hardly fail to stimulate young men to honorable exertions, and to teach them that extensive notoriety is not necessarily indicative of true greatness, and also that too eager grasping after mere political distinction or eager grasping after mere political distinction or after temporal riches is far less desirable than linking their lives to immortal principles.

From a Rare Painting by Col. John B. Bachelder

AMOSKEAG FALLS IN 1855

The Mills of Manchester

By A Staff Contributor

THAT country alone is great whose manufacturing advantages are allied with the cunning of the brain and the skill of the human hand. It is true that agriculture is the oldest employment of man and its accomplishment the foundation of his upbuilding, but it never lifts a timber above the sills of his superstruction. "Homeward the plowman plods his weary way" empty-handed. The barbarian may be, and often is, an agriculturist, but his feet are earth-bound. The shepherd, tending his flocks on the sunny slopes of some Iverness, may fill an idyllic life, but he is only a dreamer. The range of the Arab is as far-reaching as the ring of his fleet-footed steed; the roof of his tent is as wide as the blue-arched dome of the Persian sky, and his freedom undoubted; but his legacy to posterity is as barren as the sands of Sahara. It is not until man begins to exercise his fertile mind in the invention and making of those things which shall enable him to broaden the scope of his labors that he starts on his upward course.

Even in this stage of progress, his capacity to do and attempt is helpless until he calls to his assistance the latent powers of nature. Then the river becomes his most potent ally. As an agricultural territory New Hampshire could never have become to any extent a noticeable factor in the march of progress or power. But with her excellent

water privileges, in proportion to her area, she is in the ranks of the progressive states. And the Merrimack, "the busiest river in the world," is the source of her greatness. Not only does this "river of broken waters" afford the power for the majority—the most—of her manufacturing industries, but it has given the impetus to the progress and growth of four prominent cities of the Bay State, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill and Amesbury. Passing by this quartet of industrial centers, we will sketch the development of those gigantic manufacturing interests made possible by the falls of Amoskeag.

This rugged waterfall has a descent of forty-five feet, carrying over its dam, when the water has a depth of one foot above its rim, 3,700 to 3,800 cubic feet every second during the working hours of the machinery that it turns. The current of the river is so slight that a flowage is accomplished which reaches back to the falls of Annabesit,* or Hooksett, a distance of eight miles. The area covered is 443 acres, and the average rise obtained upon October 1, 1908, was 3.325 inches. The river above Pawtucket Falls at Lowell has a flowage of eighteen miles. These, with other water privileges of note, help to make the Merrimack the river remarkable for its power.

It was as noted to the aboriginal inhabitants in its pristine glory for its fisheries as it is to-day for its manufacturing industries. Amoskeag Falls was especially we known among the early pioneers, who little realized the possibilities lurking under the lash of its foaming current, as a "horrible cataract." Hither came the good Parson McGregor, as early as the summer of 1719, one of the very first of the white settlers in this vicinity, to gaze with awe and pious veneration upon the falls. The first recorded evidence that we have of the place was given by

*This is an Indian term signifying "little place for fish," in comparison to Namaske, or Amoskeag, "great place for fish."—*Author.*

Capt. William Tyng in December, 1703, when that doughty pioneer led his band of snow-shoe men upon their memorable wintry march into the "North Country" in search of Indian prey.

The first man to express his belief in the possibilities of this water power was Judge Samuel Blodget. But his mind and means were engrossed in the subtile undertaking of setting at defiance the waterfalls by building his canals. He came upon the scene of action too early to lead the way in this enterprise, as he certainly would have done had he been born a few years later. Thus it was left to a worthy pioneer in New England manufactories, Mr. Benjamin Prichard, to harness the legions of an idle river to the looms of industry. He had served his apprenticeship at Ipswich, where the first cotton mill had been erected in New Hampshire in 1803. And here in 1804 this ambitious young man, in conjunction with three others, named Ephraim, David and Robert Stevens, came to Amoskeag, then a part of the town of Goffstown, and built the first cotton mill on the Merrimack above Pawtucket Falls.

The business grew so rapidly that it was soon thought necessary to form a stock company, which was christened "The Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Factory." This name was changed in June, 1810, to "The Amoskeag Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing Company." The first board of directors consisted of James Parker, Samuel P. Kidder, John Stark, Jr., David McQuestion and Benjamin Prichard. The first-named was chosen president and Jotham Gillis was made clerk and selling agent. He was succeeded in order by Philemon Walcott, John G. Moor and Frederick Stark. Compared with the mills of to-day, this was a primitive affair, having neither picker nor loom, and it made but slow, though deserving, progress along its untrodden way. No small meed of praise belongs to those sanguine leaders in the industrial world.

The factory was about forty feet square and two stories high, situated midway between the head and foot of

the falls, directly below the west end of Amoskeag bridge. The cotton used was parcelled out to the families living in the neighborhood, to be ginned at four cents a pound. The yarn was woven by hand by women who had looms in their homes. The Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace said in one of his discourses:

> I have examined the accounts kept in the beautiful round hand of Judge Stark for the month of October, 1813, and for fifteen days in succession. During the month there were manufactured, at Amoskeag, three hundred and fifty-eight skeins per day of cotton yarn. This was about the average amount: three hundred and fifty-eight skeins at factory price were worth twenty-nine dollars and twenty-two cents.

After some changes in its management and increased knowledge and capital, in 1826, the old original mill was enlarged and a new one was built upon the river bank, with another upon an island,* which was burned May 14, 1840. The second structure raised on the bank was known as "The Bell Mill," from the fact that a bell there called the operatives to work. Shirtings, sheetings and tickings were now manufactured, the latter commodity winning a wide reputation as the "A C A" tickings. Both of the mills upon the bank were consumed by fire March 28, 1848.

Until July 13, 1831, the manufacturing was carried on as a private enterprise with varying success according to

*This island was reached by a bridge that spanned the rapids from the west bank, near where the P. C. Cheney Paper Mills were afterwards built. The fire which destroyed the island mill seems to have been the first fire of special mention in Manchester. A local writer, Mr. E. F. Roper, in the Observant Citizen's column in the *Union*, says that in 1846 there were several buildings on the island, namely: a machine shop, foundry, dry house and a large house occupied by three families. Cyrus Baldwin, who afterwards invented the seamless bag loom, was boss of the shops. Among the hands were two who deserve especial notice: S. H. Roper, the builder of the first successful steam carriage, and G. H. Rollins, who later built steam engines at Nashua. The other cotton mills were nearer the village, which it was then believed was to become the heart of the coming city. This was in the days when Farmer owned the old hotel or tavern, a noted resort, and John Allison kept the village grocery.—*Author.*

the capital and experience given it. Upon July 1 of this year, the state legislature authorized the formation of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company with a capital limited to a million dollars, a great sum for that day. The incorporators were Oliver Dean, Ira Gay, Willard Sayles, Larned Pitcher, Lyman Tiffany and Samuel Slater. At the first meeting Mr. Tiffany was chosen president; Mr. Gay was made clerk, and Oliver Dean agent and treasurer.

This was the most important meeting ever held in the interest of the company, inasmuch as its counsels and acts laid the foundation of the future of the manufacturing interests of the Merrimack at this place. It was unanimously agreed that the property of the old firm should be taken for stock in the new company, and it was decided that the new organization should acquire possession by purchase the title to the land on both sides of the river, though it was settled that henceforth the main mills should be located upon the east bank, where the engineers declared it was more feasible to build canals and to utilize the water power. The company, in 1835, acquired the property of the Isle of Hooksett Canal Company, the Bow Canal Company and the Union Locks and Company, located at different points along the river. The following year the Hooksett Manufacturing Company, which had a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, was merged with the Amoskeag. About this time the first brick mill upon the Merrimack was built in Hooksett from brick made near at hand. The falls here have a perpendicular descent of sixteen feet and are capable of carrying one hundred thousand spindles. The Amoskeag Company operated this privilege until 1865, when it sold the franchise to a new corporation with a capital stock of one million dollars, authorized by the legislature. In 1837 the Concord Manufacturing Company became a part of the Amoskeag.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company not only obtained a control of the water power of the Merrimack from Concord to Manchester, but purchased large tracts

of land, fifteen hundred acres on the east side, joining upon the river and reaching back into what was then wild country. In 1837 the company made a plan of the future city of Manchester, and laid out the site of a town, with the main street running parallel with the river, and in 1838 it sold land divided into lots for building and business privileges. This movement not only brought into the the market much land to become valuable in the following years, increasing as time passed by, but it opened the way to the coming city. This wise foresight is seen to-day in the well-arranged streets and commons that are such a blessing to our city, making it one of the best-regulated in New England.

In the meantime the company had been active in its own direct business. The wooden dam across the river built a few years before, was repaired in 1836, and the following year the construction of a wing dam of stone, with guard locks, was begun on the east side. This was completed in 1840. In 1838 the rights, site and water privileges, for a new company, incorporated as the Stark Mills, were sold which corporation exists to-day. The first building erected on the east side was the Stark Mills counting room, a part of which was used for a time by the land and water power department of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. The first mills built on the east side were Nos. 1 and 2 of the Stark Corporation, and were erected in 1838 and 1839, respectively.

After the burning of the Island Mill in 1840, the Amoskeag Company built two new ones just below the Stark Mills, and added to these as their demands increased. A machine shop was built in 1840 and in 1842 a foundry to meet the requirements of the increasing business. In 1845 they sold land for a new corporation, known as the Manchester Print Works, and erected mills for the new company. This corporation, after over fifty years of successful operation, in 1905 was absorbed by the Amoskeag Company and its mills are to-day a part of the property

and business of that company. In 1859 the manufacture of the famous Amoskeag steam fire engines was begun.

During this period of constant growth of its industry the original idea of the development of a city was ever prominent in the purposes of the company. Tenements and boarding-houses for their operatives and those working for the other corporations were erected, and land sold for business sites and dwelling houses. In the matter of public buildings a generous and beneficial policy was carried out, land being given for sites of churches and public buildings.

These founders of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and incidentally the founders of Manchester, deserve a large meed of credit for their sagacity and enterprise. It must be remembered, when an account of their work is taken into consideration, that their undertaking was entirely along an unmarked path. The manufacture of the goods they purposed to put on the market was in the infancy of its growth even in England, then in the lead of the manufactures of the world. There were no practical mechanics in the country to accomplish any design they might invent. It was only a short time before their organization that it had been found expedient to manufacture raw cotton into finished cloth in the same mill, and thus two distinct branches had been carried on to accomplish one result. The power loom was the means to revolutionize the outcome and it has been claimed, with what seems good authority, that Phinehas Adams, Sr., was the first man in America to successfully run the power loom. No prouder monument to their success is needed than the great industry and prosperous city which has sprung up on the unsightly sandbanks overlooking the scenes of their labors.

This, in brief, is the story of the rise and progress of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, giving employment to over 15,000 persons and having an annual output of about 200,000,000 yards of cotton cloth and 20,000,000 yards of worsted cloth. The mills have a floor space of

110 acres and have 600,000 spindles with 19,000 looms The weekly pay-roll is $112,000 and the amount of capital invested is $5,760,000. What is termed as the quick capital is at $10,412,521.19, which represents the assets. The land and water power is valued at $400,000; the mill and machinery, $2,550,000; reserve, $10,000; bag mill, $40,000; plant, $3,000,000. The report of the treasurer at a recent meeting of the stockholders showed that during the past year the company has spent $500,000 in the purchase of machinery, and that the profit and loss is placed at $1,924,993.44. The cotton goods on hand June 30, 1907, were valued at $512,911.41; cost of manufacture, $14,969,-932.94; interest, $13,265.04; guarantee, $52,648.46; profit for twelve months, $1,250;655.49; total, $16,799,413.34; goods sold, $16,109,124.75; goods on hand June 30, 1908, $690,288.59; total, $16,799,413.34. In the worsted goods department there were on hand a year ago, dyed and finished, 980,253 yards, while there has been finished during the year, 12,301,687½ yards; total, 13,281,940 yards.

This company at least has avoided the common mistake made by Americans in many lines of industries, where a person is allowed to come to the front poorly equipped for the responsibility that he has to fill. The Amoskeag Company believes that no man, however keen in his perception, can master a trade in a short time, and this is at least one place where skill is fostered and experience counts above a passing claim to utility. The result is evident to the most casual beholder. Employing a high grade of labor and having a management conducted upon principles of integrity and fair dealing, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company has moved steadily and smoothly on in the industrial sphere whether the tide of business ebbed or flowed.

Herman F. Straw is the present clerk of the corporation, and the board of directors elected are T. Jefferson Coolidge, George A. Gardner, George Dexter, Charles W. Amory, George Von Meyer, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr.,

George Wigglesworth, F. C. Dumaine, and Frank P. Carpenter. F. C. Dumaine, Boston, is treasurer of the company; C. L. Bausher &. Co., New York, are the selling agents; Herman F. Straw, agent; Charles H. Manning, superintendent; Perry H. Dow, engineer.

Not all of the power is now furnished by the river, as other means have been found necessary to keep the mighty round of machinery revolving at all times they are needed. The following statistics, taken from the company's own table, show the situation in this respect:

STATISTICS OF AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Number of steam turbines	1
Number of horse power furnished by turbine	2,000
Number of turbine water wheels	34
Amount of horse power furnished by wheels	16,488
Number of steam engines	14
Amount of horse power furnished by engines	20,900
Number of generators	5
Amount of horse power furnished by generators	6,700
Number of electric motors	96
Amount of horse power furnished by motors	7,000
Number of boilers	146
Nominal horse power furnished by boilers	22,000
Number of tons of coal consumed per annum	100,000
Number gallons of oil consumed per annum	60,006

How Houses Are Numbered

ALTHOUGH Manchester streets had been numbered after a fashion previous to that time, no system really worthy the name was introduced until about 1871, when the late ex-Gov. James A. Weston was mayor. At that time a Boston directory firm, acting under Governor Weston's direction, thoroughly renumbered the city, according to a definite system, and the new numbers,

despite vigorous opposition by a great many property owners, were put on and nailed up by the city, which has ever since then continued to furnish the numbers.

The plan then adopted remains in use to-day, practically unchanged. If at that time the buildings along Hanover street had simply been numbered in rotation, beginning with Elm, odd numbers on one side of the street and even numbers on the other, it would have been necessary since then to have changed the numbers dozens of times, or else have resorted to the use of fractions when new buildings were put up.

But instead of numbering buildings consecutively, without regard to future changes or to vacant lots, an entirely different plan was adopted. On Elm street, and the more crowded side streets, one number was allowed to every twenty-five-foot front, and when a new house or a new door went in there it received the number allotted to it according to the plan. On some of the side streets one number was allowed for every fifty feet, and further back one for every one hundred feet.

The first complete plans in the city engineer's office were prepared by George H. Allen, who was one of the first city engineers, that office, however, not being established until several years after the numbering was done. These plans were put into book form and new plans have been made several times since then. The plans at present used are bound in a book and can be easily referred to. These plans do not show the numbers that are actually on doors of buildings, but instead show the numbers which belong to that lot. If there is only one door on that lot only one number is used, although the lot may be long enough to have half a dozen numbers assigned to it. Records of numbers actually placed upon a house are kept in another book. It is the practice now to allow one number to every twelve and one-half feet of street front.

Amoskeag in Early Pioneer Days

By Rev. C. W. Wallace, D. D.

The following interesting historical sketch of Amoskeag and its early settlers was written by the late Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, D. D., and was found recently among a lot of old sermons which had been left among his effects. The date is not given but it is believed to have been written about a third of a century ago for delivery at an anniversary celebration in the Amoskeag district. Dr. Wallace, who founded the First Congregational Society of this city, formerly preached in Amoskeag and always had a warm interest in the locality. The manuscript of the historical address is now in possession of his nephew, Mr. Frederick L. Wallace, and is reproduced herewith.—*Mirror and American.*

AS FAR back as the light of history is thrown, the place now known as Amoskeag has been one of interest to the surrounding country. It was the chief residence of a once powerful tribe of Indians, who occupied the valley of the Merrimack, from Pawtucket to the lake. This tribe was known by the general name of Penacooks, though it had several sub-divisions. Those whose home was around the falls were the Namaoskeags, which means fishing place, from Namaos, fish, and auke, place. Hence our contraction, Amoskeag. When we speak of Indians and their places of residence we must be understood as using language with a great degree of license. The Indian was a roving character; his home was the wild forest, hunting and fishing were his employments; for agriculture he had no taste, and resorted to it only as a dire necessity.

Passaconnaway was the chief of the Penacooks when the white man came to New England. He was a wonderful man. He caught a glimpse of the future greatness of his white opponent. History affirms that he met Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, at Pawtucket. He listened to

his preaching, afterwards conversed with him about the Christian's God, and professed a belief in Him. How much his impressions in regard to the future greatness of the English were due to the religious instruction thus received we know not. At any rate, he became convinced that the Indian was to fade away and the white man take his place. Hence he advised his people to make friends with them. His words are truly prophetic:

"The oak will soon break before the whirlwind; it shivers and shakes even now; soon its trunk will be prostrate; the ant and the worm will sport upon it; then think, my children, of what I say. I commune with the Great Spirit. He whispers me now: 'Tell your children, peace, peace, is the only hope of your race. I have given fire and thunder to the palefaces for weapons. I have made them plentier than the leaves of the forest, and still shall they increase. These meadows they will turn with the plow; these forests shall fall by the axe; the palefaces shall live upon your hunting grounds, and make their villages upon your fishing places.' The Great Spirit says this, and it must be so. We are few and powerless before them. We must bend before the storm. The wind blows hard; the old oak trembles; its branches are gone; its sap is frozen; it bends; it falls. Peace, peace with the white man is the command of the Great Spirit, and the wish, the last wish, of Passaconnaway."

The tribe were so far governed by this advice that they ever lived on terms of peace with the English. It is said that Wonnalancet, the son and successor of Passaconnaway, died here, and that his son, Tahanto, was chief when white men came to Amoskeag and Concord.

There is something sad in the thought of a nation passing away. We can sympathize with the sentiment in the familiar lines of the poet, which he has woven into the wail of the red man, as he looked for the last time upon the graves of his fathers, and turned his face toward the setting sun:

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black and sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore when the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weap for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the mounds of the dead;
But they died not by hunger or wasting decay—
The steel of the white man has swept them away."

I cannot dismiss this allusion to our Indian history without acknowledging our indebtednees to the missionary Eliot. He labored in the valley of the Merrimack, was often at Pawtucket, visited Nashua, and the late Judge Bell was of the opinion that he preached at Amoskeag. At any rate, Passaconnaway was one of his converts, and probably his desire to live at peace with the English grew out of this fact. The Indians left this region as a residence, about 1685, but probably in their wanderings for fifty years afterwards spent much time about the falls.

The first permanent settlement of white men in this region was by the Scotch-Irish at Nutfield, afterwards Londonderry, in 1719. This was followed in 1725 by the English at Penacook, now Concord. Both of these settlements pressed their claims for the possession of the falls as a fishing place. No doubt it was a prize worthy of an earnest struggle. Concord claimed it under their grant from Massachusetts, while the Scotch-Irish founded their claim on the authority of the New Hampshire province. The advantage, however, was on the part of the Irish. Their settlement was nearer, in numbers much larger, and they had possession. The first settlers in the neighborhood of the falls came from Londonderry, in 1731. No doubt the fishing interest was the principal attraction. The shad, the salmon and the lamper eel, the last of which the late William Stark so poetically eulogized, were the fish here caught. If Stark has not very greatly exceeded even poetical license, we may realize the magnitude of the fishing interest at that day. He says:

"From the eels they formed their food in chief;
And eels were called the Derryfield beef;
It was often said that their only care
And their only wish and their only prayer
For the present world and the world to come
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum."

If all this could be said of the eel, we leave some future poet to extol the value of the shad and the salmon.

Saw and grist mills were built at Amoskeag at a very early date. But the first interest of sufficient importance to demand our notice was the digging of the canal. This was substantially the work of one man—Samuel Blodget. He was born at Woburn, Mass., April 1, 1724, was an officer under Governor Wentworth, a keeper of the king's woods, and collector of duties on spirituous liquors. He came to this neighborhood in 1751, and bought a farm on Black Brook, two miles from Amoskeag. He was a man of great versatility of talent—farmer, merchant, manufacturer of potash, lumber dealer, sutler in the army, in the French and Indian War, went to Europe, and there was engaged in raising sunken ships, and finally, after having accumulated quite a fortune for that day, he returned, and in May, 1794, when seventy years of age, commenced the great work of his life—what is known in history as the Blodget canal around Amoskeag Falls. The work, however, was attended with many difficulties, and his whole fortune of thirty or forty thousand dollars was all expended before it was completed. He then solicited assistance from his friends, and applied to the legislatures of New Hampshire and Massachusetts for grants of lotteries to raise funds, but as late as 1803 he wrote: "It is very painful indeed to me to reflect on a ten years' ardent exertion, at this stage of my life, sparing no pains in my power, with the utmost stretch of invention, to finish this canal, the expense of $60,000 already having been devoted to it, and the work not yet completed."

By continued exertions, however, the canal was completed in 1807, about the time of Mr. Blodget's death.

This work, when we take into view all the difficulties connected with the prosecution of a new enterprise, stands almost unrivalled in the history of New England. The morality of raising money by lotteries, even as a last resort, is now regarded, certainly by some, as a little questionable. Still, if any of the conductors of our charitable fairs should think otherwise, and should wish to try their luck in a game of chance, I would advertise that an abundance of Blodget's old tickets remain unsold and can probably be obtained cheap, and will not cheat the buyers any more than those of a more recent date.

It is, however, the manufacture of cloth which now distinguishes, and will for a long time to come, Amoskeag. The river here falls fifty feet, and the power is immense. As in the case of the canal, it was a single mind that led the way in the development of this great enterprise. Benjamin Pritchard was here the moving power. We first hear of him as a resident of New Ipswich, and engaged in manufacturing there. Machinery was used in that town for spinning cotton by water power in 1803, and was the first in the state.

Mr. Pritchard paid his last tax in New Ipswich in 1807, and in March, 1810, we find his mill in operation at Amoskeag. The property was then owned by a joint stock company, divided into one hundred shares. At the first meeting fifty-five shares were sold, of which Mr. Pritchard took twenty-five. The building which was then erected was about forty feet square and two stories high. The only machinery placed in it was for spinning, and the only machine then used for that purpose was the jenny. This machine was first put in operation in England in 1767, and was the earliest improvement on spinning after the one-thread wheel, doing its work substantially on the same plan, only instead of one it drew out several threads at the same time.

The water to carry this machinery at Amoskeag was from the mill dam of Ephraim and Robert Stevens They

gave bonds to the amount of two thousand dollars, as the obligation reads, to furnish "so much water as shall be sufficient for carrying an old-fashioned undershot corn mill at all seasons of the year and at all days in the year, so long as water is needed for carrying on the manufacturing of cotton and wool at that place." For this they were to receive ten dollars annually. Five years later twelve dollars per annum was paid for furnishing water sufficient to run the Amoskeag cotton and woolen mill.

From 1810 to 1819 spinning was the only work done here. It is interesting to learn how this now simple operation was then performed. After the cotton was received it was given out into families, in lots of from fifty to one hundred pounds, to be picked. This was done by first whipping the cotton in a rude frame. This whipping machine was a unique article, perhaps thirty inches square, across which common cord line was woven at right angles, leaving spaces of half an inch; on three sides were placed boards, and the whole raised on posts breast high. On this the cotton was placed, and whipped with two sticks, like the common ox goad. This old whipping machine, operated by a boy, has given place to the picker of our day.

Some years after the manufacture of yarn was commenced, perhaps because the market was more than supplied, the company introduced the weaving of cloth. This was done on hand looms in the neighborhood. The writer well recollects having seen the agent of Amoskeag mills, Jotham Gillis, carrying out yarn for this purpose. It was before the days of railroads, even before carriages, if we except the old "one horse shay," and Mr. Gillis was upon horseback, six miles away, with bundles of yarn tied about his saddle.

This order of things continued till 1819, when the power loom was introduced, only five years after its introduction into the country. The first was put in operation in Waltham, Mass., by Mr. Adams, the father of Phinehas

Adams, the present agent of the Stark Mills. The loom had then been in operation in England from twenty to twenty-five years. No single invention perhaps has ever wrought such wonders in the civilized world as the power loom. Strange to say, it was the work of an English clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, who invented it in 1787; and, stranger still, it was accomplished by a man who had no practical mechanical knowledge, and after the most skillful mechanics of that day had affirmed, again and again, that a machine requiring so many different motions was an impossibility. Such was the opposition to the introduction of so great a labor-saving machine that the first successful establishment, containing five hundred looms, built at Manchester, England, was destroyed by an exasperated mob in 1790. Alas for human folly! How vain to resist the march of intellect and progress!

When the power loom was introduced at Amoskeag the mill was owned and operated by a Mr. Babbitt, who sold it in 1822 to Olney Robinson of Rhode Island, who again disposed of it in 1826. So far, from the best information I can obtain, manufacturing at Amoskeag had been substantially a series of failures. Indeed it was an interest of very small value. If we suppose the company formed in 1810 valued the shares at $100 each, the whole was only $10,000. The statement of Hartford Ide, who came to Amoskeag in 1823, and remained till 1831, is, that when Mr. Robinson bought he paid for the mill and machinery, a sawmill and grist mill, the whole water privilege and several acres of land about two thousand dollars. At the same period, Mr. Ide affirms, only four looms were in operation and ten girls employed in the mill.

Mr. Robinson improved the property while he was at Amoskeag. He made an addition to the old building, erected a new one, eighty feet by forty, and increased the value of the property in other respects. But the amount of manufacturing was but slightly increased till about the time he left. The enterprise now passed entirely into the

hands of men possessed alike of property, energy and skill. They were five in number—Messrs. Pitcher and Slater of Rhode Island, Oliver Dean, Lyman Tiffany and Willard Sayles of Boston.

A third mill was built at Amoskeag in 1825, and beyond this little was done for several years, excepting to prepare for the far more extensive works on the east side of the river, where spindles were put in operation in 1839. Within seven years all the mills at Amoskeag were destroyed by fire, and have never been rebuilt.

It is no part of my present purpose to refer to matters of so recent date and so near at hand as the manufacturing interests of this city. To those outside it looks like a success. At any rate, it is a controlling interest, out of which the city of Manchester, with all its interests, has grown. But while it has been the means of wealth to the few, has the transfer of manufacturing from the family to the mill been an advantage to the community? To settle this question we need to consider it in various aspects. First, its growth. The late Frederick G. Stark, who was agent of the mill at Amoskeag in 1813, states that for fifteen days in succession, in October, there were spun three hundred and fifty-eight skeins of yarn per day, valued at twenty-nine dollars and twenty-two cents, amounting to little more than nine thousand dollars a year. Now the product of Manchester Mills is over ten million dollars per annum, of which over three million dollars are paid for labor. Second, the value of labor. When F. G. Stark made oath that he would faithfully perform the duties of agent, he was to receive fifteen dollars per month; whether with this munificent salary he received board we are not informed; neither can we say how much the agents of Manchester Mills are now paid. Just previous to this date we find this entry upon the books: "Agreed with Mr. Robinson to build machinery and superintend the business in the factoro for three dollars fifty cents per day, including the labor of Harvey Robinson, and furnish said Robinson

with suitable board, they finding their own spirits." At the same time a Mr. Cushing received one dollar twenty-five cents per day, finding his own board. The highest price paid for woman's labor at this time was one dollar per week. Men in all ordinary employments received from ten to twelve dollars per month. At the same period common shirtings and sheetings cost from thirty to forty cents per yard, and calico from forty to fifty cents per yard.

We may struggle as hard to live as our fathers did, but it is because we consume so much more. Our dwellings are better, modes of traveling superior, while in dress the quantity and quality have enormously increased. To furnish one season's outfit for a woman with only moderate pretensions requires a greater outlay than it did for our fathers to clothe a family, even as numerous as John Rogers', for a whole year.

In 1813 four cents per pound was paid merely for picking cotton. Within the last twenty-five years it has been taken in the bale and manufactured into cloth for the same price per pound.

Before the power loom went into operation, from eight to sixteen cents per yard was paid for weaving. Now quite a good article can be purchased for less money.

But we will pursue this inquiry no farther. The change has come. Labor-saving machinery has entered every department of industry, and it will hold its place. It is the part of true wisdom for men to adapt themselves to this new order of things, that the blessings flowing from these great improvements may be secured.

Major John Moor

The Knight of Derryfield

A Fugitive Paper by Hon. Albert Moore Spear, Great-great-grandson of Major John Moor. Contributed by Mrs. Lina Moore McKenny.

The following excellent article, reprinted from "The Journal of American History," possesses especial interest to all descendants of the first families in our state.—*Editor.*

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim;
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.

"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmnred Warren's name.

Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep that sword,"—his accents broke—
A smile and he was dead;
But his withered hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.

The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless that sire
And the sword of Bunker Hill.

LIVING as we do, surrounded by a mighty civilization, occupying mountain, valley, hill and plain from sea to sea; traversing space with the speed of the winds; spanning the oceans with the palaces of the deep; sending messages with lightning; living amidst these glories of the twentieth century and the splendor of its opening days—little do we comprehend the sorrows and the woes of the dark days when homes were the clearings in the forest; sustenance the caprice of the season; music the bay of the roaming beasts; safety the mercy of the Indian's knife; hope the return of their patriotic brave.

It is of one who knew these hardships that I here relate—Major John Moor, whose bravery in the American Revolution won him promotion, and who as a captain in many battles in the French and Indian War blazed the path for civilization. The Moor family, of which Major John was a member, migrated from Scotland to Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, about the year 1616. From there they came to this country in 1718, and settled in New Hampshire. The "Town Papers of New Hampshire," volume 12, page 429, show that on June 21, 1722, John Moor and one hundred and seventeen others were granted a township which they had incorporated by the name of Londonderry, in honor of the county in Ireland from which they had emigrated. In religious belief they were Scotch Presbyterians. The name was originally spelled Moor, the letter e being omitted, but later generations adopted the present spelling.

The first record of the name is of one Samuel Moor, who married Deborah Butterfield and settled in Litchfield, then called Naticott, New Hampshire. They had six children, the second of whom was John. He was born November 28, 1731. He married Margaret (Peggy) Goffe, and settled in Manchester, New Hampshire, then called Derryfield. The family of Deborah Butterfield, the mother of our John Moor, came from a distinguished Norman family that arrived in England in the twelfth century, the head of the family being Robert de Buterville.

During the French and Indian War, when Colonel Johnson led 6,000 men against the French, New Hampshire furnished 500, one company being under Captain John Moor of Derryfield. On the twenty-sixth of August they arrived at Fort Edward, where Colonel Blanchard, with a regiment from New Hampshire, was left in charge of the fort. After this came the Battle of Lake George, in which the New England sharpshooters did valiant service. In the French and Indian War he won a reputation for courage and energy. After the conquest of Canada, he quietly settled down upon his farm at Cohas Brook.

When the alarm came in 1775, Captain John Moor of Derryfield led a company of forty-five men to Lexington. Upon arriving there he found that the British had retired into Boston. He marched to Cambridge, and on April twenty-fourth was commissioned by the Massachusetts Committee of Safety a captain in Stark's regiment.

John Moor's bravery at Bunker Hill makes him a hero whose name should be illuminated on the rolls of American chivalry. It was he who, with a few New Hampshire farmers, faced the Welsh Fusileers, the flower of the British Army, and the famous regiment that had fought with distinction at Minden, gaining the title of the "Prince of Wales Regiment."

It was on the morning of June 17, 1775. The American Revolutionists were inviting the king's soldiers to a test of arms, and, with the spectacular manœuvering of the Old World military pageants, the British warrors, veterans of many gallantly won battle-days, moved toward the audacious Yankee farmers with the precision and coolness of a dress parade, and with the confidence and fearlessness born of conflict with greater and more learned enemies, the grenadiers and light infantry marching in single file, twelve feet apart, the artillery advancing and thundering as it advanced, while five battalions, moving more slowly, approached the fence, breastwork, and redoubt, forming an oblique line. The best troops of Eng-

land assailed the New Hampshire line, doubtless expecting those half-armed provincials in home-spun clothes would fly before the nodding plumes and burnished arms of the light infantry and before the flashing bayonets and tall caps of the grenadiers.

Behind the fence, upon which they had placed grass to conceal themselves, lay, still as death, Captain John Moor and his men from Amoskeag, New Hampshire.

Now and then came a challenging shot from the brilliant British pageant, singing over their heads and cutting the boughs of the apple trees behind them.

Colonel Stark had planted a stake about eighty yards from the wall and fence, and had given orders to his men not to fire until the advancing line of the enemy should reach the stake.

On came the Welsh Fusileers, haughty and defiant. Still there came no response from the Yankee farmers.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The dead line had been crossed! Like a storm of thunder and lightning and lead there burst across their vision a mass of death-dealing flame, so intense, so continuous, so staggering, that the flower of England wavered, recoiled, and fell back repulsed.

Again and again they rallied to the attack, only to again and again back fall blinded, wounded and depleted. One by one the brave grenadiers and light infantry fell before the Amoskeag farmers. One by one the gallant officers staggered to the earth, until broken in heart the living broke ranks and fled in dismay before the musketry of the hunters from the New Hampshire forests.

And when the smoke had cleared, ninety-six lifeless red-coats lay before the feet of Captain John Moor and his daring patriots, and nearly every officer and aid of General Howe lay wounded or dead. It is not too much to assume that if the rest of the American lines had been defended with equal success the entire British force would have been driven from the hill or annihilated.

When the dead were counted, after the battle-day at Bunker Hill, Major McClary was among the lifeless, and Captain John Moor was called to the rank of major. He remained with the army for a few months, when the state of his wife's health obliged him to return to his farm. In the spring of 1777 Major Moor again enlisted among those of Derryfield, and retired from the army in 1778, when he removed to Norridgewock, at which place and North Anson, Me., he passed the remainder of his life.

Goffe Moor, son of John Moor, was also at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and was a drummer boy in his father's company. He was also a member of Captain Thomas McLaughlin's company in Stark's regiment, in October, 1775.

An examination of the New Hampshire records discloses that Major Moor was a man who stood well among his neighbors as a civilian. I find that he filled nearly all of the municipal and parish offices in the gift of his people before he left New Hampshire. As to his career after he came to Maine, I quote from "Allen's History of Norridgewock": "In 1780, Major John Moor, who had been an officer in the army, came to this place in his uniform with epaulettes and insignia of rank, and excited considerable attention by his dress and address. He had four sons, who came with him. Having lost his wife, he married Mrs. Eunice Weston (Eunice Farnsworth), the widow of Joseph Weston, the first settler in Canaan. He was a man of more than ordinary talents, was respected for his intelligence and activity, and was a useful citizen. A financial report of the town affairs, in 1791, was drawn up by him in a correct and business-like manner, and remains (1849) in the files of the town papers. When the militia in the vicinity was reorganized, he was chosen colonel, and was esteemed as an officer and gentleman. He was granted a large lot, on which North Anson Village is now situated, and died there in 1809."

Major Moor had no children from his second marriage. The tenderness of Major Moor is a prominent feature of the traditions concerning him.

The Battle of Bennington

By Dr. William O. Stillman

The following extracts are taken from an address delivered by Dr. Stillman before the New York Historical Association at its annual meeting in the court house at Lake George, August 16, 1904. The parts omitted consist mainly of his plea for a monument in New York state to commemorate the battle.—*Editor.*

TO-DAY is the anniversary of an heroic battle of the American Revolution, which marked the turning point in that memorable contest which has stood for so much in the annals of the world. For the first time the untried and untrained settlers, fighting for home and liberty, prevailed decisively against the veteran legions of Europe. Hitherto this had been deemed an impossibility. It is the conquering of such impossibilities which always brings glory.

As the result of the bloody conflict on the banks of the Walloomsac on that "memorable day," the Americans captured according to the statement of General Stark, their commander, in his report to General Gates, dated August 22, 1777, seven hundred prisoners (including the wounded) and counted two hundred and seven of enemy dead on the field of battle. Stark stated his own losses to have been "about forty wounded and thirty killed."

When we consider that Burgoyne gave one thousand and fifty as the total British force engaged in this battle under Cols. Baum and Brayman, and that the Americans captured or killed over nine hundred men, and seized several hundred muskets and all the British cannon, the overwhelming character of the victory is apparent. Its importance was, however, greater in its moral than in its immediate physical effects.

Lord George Germain, the British Minister in charge of the war in the States, characterized Burgoyne's raid toward Bennington as "fatal" to the English and pronounced it as "the cause of all the subsequent misfortunes." General Burgoyne, in his review of the evidence produced at at the inquiry before the House of Commons (see A State of the Expedition from Canada, as laid before the House of Commons, by Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, published London, 1780, page 108) indignantly denies the force of this charge, saying that in was "a common accident of war, independent of any general action, unattended by any loss that could affect the main strength of the army, and little more than a miscarriage of a foraging party." He scouts the idea that it could "have been fatal to a whole campaign." General Burgoyne seems to have forgotten that he had written to Lord George Germain, long before, a letter marked "private," from his camp at Saratoga, under date of August 20, 1777, in which he said, "In regard to the affair of Saintcoick (Walloomsac), . . . Had I succeeded, I should have affected a junction with St. Leger, and been now before Albany. . . . Had my instructions been followed . . . success would probably have ensued, misfortune would certainly have been avoided. I did not think it prudent, in the present crisis, to mark these circumstances to the public so strongly as I do in confidence to your Lordship." There is more to the same effect.

If this stroke of fortune brought consternation to the English it brought hope and happiness to the Colonists. "One more such stroke," said Washington when informed of the defeat of the royalists, "and we shall have no great cause for anxiety as to the future designs of Britain:" In writing Putnam he expressed the hope that New England would rise and crush Burgoyne's entire army. It is a curious instance of Washington's almost prophetic instinct that he had been longing for just this sort of a misfortune to seize the enemy, for on July 22, 1777, he had written to General Schuyler: "Could we be so happy as to cut off

one of his (Burgoyne's) detachments, supposing it should not exceed four, five or six hundred men, it would inspirit the people and do away much of their present anxiety. In such an event they would lose sight of past misfortunes, fly to arms and afford every aid in their power."

The battle on the Walloomsac aroused a patriotic furor throughout the states. Jefferson called it "the first link in the chain of successes which issued in the surrender at Saratoga."

Within three days General Schuyler wrote Stark: "The signal victory you have gained, and the severe loss the enemy have received, cannot fail of producing the most salutary results." Within a week the bells were ringing in Boston and Philadelphia, and the whole people devoutly gave thanks for this interposition of Divine protection. St. Leger, the British general beleaguering Fort Stanwix on the far off Mohawk, also heard of it, and in spite of his bloody victory at Oriskany Creek, slunk off to the St. Lawrence. His dream of conquest and of the occupancy of Albany was ended. The gifted Baroness Riedesel, in Burgoyne's camp wrote: "This unfortunate event paralyzed at once our operations."

The effect of this great victory, on the Continental soldiers, was marvelous. The brave and daring Vermont troops, under Cols. Warner and Herrick, were emboldened to attack the royalists at Lake George Landing, with the result that the vessels were captured which might have afforded Burgoyne's army escape to Canada. Recruits began to flock to the Federal army on the upper Hudson. The New England troops soon joined them. The British depots of supplies of provisions were sought out and raided. Gradually the condition of the king's army grew more and more desperate. A thousand men lost at Walloomsac reduced their forces from 7,000 to 6,000, and the 4,000 Continental soldiers facing them was rapidly increased under the benign influences of success to nearly 17,000 men (16,942 as given in General Gates' statement of October 16, 1777).

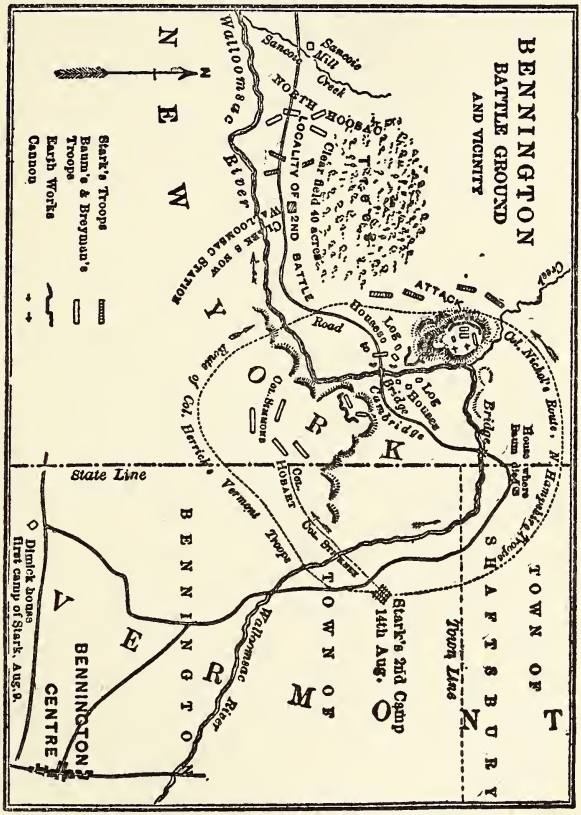
It will thus be seen that the battle on the Walloomsac was undoubtedly the turning point of British success in America. It gave the prestige and caused the delay of a month in Burgoyne's movements, which were necessary to make Gates' army strong enough to resist him. It made possible the great victory at Saratoga which determined the destinies of a continent and is ranked along with Marathon and Hastings as one of the fifteen great battles of the world.

* * * * * *

The naming of battles goes largely, like the naming of babies, by favor and accident. At the Bennington anniversary on the year following the contest, the occurrence was referred to by the secretary of the celebration as the "battle at Bennington," and it soon passed into history as such. Bennington was the nearest large settlement and the plans for defense centered there. There were no large towns near at hand in New York. Had a celebration been held near the scene of the strife in this state soon after this event, I doubt not it would have been christened the Battle of Walloomsac," just as Oriskany was named after the adjacent stream and Saratoga after the village close to which that fight occurred. It is a curious thing that neither Stark nor Burgoyne were accustomed to refer to the battle as that of Bennington. Stark several times characterized it, as I have indicated in the title selected for this address, as the "battle at Walloomsac," and Burgoyne more than once has referred to it as the "affair at Saint Coicks Mill," or plain "Saint Coicks," which was the spot where the first skirmish began and last fight ended.

While New Hampshire furnished the commanding general, the sagacious and brave Stark, and more than half the troops, Massachusetts and Vermont divided the remaining part not so very unequally between them. New York furnished the battle field and a very considerable

sprinkling of men besides. It should be borne in mind that every available man from that part of New York State was with the main American army before Burgoyne. Poor New York at this period was distracted. She was



being ground between the upper and nether millstones at Saratoga and New York. King George III, on July 20, 1764, by royal decree had declared that what is now Vermont was part of the Province of New York. Before that it had been by common consent considered a part of New

Hampshire. From 1765 to 1777 there had been a most bitter legal war, oftentimes threatening serious bloodshed, between the people of this section and the authorities in New York, who regarded the revolt against the King's grant as unwarranted. It was a sadly mixed quarrel with varying right and wrong on our part.*

On January 15, 1777, Vermont declared her independence and soon after adopted her present name, having first chosen New Connecticut, which was soon abandoned. She was therefore in a state of open rebellion against New York, and had declared herself a fourteenth State, which was not, however, as yet recognized by the other thirteen of the United States.

In spite of this New York treated her with marked consideration. Colonel Warner and his regiment of Vermonters, which were a regular part of the Continental army, were ordered by General Schuyler, of New York, to protect his home territory, in an order previous to July 14, 1777. On July 15, General Schuyler sent to Colonel Warner an order for clothing for his troops in Vermont, of which they were very much in need, and also $4,000 for their pay, which was all he could spare from his depleted treasury. On July 16, General Schuyler in writing Ira Allen, Secretary of the Vermont Council of Safety, stated that he had ordered Colonel Simmonds (who had some 400 or 500 men under him) from Massachusetts to his assistance. On the same date General Schuyler wrote to Colonel Warner, "I am this moment informed by Captain Fitch that the New Hampshire militia are marching to join me. It is (not) my intention, much as I am in want of troops, that they should come hither, as it would expose the country in that quarter to the depredations of the enemy. I therefore enclose you an order for them to join you." Thus the gallant Stark, whose name was even then a thing to conjure with, through

*See Vermont Grants, Vol. 5 of *Granite State Magazine.*

the generosity of New York's wise General, the noble Philip Schuyler, came to the rescue of Vermont and saved the day at Walloomsac. Local differences were forgotten in the desire for the common good. Stark and Warner soon after the battle joined the main continental army on the Hudson, The services of Col. John Williams and his party, from New York State, who offered their services to Vermont at the time of the fight should not be forgotten.

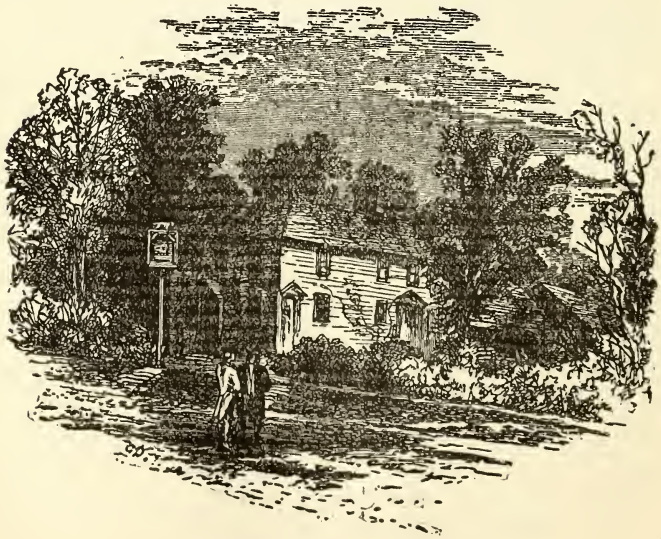
I have ventured to devote some little attention to the relation of New York to this famous battle, with an explanation of conditions which should make clearer the important part she played and the powerful forces which controlled and limited her action. Her position has been at times misunderstood if not misrepresented.

These were truly times which tried men's souls. The territory involved in the war was honeycombed with treachery and defection. A straw was liable to turn the tide either way at this pivotal moment. If Baum had retired on his reserves at the proper time it is doubtful whether Stark's forces could have overcome the enemy before Burgoyne had given reinforcements in force as promised.

If Baum's expedition had been delayed two or three days, Stark would in all probability have joined Schuyler and success would have crowned the British efforts. If Baum had pushed rapidly forward two days sooner, he would have found the patriots unprepared, have secured his provisions, and have completed his raid to Connecticut and Albany with success. St. Leger would not have been frightened off on the Mohawk, and Burgoyne would have forced his victorious march to Albany as anticipated. The destinies of a Continent were in the balance, and fortune and chance were playing a desperate game. Conditions were so bad that when the Vermont Council made its appeal to New Hampshire for assistance there was a perceptible chance of the entire state going over to the royalists. The Vermont Council used these significant

words: "Our good disposition to defend ourselves and make a frontier for your State with our own cannot be carried into execution without your assistance. Should you send immediate assistance we can help you, and should you neglect till we are put to the necessity of taking protection '(from the King's government)' you readily know it is in a moment out of our power to assist you." The die would have been cast. Vermont would have been obliged to have sworn allegiance to the English king or have been given over as the spoils of war to plunder. Sections had already accepted such protection.

Such was the condition of things when the battle on the Walloomsac was fought. Truly great events turn on small hinges. Shall we, the inheritors of the benefactions of these auspicious happenings, refuse to erect a monument in gratitude and patriotism to mark the spot where despotism in this favored land received a fatal blow and liberty became for our valiant sires something more than a hopeless dream.



CATAMOUNT TAVERN

Stark's Independent Command at Bennington

By Herbert D. Foster, with the Collaboration of Thomas W. Streeter

ON THE 18th of July, twelve days after the Americans abandoned Fort Ticonderoga, there was laid before the General Court of New Hampshire a vigorous appeal to aid "the defenceless inhabitants on the frontier" of Vermont, who "are heartily disposed to Defend their Liberties . . . and make a frontier for your State with their own." "You will naturally understand that when we cease to be a frontier your state must take it," was the shrewd hint with which Ira Allen closed his letter. Seldom has there been made a speech with clearer vision and more immediate and lasting effect than was made on that day by Speaker John Langdon. In four ringing sentences, he put "At the service of the State" his worldly goods of those days—"hard money," "plate," and "Tobago Rum." Then he added this prophecy:

"We can raise a brigade; and our friend Stark, who so nobly sustained the honor of our arms at Bunker's Hill, may safely be entrusted with the command, and we will check Burgoyne."

With this pledge and prophecy, New Hampshire began her share in the campaign which made Bennington and Saratoga possible. On that same day the first part of the prophecy was fulfilled by the election of John Stark as Brigadier General. Before a month had passed, "our friend Stark" had fulfilled the remainder; he had raised a brigade, and he had "checked Burgoyne" at Bennington.

How the Battle of Bennington was won is an interesting tale; but it has been told often and well, by the victors, by the vanquished, by the critics of both, and finally by the critics of one another. The object of this paper, therefore, is not to describe the battle, but rather to show how there came to be an American force at Bennington capable of fighting any battle.

A score of the participants in the battle, and more than a score of the participants in what we may venture to call the campaign of Bennington, have left us fragments of the story. These fragments, printed and unprinted, have been collected by the writers of this article and put together into a daily record from the pen of the participants—American, British, and German. These contestants reveal, in their sequence, the actions and motives of both parties in the struggle. Their combined daily record sheds somewhat more of the white light of truth, or at least the gray light of history, on the causes and results of Stark's Independent Command, which proved such a vital factor in the campaign. From the participants we may hope to glean a clearer and therefore juster idea of why the independent command was granted by New Hampshire; second, how it enabled Stark to carry out the sound strategy once planned by Schuyler, always approved by Washington, and fortunately insisted upon by Stark and the Vermont Council; and third, how it was regarded by Stark's fellow soldiers and citizens, by the Continental officers, and by Congress.

On the 18th of July, after John Langdon's speech, New Hampshire, under extraordinary circumstances took unusual action which gave rise to much discussion and criticism. The General Court appointed "the Hon^{ble} William Whipple Esq." and "the Hon^{bl} John Stark Esq." Brigadier Generals, and voted "that the said Brigadier Generals be always amenable for their conduct to the General Court or Committee of Safety for the time being." It is the omission that is significant: Stark was not made

"amenable" to Congress, to the officers of the Continental Army, or to continental regulations.

The reasons which led New Hampshire to give Stark this independent command are set forth clearly in an unpublished letter of Josiah Bartlett, written a month after the battle was fought. Bartlett was a member of the General Court which appointed Stark, and of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety which gave him his instructions; and after the Battle of Bennington, he was sent to advise Stark. Bartlett was also a Colonel in the New Hampshire militia, had twice represented his state in Congress, and later was to serve her as a Chief Justice and as Governor. Because of his intimate knowledge of state affairs, his wide experience, and his sound judgment, the following opinions are entitled to unusual confidence.

"I am much Surprized to hear the uneasiness Expressed by the Congress at the orders given him, [Stark] by this state; I think it must be owing to their not Knowing our Situation at that time. The Enemy appeared to be moving down to our frontiers and no man to oppose them but the militia and Col. Warners Regiment not Exceeding 150 men, and it was impossible to raise the militia to be under the Command of Gen^{ls} in whom they had no Confidence, and who might immediately call them to the Southward and leave their wives and families a prey to the enemy: and had Gen^{l} Starks gone to Stillwater agreable to orders; there would have been none to oppose Col Baum in carrying Gen^{l} Burgoine's orders into Execution: No State wishes more Earnestly to keep up the union than New Hampshire, but Surely Every State has a right to raise their militia for their own Defence against the Common Enemy and to put them under such Command as they shall think proper without giving just cause of uneasiness to the Congress. As to the State giving such orders to Gen^{l} Starks, because he had not the rank he thought himself entitled to, (which seems to be intimated) I can assure you is without foundation and I believe never

entered the mind of any of the Committee of Safety who gave the orders; however I hope by this time the Congress are convinced of the upright intentions of the State and the propriety of their conduct. . . ."

No more convincing statement of the reasons for granting the independent command could be given to-day. The only query is: do the facts substantiate Bartlett's statements as to the causes and results of the independent command?

The statement as to the lack of confidence in the generals of the Northern Department is only too amply substantiated. "The people are disgusted, disappointed and alarmed," wrote the New York Council of Safety on the 27th of July, to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety. To General Putnam even more explicitly they wrote: "The evacuation of Ticonderoga appears to the Council highly reprehensible . . . absurd and probably criminal." "I . . . agree with you," replied the Chairman of the New Hampshire Committee, "that the loss of Ticonderoga, in the manner it was left, has occasioned the loss of all confidence, among the people in these parts, in the general officers of that department." The investigations by Congress, the letters of Washington, John Adams, Samuel Adams, Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., Van Cortlandt, and of less known soldiers and civilians show that the distrust was deep and widespread. Schuyler himself, the commander of the Northern Department, finding himself at Fort Edward "at the head of a handful of men—not above fifteen hundred," and "the country in the deepest consternation," wrote to Washington: "what could induce the general officers to a step which has ruined our affairs in this quarter, God only knows." The loss of confidence was the more dangerous because known and reckoned on by the enemy. Philip Skene, Burgoyne's Tory adviser, wrote to Lord Dartmouth on the 15th of July: "The men want confidence in their officers and their Off^{rs} in their men." "The King," says Walpole, "on receiving the

account of taking Ticonderoga, ran into the Queen's room crying, 'I have beat them! beat all the Americans!'"

There may have been much prejudice and misunderstanding involved in the distrust of the general officers, and in the case of Schuyler there undoubtedly was, for he has been amply vindicated as a brave and capable officer accomplishing a thankless task under peculiarly difficult circumstances. The distrust was, however, so widespread and ineradicable, and the danger so pressing, that decisive measures had to be adopted.

With Stark's acceptance of an independent command, the situation changed at once. The enthusiasm was so great that the rapidity of recruiting and enlisting seems almost incredible. On the very day of Stark's appointment, Captain McConnell of Pembroke, a delegate to the Assembly, "engaged" for the service. The next day, the 19th of August, he, and Captain Bradford of Amherst and Captain Parker of New Ipswich, some sixty miles from Exeter, had recruited three companies of 221 men. The news swept up the Merrimack valley on Sunday the 20th of July, through Hudson and Hollis, Londonderry and Epsom, Loudon and Boscawen, to Salisbury, fifty-eight miles distant from Exeter, where Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel Webster, raised his company of fifty-four men.

"As soon as it was decided to raise volunteer companies and place them under the command of Gen. Stark, Col. Hutchins [delegate from Concord] mounted his horse, and travelling all night with all possible haste, reached Concord on Sabbath afternoon, before the close of public service. Dismounting at the meeting-house door, he walked up the aisle of the church while Mr. Walker was preaching. Mr. Walker paused in his sermon, and said—'Col. Hutchins, are you the bearer of any message?' 'Yes,' replied the Colonel: 'Gen. Burgoyne, with his army, is on his march to Albany. Gen. Stark has offered to take the command of the New Hampshire men: and, if we all turn

out, we can cut off Burgoyne's march.' Whereupon Rev. Mr. Walker said—'My hearers, those of you who are willing to go, better leave at once.' At which word all the men in the meeting-house rose and went out. Many immediately enlisted. The whole night was spent in preparation, and a company was ready to march next day." There must have been many similar scenes on that Sunday of recruiting, for before it ended seven companies of 419 men were enlisted.

On the third day of recruiting, seven more companies, numbering 390 men, volunteered under Captains from Chester and Pelham in the southeast; from Lyndeboro; and then, on the other side of the watershed, from Rindge, from Walpole and from Charlestown, one hundred and ten miles to the northwest on the Connecticut; and from Plymouth nearly as for distant on the northern frontier, Five more companies numbering 252 men, enlisted on the next day, the 22nd of July, under Captains from Hopkinton, Gilmanton, and Sanbornton in the Merrimack region, and from Gilsum and Chesterfield in the southwest in the Connecticut basin. On the 23d of July, two companies enlisted under Captains from Chesterfield in the southwestern corner and from Hanover on the northwestern frontier; and on the following day the last of the twenty-five companies was recruited.

In these six days of recruiting, from the 19th to the 24th of July, 1,492 officers and men had enlisted to serve under Stark, and many of them had already begun their march to join him. The number of volunteers is the more remarkable, if we remember that in the sparsely settled state, with its scattered hamlets, most of them settled in the last generation, there were only 15,436 polls, according to the returns of that year. This would mean that nearly one man in ten of a voting age volunteered. In many of the towns more than ten per cent. of the males over sixteen years old volunteered. In half a dozen towns taken at random in different sections of

the state, there enlisted on an average over fifteen per cent. In Chesterfield, out of 221 males over sixteen, twenty-one volunteered, or 9½ per cent.; in Hanover, 9.8 per cent.; in Concord, over ten per cent.; in Swanzey, 12 per cent.; in Candia, 25 per cent.; and in Salisbury under Captain Ebenezer Webster, forty-one men volunteered, or over 36 per cent. of the male population over sixteen years old.

Three facts explain this almost incredible swiftness of enlistment: first, the spreading of the news through the return of the delegates from the three days' session at Exeter; second, the payment of "advanced wages"; and third, the eagerness to enlist under Stark. The people, especially the militia, may have suggested such action and consequently may have been expecting some such news; this is at least a plausible hypothesis which makes intelligible the rapid enlistment immediately on the return of the representatives like Col. Hutchins of Concord, and Matthew Patten of Bedford. There were nearly 1,500 men like Thomas Mellen, who said: "I enlisted . . . as soon as I heard that Stark would accept the command of the state troops." The militia knew that Stark and the State of New Hampshire meant business, and they gave a business-like response.

The promptness of enlistment is matched and doubtless aided by Stark's characteristic rapidity of movement. On the 18th of July, Stark was appointed at Exeter. On the 19th, he received from the Chairman of the Committee of Safety, the following instructions;

"State of New Hampshire, Saturday, July 19th, 1777.

To Brigd Genl Jno Stark,—You are hereby required to repair to Charlestown, No 4, so as to be there by the 24th—Thursday next, to meet and confer with persons appointed by the Convention of the State of Vermont relative to the route of the Troops under your Command, their being supplied with provisions, and future operations—and when

the troops are collected at N° 4, you are to take the Command of them and march into the State of Vermont, and there act in conjunction with the Troops of that State, or any other of the States, or of the United States, or separately, as it shall appear Expedient to you for the protection of the People or the annoyance of the Enemy, and from time to time as occasion shall require, send Intelligence to the Gen[l] Assembly or Committee of Safety, of your operations, and the manoeuvers of the Enemy.

M. WEARE."

While his Brigade was enlisting, Stark was crossing the State to the appointed rendezvous at Charlestown on the Connecticut River. He probably kept his appointment there on the 24th of July; on the 25th he was certainly at a point only two or three days distant by post from Manchester, Vermont, and other letters would indicate that this point was Charlestown. On the 28th he "forwarded 250 men to their relief," that is to the Vermont militia at Manchester. On the 30th, he wrote from Charlestown: "I sent another detachment of [f] this day." For his swiftly gathering force, he had to provide "Kettles or utensils to cook our victuals as the Troops has not brought any," cannon and their carriages, bullets, and even "bullet moulds, as there is but one pair in town." As he prepared to cross into Vermont, he thoughtfully asked the New Hampshire Committee for "Rum . . . as there is none of that article in them parts where we are a going." By the 2d of August, two weeks after his appointment, "he had sent off from No. 4, 700 men to join Colo. Warner at Manchester," and intended to "follow them the next day (. . . Sunday) with 300 more; and had ordered the remainder to follow him as fast as they came into No. 4" [Charlestown]. His last recorded acts before leaving the state were provisions for the physical and spiritual welfare of his troops in letters from Charlestown on the 3d of August to his "Chirurgeon," "Doc[r] Solomon Chase" of

Cornish, and to the Brigade Chaplain, "Rev. Mr. Hibbard at Claremont," a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1772.

On the 6th of August, Stark was in the Green Mountains at Bromley, near Peru, Vermont, sending back word to Charlestown "to fix them cannon . . . for your defence . . . forward, with all convenient speed, all the rum and sugar . . . get all the cannon from Walpole." Swiftly as Stark and his brigade moved forward, he seems to have forgotten nothing necessary for the troops at the front or for those left behind to guard the stores. He was a "good provider" as well as a good fighter. The rum he secured from his friends; the cannon he captured from the enemy.

On the 7th of August, he had crossed the Green Mountains and joined Warner and General Lincoln at Manchester near the western border of Vermont. In twenty days Stark had more than fulfilled the first part of Langdon's prophecy—he had not only raised a brigade, he had also equipped his volunteers, and marched them across two states. Two days later, the 9th of August, he was at Bennington, where within a week he was to realize the remainder of Langdon's patriotic vision and "check Burgoyne." It is not surprising that this characteristic swiftness and energy of Stark attracted volunteers and infused hope and an entirely new spirit into the troops of all the region.

The contrast with Burgoyne's slow progress made Stark's rapidity seem the more striking. When Stark was appointed at Exeter, Burgoyne was at "Skeensborough House," on the present site of Whitehall, New York. By the time Stark had crossed New Hampshire and mustered his troops on the Connecticut River, Burgoyne had marched only twenty-eight miles southward to Fort Edward on the Hudson. While Stark was crossing Vermont, and organizing his brigade at Manchester and Bennington, Burgoyne and his army were delaying at Fort Edward where they remained until the 14th of August.

It was two weeks before the British army, hampered by the untiring efforts of Schuyler and by the difficulties of transportation, were able to advance seven miles down the Hudson to Fort Miller.

A clear understanding of the position of the combatants on the 7th of August is necessary to comprehend the later plans and movements. Of the American forces, on the 7th of August, Stark was at Manchester, Vermont, with Warner and Lincoln; Schuyler, who had been gradually withdrawing southward before Burgoyne's slow advance, had been since the 4th of August at Stillwater on the Hudson, "about twenty miles west of Bennington." The British forces were situated as follows: Burgoyne was at Fort Edward, twenty-five to thirty miles north of Schuyler; St. Leger, slowly moving down the Mohawk valley to join Burgoyne, had been delayed by the siege of Fort Stanwix, and on the 7th of August, the day after the battle of Oriskany, demanded the surrender of the Fort and received a sturdy refusal. Bearing in mind these positions of the four commanders on the 7th of August—Stark at Manchester, Schuyler at Stillwater, Burgoyne at Fort Edward, and St. Leger at Fort Stanwix—we are prepared to discuss Schuyler's two different plans of campaign, and the strategic value of Stark's independent command.

Schuyler, until the 4th of August had approved the plan of retaining troops at Manchester or Bennington to fall upon Burgoyne's rear. On the 15th of July he therefore sent reinforcements to Warner. Two days later, he ordered the Massachusetts militia "to march to the relief of Colo. Warner and put themselves under his command. He is in the vicinity of Bennington." The 19th of July, he urged the New Hampshire militia to "hasten your march to join" Warner who "has intelligence that a considerable body of the enemy will attempt to penetrate to Bennington." On the 29th of July, Schuyler sent General Benjamin Lincoln of Massachusestts "to take command on the Grants." In his letter of this date to Warner, Schuyler

expressed his hopes that "the Body under General Stark will be respectable"; and that General Lincoln . . . will be able to make a powerful diversion." His letter of the 16th of July to Warner is worth quoting in full as a clear exposition of Schuyler's original plan.

"Fort Edward, July 16, 1777.

To Colo Warner

Sir I am this moment informed by Capt Fitch that the New Hampshire Militia are marching to join me. It is not my intention, much as I am in want of troops, that they should come hither as it would expose the country in that quarter to the depredations of the Enemy: I therefore enclose you an order for them to join you if none are arrived, you will send express for them. I hope when they come you will be able, if not to attack the Enemy, at least to advance so near as to bring off the well affected and to secure the Malignants.

I am Sir

Your most hum: Serv

PH SCHUYLER"

Schuyler communicated this plan to Washington on the 21st and 22d of July and received the following approval of his measures:

"You intimate the propriety of having a body of men stationed somewhere about the Grants. The expediency of such a measure appears to me evident; for it would certainly make General Burgoyne very circumspect in his advances if it did not wholly prevent them. It would keep him in continual anxiety for his rear . . . and would serve many other valuable purposes."

Washington continued to urge the retention of troops on the Vermont border, even after Schuyler abandoned the plan. On the 16th of August, the very day when Stark's victory at Bennington demonstrated the wisdom of the advice of the Commander-in-Chief, Washington wrote to Governor Clinton of New York:

"From some expressions in a letter, which I have seen, written by General Lincoln to General Schuyler, I am led to infer, it is in contemplation to unite all the militia and continental troops in one body, and make an opposition wholly in front. If this is really the intention, I should think it a very ineligible plan. An enemy can always act with more vigor and effect, when they have nothing to apprehend for their flanks and rear, than when they have. . . . If a respectable body of men were to be stationed on the Grants, it would undoubtedly have the effects intimated above, would render it not a little difficult for General Burgoyne to keep the necessary communication open; and they would frequently afford opportunities of intercepting his convoys. . . . These reasons make it clearly my opinion, that a sufficient body of militia should always be reserved in a situation proper to answer these purposes. If there should be more collected, than is requisite for this use, the surplusage may with propriety be added to the main body of the army. I am not, however, so fully acquainted with every cicumstance, that ought to be taken into consideration, as to pretend to do anything more than to advise in the matter. Let those on the spot determine and act as appears to them most prudent."

Now it was exactly in accord with this sound and repeated advice of Washington, and in pursuance of the original plan of Schuyler himself, that Stark and the Vermont Council of Safety, "those on the spot," proposed to act. Schuyler, on the other hand, abandoned this plan of a flank attack, when he found the enemy pressing closer upon the main body of his own army. He thereupon ordered all the militia on the Vermont frontier to join him at Stillwater on the Hudson. Consequently, when Stark arrived at Manchester, Vermont, on the 7th of August, he found that his own brigade had, without his knowledge, been ordered to Stillwater and had begun their preparation for the march.

The first evidence of Schuyler's change of plan is on the 3d of August, the day when St. Leger appeared before Fort Stanwix or Schuyler. By that time, Schuyler was aware in general of this approach of hostile troops from the west down the Mohawk valley on his left flank. He also keenly realized that Burgoyne was "making every exertion to move down" the Hudson to attack the American center. Schuyler therefore on the 3d of August, "the generals having unanimously advised" him, fell back from Saratoga to Stillwater and on the next day called in the militia stationed in Vermont, on his right flank. On this 4th of August he wrote to Lincoln, who was then at Manchester:

"In all probability he [Burgoyne] has left nothing at Skenesborough, except what is so covered that it is not probable that your moving that way without artillery would give him any Alarm. I must desire you to march your whole Force, except Warner's Regiment and join me with all possible Dispatch."

Five days later, on the 9th of August, Schuyler asked the Vermont militia also to join him, as Burgoyne's "whole force is pointed this way" and as "there is no great probability that force will be sent your way until he shall have taken possession of this City" [Albany]. Schuyler writing from Albany was not well informed; he did not know that on the very day he wrote this, Baum received his instructions from Burgoyne and started on his march toward Bennington. Schuyler did not realize the effect of his own wise policy of devastation and obstruction of the country through which the British army had to pass. He was deceived by Burgoyne's pretence of a movement down the Hudson. He failed to put himself in Burgoyne's place and see that the British, retarded by the obstacles in their front and by the difficulty of getting stores from their rear, would naturally attempt by a flank movement to capture the horses, cattle, and provisions at Bennington, twenty-five miles away. It was "those on the spot," Stark

and the Vermont Council of Safety, who did realize both the likelihood of such an expedition and the possibilities of a counter-movement by the American militia stationed at Bennington.

The critical period of the campaign preceding the battle of Bennington is the week from the 7th to the 13th of August. In this week was decided the question whether the militia should all march to Stillwater, according to Schuyler's new plan; or whether they should remain on the Vermont border to execute the flank attack originally planned by Schuyler and advocated by Washington, Stark, and the Vermont Council. Within this week Stark arrived at Manchester, assumed command of his brigade and marched to Bennington; with the aid of the Vermont Committee of Safety, he convinced Schuyler and Lincoln that the militia should not march directly to Stillwater, but should rather prepare for the attack on the enemy's flank; therefore on the 13th of August, Stark was "on the spot" and ready to begin this attack when Baum appeared eighteen miles from Bennington. This question and its settlement are manifestly of supreme importance. Yet with all its importance the question of the plans and movements of all three generals has never been set forth with completeness in any one of the many accounts of the battle or the campaign. This can now be done in the light of documents recently printed or discovered.

By the 12th of August Schuyler appears reconverted to his original plan of attacking the enemy's flank and rear. The following explanation of the change is given in a sketch of Stark published the year of his death, in Farmer and Moore's Collections. This sketch of Stark was based on an account by Stark's son-in-law in N. H. Patriot, May 15, 1810, and on particulars given by Stark's oldest son Caleb, who had been an adjutant in the Northern army, and who after the battle had carried to his father a message from General Gates.

"General Schuyler opened a correspondence with Stark, and endeavored to prevail on him to come to the Sprouts. The latter gave him a detail of his intended operations, viz., to fall upon the rear of Burgoyne, to harrass and cut off his supplies. General Schuyler approved the plan and offered to furnish him with five or six hundred men more to carry it into execution."

The correspondence substantiates this statement; and indicates that Lincoln aided in bringing Stark and Schuyler into agreement on the basis of the original plan of a flank movement. From the 7th to the 10th of August, Lincoln was with Stark at Manchester and Bennington and corresponding with Schuyler. On the 12th, Lincoln was with Schuyler at Stillwater and wrote to Washington: "I am to return with the militia from the Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and the Grants, to the Northward, with a design to fall into the rear of Burgoyne." On the 14th, Lincoln wrote Stark from Half Moon, a few miles below Stillwater: "Your favor of yesterday's date, per express, I received on the road to this place. As the troops were not on the march, I am glad you detained them in Bennington. Our plan is adopted. I will bring with me camp kettles, Axes, ammunition and flints . . . You will please ts meet us, as proposed, on the morning of the 18th. If the enemy shall have possession of that place, and in your opinion it becomes improper for us to rendezvous there, you will be so good as to appoint another, and advise me of the place. . . ."

Finally, the statements of the Patriot article of 1810, and of Farmer and Moore's Sketch of 1822 are fully confirmed by the Trumbull Papers, published in 1902, and by an unprinted letter discovered in the present investigation. Schuyler transmitted to Lincoln on the 15th of August a letter received from Stark and added this endorsement: "You will see his determination and regulate yourself accordingly." "Gen. Lincoln is moved this day, with about 5 or 600 from our little army to fall in and co-oper-

ate with Starks," wrote Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., from Albany, on the 17th of August.

This plan of attacking Burgoyne's rear and flank from Vermont must have been discussed by Stark and Lincoln when they were together between the 7th and 10th of August. Schuyler's letters show that he reverted to this original plan between the 9th and 12th of August. Now this is just the time when Lincoln and Stark at Bennington were corresponding with Schuyler, and when Lincoln went in person from Stark to Schuyler. On the 12th of August, then, while Schuyler and Lincoln were together at Stillwater, Schuyler wrote to Warner a letter marked "secret":

"A movement is intended from here with part of the Army to fall in the enemy's rear. You will therefore march your regiment and such of the militia and ranging Companies as you can speedily collect to the Northern part of the Cambridge District in this state where the troops from hence will be there to join you, so as to be there on the 18th at farthest."

This gives the details of the plan which, as we have seen above, Lincoln communicated to Washington on the same day and from the same place. Further details of the same plan are given in Schuyler's letter of the following day, the 13th of August, to Lincoln:

"You will please to take command of the Troops that are now on the way from Bennington and march them to the East Side of Hudson's River to the Northern parts of Cambridge, where Col. Warner has orders to join you. Should you on your arrival at that place find it practicable, by coup de main, to make an Impression on any post the Enemy may occupy, you will, if there is a prospect of success, make the attempt."

To this same plan of a combined flank attack, Lincoln evidently referred in his letter of the 14th of August, quoted above, in which he wrote Stark:

"Our plan is adopted . . . meet us as proposed. . . . If the enemy shall have possession of that place . . . appoint another."

Finally, the agreement of the three generals on the plan is indicated in Schuyler's letter on the day of the battle of Bennington, the 16th day of August, to the Massachusetts council:

"Lincoln . . . was at ten this Morning at Half Moon . . . and is by my orders,—going to join General Stark and try to make a diversion and draw off the Attention of the enemy by marching to the Northern parts of Cambridge, Vt. [New York] . . . Happily I have assurances from General Stark that he will not hesitate to do what is required."

Unfortunately Schuyler and Lincoln agreed upon this flank attack too late to aid Stark in its execution. On the 16th of August they were still twenty miles away, on the banks of the Hudson, Schuyler planning "to make a Diversion and draw off the Attention of the enemy," and Lincoln just starting with 500 or 600 men—on the very day when Stark won the battle of Bennington, before reinforcements from the Continental army on the Hudson could reach him."

On the 9th of August, Stark marched to Bennington instead of proceeding directly to Stillwater. On the same day Burgoyne played into his hands by detaching Baum on the expedition toward Bennington to "try the affection of the Country; to disconcert the Councils of the Enemy . . . and obtain large supplies of Cattle, Horses & Carriages." On the day he received these instructions from Burgoyne, Baum marched from Fort Edward southward to Fort Miller. Two days later he set out from Fort Miller to Saratoga. The 12th, he moved from Saratoga to Battenkill, on the east side of the Hudson, and here halted to receive fresh instructions from Burgoyne. On the 13th, Baum slowly marched sixteen miles in twelve hours from Battenkill to Cambridge, which was on the direct road to

Bennington and only eighteen miles distant from it. On this day, "thirty provincials and fifty savages" of Baum's force came into collision with two small bodies of Americans and so gave warning of the nearness of the British. "Long before sunrise on the 14th," Baum's "little corps was under arms" with the "intention to march at once upon Bennington"; but he was delayed "at the farm . . . of Sankoik" on "the northern branch of the Hosac," where the retreating Americans had broken down the bridge. He therefore "bivouacked at the farm of Walamscott, about four miles from Sankoick, and three from Bennington." On the 15th, Baum finding his outposts again attacked, sent back for reinforcemeuts, and fortified a position on a height to the left of "the farm of Walamscott." A few sentences from the stirring "Account of the Battle of Bennington," by Glich, give a clear-cut picture of the engagement as viewed by the Germans from their intrenchments:

"The morning of the sixteenth rose beautifully serene. . . . Colonel Baume . . . some how or other persuaded to believe, that the armed bands, of whose approach he was warned, were loyalists . . . found himself attacked in front and flanked by thrice his number . . . whilst the very persons in whom he had trusted, and to whom he had given arms, lost no time in turuing them against him. . . . When the heads of the columns began to show themselves in rear of our right and left . . . the Indians . . . lost all confidence and fled . . . leaving us more than ever exposed. . . . An accident . . . exposed us, almost defenceless, to our fate. The solitary tumbril, which contained the whole of our spare ammunition, became ignited, and blew up. For a few seconds the scene which ensued defies all power of language to describe. The bayonet, the butt of the rifle, the sabre, the pike, were in full play, and men fell as they rarely fall in modern warfare, under the direct blows of their enemies. . . . Col. Baume, shot through the body by a rifle ball, fell mortally wounded, and all order and

discipline being lost, flight or submission was alone thought of."

From the letters of Baum and the picturesque account of Glich, we must turn, for the American story, to the terse dispatch of Stark to the New Hampshire authorities, written two days after the battle:

"The 13th I was inform'd that a party of Indians were at Cambridge . . . I detached Colo Gregg with 200 men under his command to stop their march. In the evening I had information by express that there was a large body of the enemy on their way with their field pieces. . . . The 14th I marched with my Brigade & a few of this States' Militia, to oppose them and to cover Gregg's retreat. . . . About four miles from the Town [Bennington] I accordingly met him on his return, and the Enemy in close pursuit of him, within half a mile of his rear. . . . I drew up my little army on an eminence in open view of their encampments, but could not bring them to an engagement. I marched back about a mile, and there encamp'd. . . . The 15th it rain'd all day; I sent out parties to harrass them.

"The 16th I was join'd by this States' Militia and those of Berkshire County; I divided my army into three Divisions, and sent Col. Nichols with 250 men on their rear of their left wing; Colo. Hendrick in the Rear of their right, with 300 men, order'd when join'd to attack the same.

"In the mean time I sent 300 men to oppose the Enemy's front, to draw their attention that way; Soon after I detach'd the Colonels Hubbart & Stickney on their right. wing with 200 men to attack that part, all which plans had their desired effect. Colo Nichols sent me word that he stood in need of a reinforcement, which I readily granted, consisting of 100 men, at which time he commenced the attack precisely at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which was followed by all the rest. I pushed forward the remainder with all speed; our people behaved with the greatest spirit & bravery imaginable: Had they been Alexanders or Charleses of Sweden, they could not have behaved better.

The action lasted two hours. . . . I rec[d] intelligence that there was a large reinforcement within two miles of us, on their march, which occasion'd us to renew our attack. But luckily for us Col[o] Warner's Regiment came up, which put a stop to their career. . . . We used their own cannon against them. . . . At Sunset we obliged them to beat a second retreat. . . .

"I have 1 Lieut. Col[o] since dead, 1 major, 7 Captains, 14 Lieut[s] 4 Ensigns, 2 Cornets, 1 Judge advocate, 1 Barron, 2 Canadian officers, 6 sergeants, 1 Aid-de-camp & seven hundred prisoners;—I almost forgot 1 Hessian Chaplain."

In his tactics on the battle field, Stark showed the same qualities he had displayed in the general strategy of the campaign—quick insight and decision, followed by deliberate and stubborn action. At Bennington, just as at Bunker Hill and Trenton, Stark was quick to see the importance of flank movements, and cool in carrying them out. He was "as active in attack as he had then been obstinate in defense." Because he had insisted on the plan of a flank movement in the campaign preceding the battle, Stark had a force on the spot ready to oppose Baum and "check Burgoyne."

The battle of Bennington was won by the militia of New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, under the command of Stark. As we have already seen, Lincoln was at Half Moon on the Hudson the day of the battle, and was not in time, therefore, to return and co-operate with Stark and Warner. Stark and his troops would likewise have been unable to return to Bennington, had he allowed them on the 7th of August to march to Stillwater as they had been ordered to do before he arrived at Manchester and "chose to command himself." That there was any respectable force at Bennington capable of offering resistance to Baum is due to the resolute good sense of Stark and of the Vermont Council of Safety, and to the terms of the independent command given Stark by the State

of New Hampshire. Had Schuyler's orders of the 4th and 9th of August to Lincoln and the Vermont Council been carried out, the militia would have been on the Hudson more than twenty miles away, when Baum approached Bennington. The facts, then, as told by the participants fully substantiate the statement of Josiah Bartlett quoted at the beginning of this paper:

"Had Gen[l] Starks gone to Stillwater agreable to orders; there would have been none to oppose Col. Baum in carrying Gen[l] Burgoyne's orders into Execution."

It is evident that Stark's fellow citizens and fellow soldiers of New Hampshire and Vermont understood the situation and had some substantial reasons for feeling that the independent command was justified both by the conditions which preceded it and by the results which followed.

The unfavorable judgment of General Lincoln and of the Continental Congress remains to be discussed. The usual statement is that Stark, on his arrival at Manchester, was ordered by Schuyler to march to Stillwatet and refused to do so. Two facts which seem to have escaped notice show this statement to be a somewhat misleading half-truth. In the first place, Schuyler's orders were not to Stark; they were transmitted directly by Lincoln to Stark's brigade of milita without Stark's knowledge. Second Stark eventually acted in harmony with Schuyler; he started to march to the appointed rendezvous at Cambridge on the 13th when he received word that the enemy were already there; and on the 16th of September he did march to Stillwater, but he marched via Bennington, and after carrying out the flank attack desired by both Schuyler and Washington.

Of the relations betweed Lincoln and Stark at Manchester, Vermont, on the 7th of August, we have three accounts: one by Lincoln in a letter to Schuyler transmitted by the latter to Congress; one in a letter by Captain Peter Clark of Stark's brigade; and a newspaper account, which appeared in Stark's lifetime, "collected from the

papers and conversations of the General by his son-in-law, B. F. Stickney, Esq." Stark's own account, contained in a letter written the 7th of August and acknowledged on the 12th by the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, cannot now be found. The nearest approach to Stark's story is therefore the version which appears to have been given by Stark to his family and published by his son-in-law in the *Concord Patriot*, May 15, 1810, twelve years before the general's death. This is also quoted verbatim in the "Biographical Sketch" published in the year of Stark's death in "Farmer and Moore's Collections," and stated by them to be based on particulars given by Stark's oldest son Caleb and his son-in-law, Stickney. This contemporary family account is as follows:

"He [Stark] found the advantage of his independent command immediately upon his arrival at Manchester, for the packs of his men were paraded as for a march. He enquired for the cause, and was informed Gen. Lincoln had been there and had ordered them off to the Sprouts, at the mouth of Mohawk river. He sought for, and found Lincoln, and demanded of him his authority for undertaking the command of his men. Lincoln said it was by order of General Schuyler. Stark desired him to tell Gen. Schuyler that he considered himself adequate to the command of his own men, and gave him copies of his commission and orders."

This family version is corroborated by the testimony of one of Stark's captains, Peter Clark, of Lyndeboro, New Hampshire, who wrote his wife as follows:

"Manchester [Vt.], August 6, 1777.

. . . We have made us tents with boards but this moment we have had orders to march for Bennington and leave them, and from thence we are to march for Albany to join the Continental Army, and try to stop Burgoyne in his career. . . .

August 7, 1777.

A few minutes after I finished my letter there was a considerable turn in affairs by reason of Gen.[l] Stark arriving in town. The orders we had for marching was given by General Lincoln—what passed between Lincoln and Stark is not known but by what we can gather together, Stark chooses to command himself. I expect we shall march for Bennington next Sabbath and where we shall go to from there I cannot tell."

It was entirely natural for Stark to "choose to command himself" the brigade which he had raised, and which he had been commissioned to command. It was also inevitable that the sturdy and quick tempered old Indian fighter should have felt affronted, when he found that his volunteer militia had been ordered off without his knowledge, and moreover that the order had been given by one of the men who had been made a major-general when Stark was passed over, the previous February, by Congress. Consequently, a strong personal feeling inevitably cropped out in the conversation between Lincoln and Stark; and this personal element was naturally emphasized in the following account sent by Lincoln to Schuyler.

"Bennington, Aug.[st] 8.[th] 1777.

Dear General

Yesterday Gen.[l] Stark from New Hampshire came into camp at Manchester—by his Instructions from that State It is at his option to Act in Conjunction with the Continental Armey or not. He seems to be exceedingly soured and thinks he hath been neglected and hath not had Justice done him by Congress—he is determined not to join the Continental Armey untill the Congress give him his Rank therein—his Claim is to command all the Officers he Commanded last Year as also all those who joined the Armey after him. Whether he will march his Troops to *Stillwater* or not I am quite at a loss to know—

but If he doth it is a fixed point with him to act there as a Seperate Chor and take no orders from any officer in the Northern Department saving your Honour for he saith they all were *Either Commanded by him the last year or joined the Armey after him* Its very unhappy that this matter by him is carried to so great a length especially at at (sic) time when Every exertion for our Common Safety is so absolutely Necessary I have Good Reason to believe if the State of New Hampshire were Informed of the Matter they would give New and Very different Instructions to Gen.[1] Starkes. The Troops from the Massachusetts are Collecting here I don't know what Number may be Expected. I suppose the Rear will be up tomorrow night at farthest I am Dear Sir with Regard and Esteam your most Obed.[t] Humble Servt B. Lincoln."

To Lincoln's letter Schuyler made immediate and tactful reply. "You will please to assure General Stark that I have acquainted Congress of his situation, and that I trust and entreat he will, on the present and alarming crisis, waive his right, as the greater the sacrifice he makes to his feelings, the greater will be the honor due to him." Lincoln forwarded this letter to Stark with the generous endorsement: "I can only subjoin my entreaties to his that you will not now, when every exertion for the common safety is necessary, suffer any consideration to prevent your affording him all the succour in your power."

These three letters of Lincoln and Schuyler constitute the evidence left by them as to any lack of harmony with Stark. There is no reference to it by Schuyler in his defence before the court martial; none by Stark after the missing letter of the 7th of August; and none by Washington in his correspondence. Stark and Schuyler knew and valued each other, and Lincoln acted honorably and tactfully.

We have already seen that Schuyler was reconverted to the plan of a flank attack and planned to send Lincoln

to aid Stark in carrying it out. Stark also on his part shared the readiness to co-operate with Lincoln and Schuyler in a flank movement toward the Hudson. He began his march before the battle of Bennington and completed it after winning the victory. On the 8th of August, Stark advanced half way to Stillwater, marching some twenty miles southwest from Manchester, Vermont, to Bennington. On the 13th, Stark was preparing to continue his march, apparently to Cambridge in pursuance of the plan agreed upon with Lincoln, when news came of the approach of Baum. On the 13th, says Captain Peter Clark, "the whole Brigade was paraded to march to Still Water and while under arms the General, received intelligence that there was a large body of the Enemy coming to destroy the stores at Bennington, whereupon the Brigade was dismissed." On receipt of Stark's letter of the same day, Lincoln replied: "As the troops were not on the march, I am glad you detained them in Bennington. . . . If the enemy have possession of that place . . . [i. e. Cambridge] appoint another." The credit for this wise delay at Bennington Stark generously gave to the Vermont Council of Safety, with whom he evidently acted in fullest harmony. Two days after the battle, he wrote to the *Hartford Courant* as follows:

"I received orders to march to Manchester and act in conjunction with Col. Warner. After my arrival at that place I received orders from Major General Lincoln pursuant to orders from General Schuyler, to march my whole brigade to Stillwater, and join the main army then under his command. At the same time requested the whole of the militia (by Gen. Schuyler's order) of the State of Vermont to join him and march to Stillwater as aforesaid. In obedience thereto I marched with my brigade to Bennington on my way to join him, leaving that part of the country almost naked to the ravage of the enemy. The Honorable the Council then sitting at Bennington were much against my marching with my Brigade, as it was raised on

their request, they apprehending great danger of the enemy's approaching to that place, which afterwards we found truly to be the case. They happily agreed to postpone giving orders to the militia to march."

Congress was not so well informed of the situation as were Schuyler and Lincoln and the Vermont Council. The action of Congress was therefore neither particularly intelligent nor timely. The letter of the 8th of August from Lincoln to Schuyler describing his meeting with Stark, already quoted above, was forwarded by Schuyler to Congress. Upon that body it made naturally an impression that was both unfavorable and false. The impression was unfavorable, since the letter so strongly emphasized the personal grievances of Stark and his criticism of Congress. The impression was false, because, while not stating definitely the reasons for the actions of of New Hampshire, the letter would give the casual or prejudiced reader the false idea that New Hampshire gave Stark the independent command because he felt he "hath not had justice done him by Congress." In justice to Lincoln it should be remembered that he wrote under personally irritating circumstances a personal letter intended for Schuyler and not for Congress. A more careful perusal of Lincoln's letter shows that it gives merely Stark's personal attitude; it was not intended to give and it did not give any indication of the reasons which led New Hampshire to give Stark his independent command. The cause of New Hampshire's action was not a private grievance, but a public necessity. To understand it we must turn from the personal grievance described by Lincoln to the facts testified to by Josiah Bartlett and now printed for the first time. Unfortunately it was upon Lincoln's letter that contemporary judgment of New Hampshire's action was based, and later writers have started from this false basis. The impression which that letter made upon a New Hampshire delegate in Congress is shown in the following shrewd comments appended by George Frost to a copy of

Lincoln's letter which he forwarded to the New Hampshire authorties.

"The foregoing letter was Sent by Gen.[l] Lincoln to Gen.[l] Schoyler and by P. Schoyler to Congress which is Very alarming to Congress that Gen.[l] Starkes should take Occasion to Resent any Supposed Affrunt by Congress to him when his Country lays at Stake. at the same time would take notis that we shall loos the benifet of our troops being put in the Continentall pay Except the Measures are alterd, and woud also observe he don't refuse to put himselfe under Gen.[l] Schoyler who is Recarled from that command and Congress has given the Command of the Armey to Gen.[l] Gates, w[ch] I suppose Gel. Starkes knew not of at that time. as to the promotion of Officers in the Armey the Congress went on a new plan agreaed on in Baltimore (at the Raising the as it Called Standing Armey) that Every State Should in Some measure have their proportion of Gen.[l] Officers according to the Troops they Raised by which Reason som officers was superseded or as they call affronted."

Under the misleading impression derived from Lincoln's letter to Schuyler, Congress on the 19th of August, three days after Stark's indendent instructions had enabled him to render effective aid "to the common cause," passed the following vote of censure, in complete ignorance of the victory at Bennington:

"*Resolved*, That a copy of general Lincoln's letter be forthwith transmitted to the council of New-Hampshire, and that they be informed, that the instructions which general Stark says he has received from them are destructive of military subordination and highly prejudicial to the common cause at this crisis; and therefore that they be desired to instruct general Stark to conform himself to the same rules which other general officers of the militia are subject to whenever they are called out at the expence of the United States."

In the debate on this resolution, the New Hampshire delegates defended her action, on the basis of reasons contained in a letter from Josiah Bartlett. "The militia of that State had lost all confidence in the General Officers who had the command at Tyconderoga . . . they would not turn out nor be commanded by such officers; the preservation of the lives of the inhabitants on our frontiers . . . made such orders at that critical time absolutely necessary; we were not about to justify General Stark for making a demand of rank in the army at that critical time, but we well knew he had a great deal to say for himself on that head, and had . . . distinguished himself, while others were advanced over his head. . . . We informed Congress that we had not the least doubt but the first battle they heard of from the North would be fought by Stark and the troops commanded by him. . . . Judge of our feelings, when the very next day we had a confirmation of what we had asserted by an express from General Schuyler giving an Account of the victory obtained by General Stark and the troops under his command. We believe this circumstance only will make those easy who have been trying to raise a dust in Congress."

The vote of censure by Congress was certainly ill-timed; probably it would have never been proposed had Congress waited one day longer. On the 4th of October, Congress was better informed and passed a vote that was more generous and more just.

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of Congress be presented to general Stark of the New-Hampshire militia, and the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and successful attack upon, and signal victory over, the enemy in their lines at Bennington; and that brigadier Stark be appointed a brigadier general in the army of the United States."

The New Hampshire instructions to Stark were doubtless in theory "destructive of military subordination"; but "military subordination" had to yield to the more imper-

ative necessity of a military force capable of "the preservation of the lives of the inhabitants on our frontiers." At that memorable three days' session in July, 1777, the members of the New Hampshire General Court and of the Committee of Safety were confronted, not with a question of rank, but with the far more vital one of self-preservation. They knew that a brigade could not be raised in face of the universal loss of confidence in the generals of the Northern Department, and of the fear that any militia would be called to the "southward," away from the threatened frontier. They had been summoned in extra session not in response to calls for continental troops but to answer the cry of distress from their Vermont neighbors. They knew that men would volunteer promptly to serve under Stark and that he was admirably fitted by nature and experience to manage such a volunteer militia unhampered by restrictions. They therefore left it to his discretion whether he should join with continental troops or not.

The peculiar instructions giving Stark an independent command seem admirably adapted to meet the peculiar exigencies of the situation. That they were so adapted is proven by the results which followed. Stark's independent command enabled him, first, to recruit a brigade of 1,492 officers and men in six days, and to move forward at once, knowing his volunteers would follow without hesitation; second, to insist on a flank attack, based on sound strategy; third, to reconvert Schuyler to this sound strategy; fourth, to co-operate with militia from Vermont and Massachusetts in retaining at Bennington a force sufficient to check Baum and win the battle of Bennington; and finally to restore confidence and then to march with victorious troops to Stillwater and Saratoga.

Without the independent command, the presence of Stark and his brigade at Bennington was an impossibility. Without Stark and his brigade, the victory at Bennington was impossible. Without Bennington, who can say what a difference there might have been at Saratoga? It is

unnecessary to enlarge upon the importance of the Battle of Bennington; it has been recognized from that day to this by both American and British contestants and historians. It is enough to refer to Washington's estimate of what he called "the great stroke struck by Gen. Stark near Bennington"; and to the judgment of the latest and most epigrammatic of the English historians of the Revolution: "Bennington . . . proved to be the turning point of the Saratoga campaign which was the turning point of the war." To one who examines carefully the records of that day or the judgments of this, Stark's independent command appears a turning point not only in a decisive battle, but also in a decisive campaign, and in an epoch-making movement. To the sober second thought of his day or of ours, Stark's independent command seems warranted by its deep-seated causes and justified by its far-reaching results.

We have followed the story of Stark's campaign as told by participants and contemporaries. It is a tale of swift preparation, strategic delay, and intrepid attack.

Stark "chose to command himself" the army which he had raised himself; but he felt he acted in accord with Schuyler, as well as in fulfillment of the terms of his independent command. The responsibility for granting that command must be shared by the public sentiment which demanded it, the General Court which voted it, and the general who accepted it. The credit for the sound judgment which led to the wise delay at Bennington must be given to Stark and the Vermont Council of Safety. The final accord in plans is due to the wise and eventually harmonious action of Schuyler of New York, and Lincoln of Massachusetts, as well as of Stark of New Hampshire and Warner of Vermont. Schuyler and Stark supplemented each other admirably both in personal characteristics and in manner of conducting a campaign; Lincoln helped to prevent a rupture between them; the Berkshire militia and Parson Allen were just in time for the fighting on which

they insisted; Warner and the Vermont men and supplies and especially the timely reinforcements against Breyman were essential to both the campaign and the final engagement. The final result was so creditable that there was credit enough for all concerned. The plans and preparations of Schuyler and the Vermont Council were essential to Stark's opportunity; Stark's power to take advantage of that opportunity was due to his independent command.

Stark's independent command was in historic harmony with the unfortunate but inevitable conditions which he had to meet; with the task he had to perform; and with the characteristics of the man and his contemporaries. Personal independence and self-assertiveness were the distinguishing characteristics of the frontiersman and Indian fighter, and of his troops whom he so aptly described as "undisciplined freemen . . . men that had not learned the art of submission, nor had they been trained to the art of war." These were also the distinctive characteristics of the frontier life of colonial New Hampshire and Vermont, and of the period of the Revolution. The conditions which necessitated the independent command are much to be regretted; but so also are the conditions which necessitated the Revolution.

The Bennington campaign brings out sharply the strength and weakness of the Revolutionary era, when the newly born American nation was passionately devoted to the idea of liberty, but had not yet learned to understand and love the idea of union. It was in the next generation that a son of one of Stark's captains knit the two ideas together and kindled men's imaginations with the conception of "liberty and union."

In its illustration of the temper of the Revolution lies perhaps the chief value of this story, told by the men of that day, of their month of swift and triumphant compaign, from the 18th of July at Exeter when Speaker John Langdon gave his pledge and prophecy, to the 16th of August when General John Stark fulfilled the prophecy and "checked Burgoyne."

Reminiscence of General Stark

An extract from the diary of Elder James Randall, written in August, 1807.

AUGUST seventh, I arrived at Derryfield, N. H., and dined with General Stark, the Revolutionary patriot, whose name as a hero will ever be dear to Americans. We had much conversation on the subject of religion.

The interview was very interesting to me. I availed myself of the privilege of opening my mind freely, and labored much to show the general my views of the way of salvation, and of the necessity of regeneration. The general, being affected with the remarks, exclaimed, "You are not what formalists and bigots call a Christian!" "And," continued he, "If it were not for four things, which those called Christians hold, namely, anarchy, avarice, superstition, and tradition I should be a Christian." "Why, sir," I replied, "I hate all those things, and yet I am a Christian." The general, in a flood of tears, exclaimed, "God bless you! God bless you! God bless you!" and said, "I am an old man of eighty years, and shall stay here but a little while, but my wife is younger than I, and will probably outlive me,* and I shall charge her and my son ever to receive you and treat you respectfully."

I thanked him, and gave him the parting hand, but not without shedding some tears.

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*Mrs. Stark died in 1815.

General John Stark

By Robert R. Law

This article, as well as "The Battle of Bennington" and "Stark's Independent Command at Bennington," was prepared for and published by The New York State Historical Society. It was written in 1904.—*Editor.*

THE colonists fought the battle of Bennington according to the plans and under the immediate direction of Gen. John Stark. To him history has rightfully given the credit for the success which crowned their efforts, that memorable 16th of August, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago. His name and that of Bennington are united in the minds of all students of history, and to understand the success of the Americans in that famous engagement, one must know John Stark.

What was the character,—the mental and moral qualities—of this pioneer, patriot and partisan leader?

To understand that character, rugged, strong and natural as his own New Hampshire mountains, it is necessary to examine his heredity, environment and training, and those manifestations of his beliefs, and of his likes and dislikes, which were evidenced by his acts and words in the various crises of his life.

It is not my purpose in this paper to give a connected detailed and exhaustive account of General Stark, but rather, by selected characteristic incidents and utterances, make you acquainted with his personality.

The principle which dominated his life was a sturdy and unbending independence, happily tempered by strong common sense and a devotion to duty.

When Congress in the Spring of 1777 failed to give Stark the recognition he believed his services merited,

that spirit of independence led him to resign his commission and return to his home, declaring that an officer who would not maintain his rank and assert his own rights, could not be trusted to vindicate those of his country. Yet, at the same time, his devotion to the cause of freedom impelled him to fit out and send to the front all the members of his family who were old enough to join the army.

This trait of his character, independence, was again manifested, when having accepted the command of the militia, in the summer of 1777, on condition that he should be accountable only to the authorities of New Hampshire, he refused to obey the order of General Lincoln and join Schuyler west of the Hudson. The result at Bennington justified his act of insubordination, and proved both his loyalty and his military wisdom.

This independence, amounting in youth to intolerance of restraint, at the time of the battle of Bennington, had been tempered by the experience of years. He then lacked but a few days of being forty-nine years old, having been born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 28, 1728. This attribute of character was his natural possession, both by heredity and environment.

Tacitus says of the inhabitants of ancient Germany, that their love of liberty was so strong that such a thing as obedience was unknown among them. They chose a leader or war chief by universal suffrage, but each individual reserved the right to be master of his own conduct.

It is known that in 1495, the Duchess of Burgundy, widow of Charles the Bold, sent a body of German soldiers to invade England in support of the claim of one of the pretenders to the throne of Henry VII. The invaders were defeated, and those who survived fled to Scotland and were protected by the Scottish king. Among the German soldiers who remained in Scotland were men named Stark, and they are supposed to be the ancestors of General Stark. Be that as it may, his father Archibald Stark, a

native of Glasgow and a graduate of her university, holding religious views differing from those of the reigning monarch, James the First, emigrated with others of like belief, to Londonderry in Ireland.

After a few years' residence there, becoming dissatisfied with the institution of tithes and rents, these Scotch-Irish Presbyterians sought the greater freedom of the New World. They landed in Maine and made their way to the then frontier, establishing a settlement which they named Londonderry, in memory of their place of abode in Ireland.

With such heredity, restiveness under restraint might be expected; and in addition to that, Stark's early life and associations were such as to inspire him with a feeling of self-confidence, and the habit of mind of forming and executing his own plans, rather than of accepting blindly the directions of others. Thc home of his youth was on the outskirts of the settlements, in constant danger of Indian forays, and where his mother often stood guard with a rifle while the men were working in the fields.*

When he was twenty-four years of age, he was captured by the St. Francis Indians, and won the hearts of his captors by his fearlessness and resource. When made to run the gantlet, he snatched a club from the nearest warrior in the line and laid about him so lustily, that he escaped with little injury, and left many tokens of his prowess on the persons of the Indians, to the great amusement of the old men of the tribe who were spectators. When put at the squaw's work hoeing corn, he cut up the plants and left the weeds, and finally threw the hoe in the

*This statement is not literally true, for while this section of the frontier was frequently threatened with an attack from the Indians, no actual danger came to the settlers about Amoskeag Falls, where the Starks lived. This was due, however, mainly to the vigor with which these sturdy pioneers waged their warfare elsewhere. It may not be out of place to remark that rifles were not in use in the early days of Stark.—*Editor.*

river, thus showing the Indians that he possessed the true idea of the dignity of a warrior, and he was made chief of the tribe.

His early military training was such as to develop and strengthen his love of independent action.

Robert Rogers, the famous leader of the rangers, selected Stark as one of the lieutenants of his company, when it was organized in 1755, for service in the French and Indian War. This was a compliment to the young lieutenant's strength, endurance, woodcraft and fidelity, for none were enlisted in that chosen band but those who knew the woods, and who could be trusted with entire confidence in any situation.

Stark's company was stationed at Fort Edward when the French under Baron Dieskau and the English under Gen. William Johnson fought the battle near this place, September 8, 1755, which resulted in the defeat of the French. Other results of the battle were the death of Col. Ephraim Williams, founder of Williams College, whose monument can be seen in the defile south of this village; the attaching of the names French Mountain and Bloody Pond to familiar features of the landscape, and the title of baronet to Sir William Johnson.

This battle closed the campaign, and Stark saw no more active service till 1757. On January 15, of that year, Major Robert Rogers, with a company of seventy-four rangers, Stark being present as first lieutenant, left their station at Fort Edward and marched to Fort William Henry, where they spent two days preparing snowshoes and provisions for an excursion to Ticonderoga. On the 17th they proceeded down Lake George on the ice, camping that night on the east shore near what is now known as Pearl Point. The weather was so severe and the traveling so difficult that it took the party the next three days to reach a point three miles from Lake Champlain. The next day, January 21, they reached that lake halfway between Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Seeing some

sleds advancing over the ice in the distance, Rogers pursued them and took several prisoners, from whom he learned there was a large force of French and Indians at Ticonderoga. Knowing those who escaped would give the enemy intelligence of his approach, and that an immediate attack would follow, Major Rogers gave orders to his men to retreat as quickly as possible to the place they had occupied the night before, where the fires were still burning, and where they could dry their guns, as it was raining.

After the custom of the rangers, they commenced the march in single file, Rogers in front, Stark in the rear. Suddenly, after a mile had been traversed, on ascending a hill, they found themselves face to face with two hundred men drawn up in the form of a crescent. The straggling line of rangers was not twenty feet from the enemy when they received the first fire. Rogers was soon wounded, and the command devolved upon Stark, who rallied the men and held off the enemy. When some of his men proposed retreat, he threatened to shoot the first man who attempted it; when his gunlock was shattered by a bullet, he sprang forward and wrenched a gun from the dying grasp of a Frenchman, who was shot through the body, and renewed the battle. Thus they continued to fight in snow four feet deep, until the cold January night came on, and the enemy withdrew. Then the retreat of the Rangers began, and at dawn they had reached Lake George. It was impossible for the wounded to go farther on foot, and Stark, with two men, proceeded on snowshoes to Fort William Henry, over the ice, reaching there at evening.

Without stopping to rest, he started back, with a sleigh and a small reinforcing party, reaching his men the next morning, and bringing the party to the fort that evening.

After having marched and fought all one day, then retreated all one night, he travelled on foot and over snow and ice, without stopping to rest, one hundred and twenty

miles in less than forty hours. As a feat of endurance alone, it has seldom been equalled.

In the month of March, 1757, Captain Stark, who was, in the absence of Major Rogers, in command of the rangers at Fort William Henry, gave evidence of his shrewdness and vigilance. While going the rounds the night before St. Patrick's Day, he heard some of the rangers planning to celebrate the occasion. There were many Irish among the regular troops, as well as among the rangers, and Stark foresaw the danger to which the post would be exposed at the close of the day, spent in excess and intoxication.

He therefore gave orders to the sutler that no spirituous liquors should be issued to his rangers, except on written orders signed by himself, and when applied to for those orders he pleaded a lameness of the wrist as an excuse for not giving them. Thus the evening of St. Patrick's Day found the rangers sober, though the regulars had celebrated in the usual way. The French knowing the Irish custom calculated that the garrison would be in no condition to defend the fort, and made a night attack, but were repulsed by John Stark and his ready rangers.

In 1758, Captain Stark in command of a company of Major Rogers' rangers, was a part of that army of 16,000 men who under General Abercrombie and the brilliant Lord Howe, made the disastrous campaign against the French at Ticonderoga.

Ten thousand American and 6,000 English regular soldiers, gathered at Fort Gage, south of this village; their camp extending to the base of the mountains and covering all the level land; and on the evening of July 4 of that year all the stores were loaded into the boats which lined the beach at the head of the lake. At sunrise Saturday, July 5, 1758, the army sailed for the north. There were 900 bateaux, or flat-bottom boats, over thirty feet long, 135 whale boats, besides many large flat-bottomed boats for artillery. The English regular soldiers with their scarlet

coats were in the center, the Americans in blue, when uniformed at all, on either side. It was a beautiful mid-summer day, and Lake George has never before or since seen so imposing a pageant.

With flags flying, bugles and bagpipes playing, it was all the pomp and circumstances of glorious war. When the last boat left the shore, the foremost had reached Diamond Island, and the intervening water seemed entirely covered. When the Narrows was reached and it became necessary to stretch out into lines, the flotilla extended over a space of six miles. Late in the afternoon they reached a point on the west shore where a landing was made, and from whence they left at an early hour Sabbath morning for Ticonderoga. This landing place was called by them Sabbath Day Point, which name it retains to this day. That night Lord Howe called Captain Stark to his tent and learned from him all he knew of Ticonderoga and its surroundings.

Of the death of Lord Howe at the first volley; of the indecision and bad management of General Abercrombie, or "Mrs. Nabby Cromby," as he was derisively called by his men; of the useless sacrifice of life and the failure of the expedition, it is not necessary to speak, except to say that the rangers were the first to advance and the last to retreat, justifying in every respect the confidence reposed in them.

When news of the conflict at Concord and Lexington was received, Stark was at work in his sawmill. Without waiting to go home to put on a coat, he jumped upon a horse, sending word to his wife to forward his regimentals to Medford, and in ten minutes' time was on his way to the front, arousing volunteers at every farmhouse and hamlet. During the years following the French and Indian War, he had been active and and influential in urging upon the people of his colony the necessity of military preparation, and the guns at Lexington found him ready for action.

One of the most prominent features of Stark's life is the absolute confidence reposed in him by his soldiers.

The rangers in border conflict, the militia behind the rail fence at Bunker Hill, his men leading the attack at Trenton or storming the battery at Bennington, followed Stark with an unhesitating obedience and a devoted loyalty. He was a plain, blunt man, but they knew his bravery, they believed in his military skill. When General Gage was asked at Boston if the Americans would stand the assault of the royal troops, he replied they would if one John Stark were among them, for he was a brave fellow, and had served under him at Lake George in 1758 and 1759.

His rule of military action was that battles were won by fighting, yet was his zeal tempered by prudence and forethought. When urged to move the men of his regiment forward faster at Bunker Hill, he refused to do so, saying, "one fresh man in battle is better than ten who are fatigued;" and when his men were in line and eager to attack, he made them reserve their fire "until they could see the enemies' gaiters." But when Washington was planning his desperate attack upon Trenton, Colonel Stark's advice in council was, "Your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades and pick for safety, but if you ever mean to establish the independence of the United States you must teach them to rely upon firearms." And to the fighting parson at Bennington who complained of inaction, he said, "If the Lord will once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come out again." And his remark later on the same day, in reference to the possible widowhood of Molly Stark, not only made a very worthy woman forever famous in American history, but displayed in an emphatic way, the keynote of Stark's character as a fighting man.

Whether his mind had received the proper training for the grand strategy of war, and the management of large

masses of troops, may be an open question; but in battle where the combatants were within his view, and under the conditions of warfare existing at that day he was a matchless leader.

In person General Stark was of medium height, well proportioned, was smoothly shaven, and of a thoughtful and somewhat severe expression of countenance. In youth he was noted for strength, activity, and ability to endure fatigue.

With these few strokes I have endeavored to draw a portrait of the American leader at Bennington.

Of his subsequent services in the War of the Revolution, I shall say little.

As general in charge of the Northern department, with headquarters at Albany, in 1778, he was a faithful officer; as Washington's representative in New England in 1779 and 1780, soliciting recruits and supplies, the confidence placed in him by the people made success assured; as commander-in-chief of the Northern department in 1781, with headquarters at Saratoga, he restored order and made life and property safe, where before it had been at the mercy of bands of plunderers; and when the war was over he returned to his modest New Hampshire home, honored by all his countrymen, a true Cincinnatus, though as might be expected from our study of his character, a bitter opponent of the Order of the Cincinnati.

His private life was simple and above reproach. He was considered stern and unbending. In the heat of the action at Bunker Hill, it was reported to Stark that his son was killed. He remarked to the person who brought the information that it was no time to talk of private affairs, when the enemy was in front.

Happily the report was untrue, but it illustrates the spirit of the man.

There was another and a tender side to his nature, evidenced by his great love of pets, and by his habitual use of nicknames. He bestowed one of the latter upon each

member of his family, and thus his wife Elizabeth became Molly.

She died when the general was eighty-four years of age. At her funeral the minister in his remarks referred to the general in a complimentary manner. Rapping sharply upon the floor with his cane, the old warrior said, "Tut, tut, no more of that an it please you." And as the funeral procession left the house, too feeble to accompany it, he tottered into his room, saying sadly, "Good bye, Molly, we sup no more together on earth."

Ten years later, on the 8th of March, 1822, at the age of ninety-four, John Stark died. Above the grave of this brave, honest, incorruptible patriot, on the banks of the Merrimack, which he loved so well, stands a fitting monument, a plain shaft of New Hampshire granite, with the simple inscription:

"MAJOR-GENERAL STARK."

Recollections of the Old Hanover Street Church

Extracts from a Paper by Deacon John Kimball

The following article was furnished by Mr. Francis B. Eaton a few years ago, with the succeeding note: "In my younger days, when old Derryfield was emerging from its chrysalis state, we country people mostly had formed opinions as to the condition of things here and hereabout not much higher than we might have had for the cities of the plain, Sodom and Gomorah. The Parker murder seemed to cap the climax. Mr. Kimball's paper of local interest shows some good New England influences at work in in the foundation of our Queen City of today, and that all was not then so black as it was painted." The author of the "Recollections" was for some time President of the Central Congregational Club of New Hampshire, and the article was read before one of its meetings.—*Editor.*

SIXTY years ago I left my country home in Boscawen and took up my abode in this city. My mother had heard Dr. Wallace preach at a series of meetings held in that town. She earnestly requested me on leaving to be sure to become a regular attendant at the Hanover Street Church under his pastoral care. On the Sunday after my arrival I went to the old church situated nearer Elm Street, then the new church. On entering I was met by Mr. Moulton, the sexton. I informed him I had come to stay awhile and wanted a regular seat. He replied that he would find a seat for me that day and during the week would see if he could secure a regular seat. On the second Sunday I was shown into a pew occupied by an old gentleman and his family. His name was Eben Foster. The pew was the first on the east end of the church next to the pulpit. Mrs. Foster had a sister living in Boscawen, who was an intimate friend of my mother. In order to properly engage in the service it became neces-

sary to procure a Hymn Book, which I found at a bookstore on Elm street. I had my name printed in gold letters on the cover. I have carefully kept the book until this time. It is what is known as "Watts's Select." In the first part is Psalms, numbering 150, just the same number as is in the Bible,—written by Dr. Isaac Watts, who has written about 600 Psalms and hymns. Many of them are in use to-day. Dr. Watts was a dissenting clergyman and preached in the city of London about the year 1700. Later he changed to Southhampton. One morning he looked over the arm of the sea which separates the mainland from the Isle of Wight, and beholding its beauty he wrote:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between."

Next in the book were Books I, II and III. Later, at the end, were added, "Select Hymns" by different authors, which were inserted to keep the book "up to date."

I had a friend who desired a seat with me. He was from Gilmanton, and as Dr. Wallace prepared for the ministry at the seminary there my friend had known of him. His name was Nehemiah Sleeper Bean. I am glad to know that his respected son is a prominent member of this society.

I had another friend who attended the same church. He occupied a seat in the choir and played a brass instrument to assist in the music. He was from Canterbury, and his father was a deacon in the church there under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Patrick. His name was Thomas Ham. He died last year in Laconia, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

To digress a little, Mr. Patrick was a Scotch-Irish minister from Londonderry. He used "Watts's Select" in his church in Canterbury, and always commenced the ser-

vice in the forenoon by saying, "Let us commence the worship of God this morning by singing to his praise —— Psalm." In the afternoon he would say, "Let us resume the worship of God this afternoon in the use of —— Hymn of the Selection." During a visit to Constantinople, in 1895, I met his granddaughter, Miss Mary Patrick, a native of Canterbury, who is the distinguished president of the American College for Girls at Scutari. At the installation of President Hadley of Yale College, a few years ago, Miss Patrick was honored by occupying a seat on the platform with the other presidents of American colleges.

I occasionally attended evening meetings, which were held in southwest corner of the church. There was no chapel, as the stove which was used for heating the church was located there. Generally there were not more than twenty or thirty present. Deacon Hiram Brown was usually there. He was a man easily approached and always had a kind word for strangers. He was the first mayor of the city. The last time I met him was in the city of Washington, where he had charge of the grounds around the Executive Mansion during the administration of President Johnson. He gave me a cordial greeting. Another brother was Deacon Baldwin, who generally took charge of the meetings. Had I met him in Canterbury, I should have supposed he would be classed as a Freewill Baptist. When the spirit of the meeting would lag a little, the deacon would sing a hymn commencing,

"Come blooming youth and seek the truth and on to glory go," etc.

He was an earnest, loyal deacon.

On entering the church and walking up the east aisle, I passed the pew of Samuel D. Bell, who was a constant attendant. He was afterwards chief justice of the Supreme court of the state. One of the prominent men who was a constant worshiper was Robert Reed, agent of the Amoskeag Company, a particular friend of the pastor,

also David Gillis, agent of the Manchester Mills, and William G. Means, father of the late Charles T. Means. His voice was frequently heard in the prayer-meetings. I was particularly pleased with Mr. Means, because he was the paymaster on the Amoskeag, where I met him every four weeks. I early made the acquaintance of Frederick Smyth. He was prominent in all church matters. I retained friendly relations with him in the numerous public positions to which he was afterwards called. I was selected to act as one of the bearers at his burial.

During my residence in the city, I met a friend and relative, who attended the Hanover Street Church. She, too, came from Canterbury. Subsequently she became the wife of Dr. William W. Brown. Of her history you are all well informed. She left her property to support the Children's Home.

I will mention only one more, Brother Charles Hutchinson, in whose family I resided. Mrs. Hutchinson was a decided Methodist, so to make all harmonious they attended the Hanover Street Church in the forenoon and the Methodist Church in the afternoon. It was Mr. Hutchinson who invited me to join a Sunday-school class. I was introduced to Mr. Payson, who was a teacher in one of the public schools. His class was in the gallery. Mr. Payson said I must provide myself with a copy of "Bane's Notes on the Gospels," and a question book to match. (Quarterlies were not in use then.) I found Mr. Payson to be an excellent teacher. In all my sixty years of Sunday-school life, I never knew a better.

During my stay in Manchester, I became strongly attached to Dr. Wallace. He frequently preached in the South Church in Concord, where he always met with a cordial welcome.

Notes From an Old-Time History

AMONG the American geographies and gazetteers of a hundred years ago, that by the Rev. Jedidiah Morse, a native of Wethersfield, Conn., and for many years a resident of Charlestown, Mass., for a quarter of a century stood at the head. A reader of one of these old-time books finds many interesting comparisons with our present situations. Some of its statements are somewhat startling, for example, where it says in speaking of the rivers and bridges of the state that "A bridge has been erected over Amoskeag falls 656 feet in length and 80 feet wide, supported by five piers. And what is remarkable, this bridge was rendered passable for travelers in 57 days after it was begun."

The history mentions as the principal towns of the state at that time, 1804, the following, with their population: Portsmouth, 5,339; Exeter, 1,727; Concord, 2,052; Dover, 2,042; Durham, 1,126; Amherst, 2,150; Keene, 1,646; Charlestown 1,364; Haverhill, 805; Plymouth, 743.

There was no Manchester in the state at that time, and Derryfield had not risen to sufficient importance to find honorable mention.

Portsmouth is described as the principal town in the state, it being situated about two miles from the sea on the south side of the Piscataqua river. It contained 500 houses and nearly as many other buildings. In a brief sketch of Concord it says: "Concord is a pleasant, flourishing town. The general court of late has commonly held sessions there, and from its central situation and a thriving back country it will probably become the permanent seat of government. Much of the trading of the upper Coos centers in the town."

Speaking of trade and manufacture it says that the inhabitants in the southwestern section of the state generally carried their producte to Boston. In the middle and northern section, as far as the lower Coos, they trade at Portsmouth. Above the Lower Coos there were no convenient roads direct to the seacoast. The people on the upper branches of the Saco river found their nearest market at Portland, in the district of Maine, and thither the inhabitants of upper Coos have generally carried their produce. some have gone in the other direction to New York markets. The people in the country generally manufactured their own clothing and considerable quantities of tow cloth for exportation. The other manufactures were pot and pearl ashes, maple sugar, bricks and pottery and some iron, not sufficient, however, for home consumption, though it might be made an article of exportation.

It is worthy of statement that the eldest son of this pioneer of historians in our country, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, artist and inventor, for some time in his early manhood was a resident of Manchester, and the reader is referred to the article in this volume of "The Art and Artists of Manchester."

The Old Crown Point Road

An Historical Address Delivered by the Hon. Albin S. Burbank at Cavendish, Vt., September 17, 1909, at the Dedication by the D. A. R. of a Memorial to the Memory of the Builders of this Great Military Highway in 1759-60.

While not coming within the territory of New Hampshire our state had then and later a decided interest in the old road running from her outpost on the Connecticut River, Old Number Four, to those important defences on the shores of Lake Champlain, Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point. These last places, together with Fort William Henry at Lake George, had been built at great expense and must be maintained in order for the British to hold their supremacy of the American continent against their allied foes, the French and Amerinds. The need of this road had been seen through the earlier stages of the Seven Years' War, when it had been found so difficult to unite with sufficient ease and celerity the forces of New England and the west.

Accordingly the task, greater for its day than now seems evident, was begun in 1759, and two New Hampshire men, Col. John Goffe and Capt. John Stark, were selected to take charge of the construction of the two divisions of the road. The way, practically a bee-line between its objective points, was built on the high lands and avoided the swamps. The wisdom of its projectors was quickly shown, and it became one of the prime factors in determining the result of the long and arduous struggle. It seemed like the irony of fate that this highway should prove the means of the downfall in this country of its military builders, in less than a score of years. Without this road it is doubtful if Gen. John Stark could have rallied and marched his men across the province of the Green Mountains in season to have made his heroic and victorious stand at Bennington in the darkest hour of the Revolution.

The President of the day, Hon. Gilbert A. Davis, in his introductory remarks at the unveiling of the tablet at Springfield, Vt., says aptly. "The building of this road was no insignificant event, but an enterprise of great national importance. We do well to honor it and mark its location, as

has been done from the Connecticut River along its line up into Weathersfield. Unless this road had been built, perhaps George Washington, General Stark, Ethan Allen, and thousands of others . . . men whom we justly regard as patriots and heroes, would have been classed as rebels and traitors; the Declaration of American Independence would have been regarded as a crime and a blunder."—*Editor.*

THIS is historic ground and has been trodden by many thousand soldiers in those early days. There is a tradition that the cannon captured by Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga were taken to Boston over this route, but we are unable at this late day to verify the legend. In order that we may better understand the necessity for this road (which was a great undertaking for those days) I shall recall some points in the early history of the Colonies, and take up some of the important events connected therewith, giving prominence to Number Four, which was so intimately connected with the road.

At the end of Queen Anne's War in 1713, there was no English settlement or lodgement on the Connecticut River above Greenfield, then "Green River Farms," a district of Deerfield. In 1714 Northfield became permanently established as the frontier town. During the Father Rales War of 1722-25, which was mainly a rising of some of the Indian tribes, led by the Jesuit priest and backed by the French governor, Vaudrieul, the outpost was advanced up the west side of the river above Northfield with the erection of Fort Dummer, now Brattleboro.

With the close of that war Fort Dummer became a truck house for trading with the then peaceful Indians coming down from Canada, and soon a slender settlement of traders grew up about it. This was the pioneer settlement of the upper valley of the Connecticut. It was the nucleus of Brattleboro, chartered and named some years later, the first English township in what is now Vermont. It remained the only upper valley settlement until about 1740. Fort Dummer was erected by the province of Massachusetts for the protection of the northwestern frontier of

Massachusetts and Connecticut. It was ordered to be garrisoned by forty able men (English) and western Mohawk Indians. The site of the fort is in the southeastern portion of the town of Brattleboro, still known as Dummer's meadows. It was built under the supervision of Col. John Stoddard of Northampton. Lieut. Timothy Dwight had immediate charge of the work and was the first commander of the fort. He was an ancestor of President Timothy Dwight of Yale. The fort was built on what was known as the equivalent lands, which were four parcels of unoccupied tracts along the west banks of the river between the present limits of Brattleboro, Dummerston and Putney, 107,793 acres in all, which Massachusetts had transferred to Connecticut in settlement of colonial lines. Afterwards Connecticut granted them back to Massachusetts. Thirty years later these townships (complaining of Massachusetts taxation) again of their own motion shifted back to Connecticut. Shortly afterward Connecticut sold them at public vendue and gave the proceeds to Yale College; they brought a little more than a farthing per acre. The purchase fell to four Massachusetts men; these were Willlam Dummer, lieutenant-governor of the province, William Brattle of Cambridge, and Anthony Stoddard and John White of Boston,—hence the name of the fort for the governor and the town for the Cambridge man. The fort was a stout structure built of yellow pine and thought to be proof against ordinary assaults, but in October following its completion (1724) it was attacked by Indians and four or five of the garrison killed or wounded. Subsequently a stockade was built around it, composed of stout square hewn timbers twelve feet long, set upright in the ground, inclosing an acre and a half. This and Number Four erected later were the chief military outposts until the conquest of Canada.

In 1740 three families from Lunenburg, Mass., began the east side settlement of Number Four, which later became Charlestown, and in 1743 a fort was erected. Capt.

Phineas Stephens was early there, and became the hero of Number Four. He was a soldier of exeptional ability and skill, and was familiar with the methods of Indian warfare, having in his youth been a captive of the St. Francis tribe, taken with his brother at Rutland, Mass., during a raid of Father Rales war. Late in March, 1746, having been employed elsewhere, he returned with forty-nine men to Number Four, which was now a plantation of nine or ten families, to save the fort from falling into the hands of the enemy, and arrived just in time, for a force of French and Indians under Ensign de Niverville was close upon it. On the 19th of April and in May and June there were assaults by the Indians, and in July the fort was besieged for two days. Throughout the rest of the summer it was blockaded. In August the enemy destroyed all the horses, cattle, and hogs in the settlement, and then withdrew. Number Four was evacuated and lay deserted until March, 1747, when Captain Stevens again returned with thirty rangers. He found the fort uninjured and received a joyous welcome from two inmates—an old spaniel and a cat left at the evacuation. On the 4th of April a body of trained French soldiers and Indian warriors appeared, variously estimated at from four to seven hundred; then followed the siege which lasted for five days. But Captain Stevens and his men stood firm, and although the enemy endeavored to fire the fort, they were unsuccessful. Finally at a parley the French commander promised if the men would lay down their arms and march out; their lives would be spared, otherwise he would set the fort on fire and run over the top of it. Assembling his men, the captain put it to vote whether to fight on or to capitulate. All to a man voted to stand it out as long as they had life. About noon of the fifth day, the enemy proposed if the besieged would sell them provisions they would leave and not fight any more. To this the captain replied he would not sell them provisions for money, but if they would send in a captive for every five bushels of corn he would supply them. Soon after a few

guns were fired and the enemy withdrew. So ended the remarkable battle of 700 against 30. Of the enemy many were slain, but the besieged had none killed and only two wounded An express carried the news to Boston, and Captain Stevens' gallant defense won the admiration, expressed in the gift of an elegant sword, of Sir Charles Knowles of the British navy, then in Boston, whose name was subsequently bestowed on the settlement at Charlestown.

Number Four, as the outermost post with no settlement within 40 miles of it, again bore the brunt of war through the troubled period of 1754 to 1760, and suffered many hardships. It received the first hard shock of the outbreak when in August, 1754, a band of Indians burst into the house of Capt. James Johnson, siezed the seven inmates and hurried them all off to Canada. The story of the adventures and sufferings as told in Mrs. Johnson's narrative is familiar to many of us.

In 1755 the Indians came swooping down the valley again. About midsummer news came that 500 Indians were collecting in Canada to exterminate the whole white population on the river. The settlers were attacked at different times at Walpole and Bellows Falls, and twice at Hinsdale. While the assault at Walpole was the last by the Indians in force, roaming bands continued to infest the frontier towns till the close of the war. In the spring of 1757, a band of French and Indians came again upon Charlestown, and attacking the settlers carried five to Canada and there sold them into slavery as usual, only two surviving their captivity. After the spring of 1757, Number Four was under the jurisdiction of the king's officers. The fort was the rendezvous of various colonial regiments and a headquarters of rangers.

In 1755 France was in possession of Canada; and the western shore of Lake Champlain, with Fort Carrillon at Ticonderoga and Fort Frederick at Crown Point, were also garrisoned by 200 French regulars, 700 Canadians and 600

Indians; the French also had settlements in Louisiana. The English occupied the country south of Canada and west to the Ohio river; Boston was the headquarters and seat of the provincial government for the Massachusetts colonies. England and France, aside from European complications, had cause enough for war on this continent, France having colonized Canada and Louisiana while England had established colonies in between, which separated the French settlements. To connect the latter, and to exclude England from the great fur trade of the interior, France began to erect a series of military posts from the Niagara river to the mouth of the Mississippi. This action was naturally resented by the English and her American colonists, and in 1755 the conflict began by an attack on the French forts in the Ohio valley. George Washington himself fired the first hostile shot in this, the French and Indian War, at a place about forty miles from where the city of Pittsburg, Pa., now stands, and the fight was on between the French and English to see which should have supremacy on this continent. The French enlisted some of the Indian tribes as allies through the influence of the Jesuit priests, and practised many barbarities. They gave the Indians a bounty on the captives they brought in alive, and sold them as slaves to the French residents of Montreal and vicinity. In some cases the captives were held for ransom, and sometimes when the price came it was held and the prisoners not liberated. The war had been continued from 1755 to 1758, the campaign for the latter year had been very successful for the English, and their power was steadily waxing as that of the French waned. Several leading tribes of Indians joined the Six Nations in treaties of neutrality with the English. Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, a brilliant and effective officer, had succeeded to the command of the English forces, displacing the incompetent Lord Loudon. In the early summer of 1759 three great campaigns were arranged by the English, by one of which General Amherst was to proceed against Ticonderoga

and Crown Point and invade Canada by the northern route. He accordingly advanced against Ticonderoga, when the French destroyed the fort and retreated to Fort Frederick at Crown Point. Amherst followed and the French fled to an island in the northern part of Lake Champlain. Thus the whole country around Lake Champlain fell into the hands of the English.

This brings us to the time of building this road. General Amherst wanted men and supplies for his advance upon Montreal. Number Four was the rendezvous for troops enlisted in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the road was necessary. The then unoccupied territory north of the Massachusett line and between the Connecticut and Hudson rivers was constantly crossed and recrossed by armed parties of whites and marauding Indians. It was a vast unguarded frontier, unsafe and liable at any time to be overrun by savage foes, for which reason what is now Vermont was not sooner settled and occupied by the whites.

In January, 1727-1728, the general court of Boston authorized an exploration of the country between the northern frontiers and Canada. One party was to discover that part lying between the Connecticut river and Lake Champlain. Later traders had explored by the old Indian trail by way of what is now Springfield, Weathersfield, Cavendish, Ludlow and Plymouth, thence across the mountains by Otter Creek to Lake Champlain. This was the route usually taken by Indians coming down to the truck house at Fort Dummer.

The diary of a journey made in 1730, by a trader, James Cross of Deerfield, describing the course of the trail and the country about it, was laid before the government. The journal read as follows:

"*Monday ye 27th April, 1730.* At about 12 of ye clocke we left Fort Dummer and travailed that day three miles and lay down that night by West River which is distant 3 miles from Fort Dummer. Notabene, I travailed with 12 Canada Mohawks that drank to great excess at ye fort

and killed a Skatacook Indian in their drunken condition that came to smoke with them.

Tuesday. We travailed upon the great river (Connecticut) about ten miles. We kept ye same course upon ye Great River, traveled about 10 miles and eat a drowned Buck that night. We travailed upon ye Great River within 2 miles of ye Great Falls (Bellows Falls) in said River then went upon land to ye Black River above Great Falls. Went up that river and lodged about a mile and a half from the mouth of Black River which days travel we judged was about 10 miles.

Friday. We cross Black River at Falls (now Springfield Village) afterwards through ye woods Nor-Northwest. Then cross Black River again about 17 miles above our first crossing. Afterwards travel ye same course and pitched our tents on ye homeward side of Black River.

Saturday. We crossed Black River and left a great mountain on ye right hand and another on ye left (Ludlow). Keep a N. W. Course till we pitch our tent after 11 miles travail by a brook which we called a branch of Black River.

Sabbath Day. We travailed to Black River at ye 3 islands between which and a large pond we past ye Black River and enter a mountain (in Plymouth) that afforded us a prospect of ye place of Fort Dummer. Soon after we enter a descending country and travail till we reach Arthur Creek (Otter Creek) in a descending land. In this days travail which is 21 miles we came upon 7 brooks which ran a S. W. Course at ye north end of said mountain; from Black River to Arthur Creek we judged it is 25 miles.

Monday. Made Canoes.

Tuesday. Hindered travailing by rain. We go in our canoes upon Arthur Creek till we meet 2 great falls (probably Centre Rutland and Proctor) said river is very black and deep and surrounded with good land to ye extremity of our prospect. This days travail 35 miles.

Thursday. We sail 40 miles on Arthur Creek. We meet with great falls (Middlebury) and a little above them we meet two other pretty large falls (at Weybridge) and about 10 miles we meet other large falls (probably Vergennes). We carried our canoe by these falls and came to ye Lake."

The following resolution was passed by the House of Representatives of Massachusetts on the 10th day of March, 1756: "Whereas, it is of great importance that a thorough knowledge be had of the distance and practica-

bility of a communication between Number Four, on the Connecticut River and Crown Point, and that the course down the Otter Creek shall be known, therefore; Voted that his Excellency, the Governor, be and he is hereby desired, as soon as may be, to appoint fourteen men upon the service; seven of them to go from said Number Four, direct course, to Crown Point to measure the distance and gain what knowledge they can of the country, and the other seven to go from Number Four to Otter Creek, aforesaid, and down said Creek to Lake Champlain, observing the true course of said Creek, its depth of water, what falls there are in it and also the soil on each side thereof and what growth of wood are near it. Each party of said men to keep a journal of their proceedings and observations and lay the same, on their return, before this court. They to observe all such directions as they may require from his excellency.

"One man in each party is to be a skillful surveyor and the persons allowance made them by the court for their services."

Col. Israel Williams of Hatfield was particularly charged with this duty. It was also proposed to build a strong fort on the height of land between Black River and Otter Creek. A military post was therefore deemed important, as it would furnish an opportunity to prevent the advance of the enemy from Lake Champlain, facilitate operations against Crown Point, and afford a safe retreat for scouting parties from the Connecticut River.

In the following summer Lord Loudon took similar steps for a military road from the Connecticut, and obtained from Colonel Williams a topographical sketch of the country and reports from the scouting officers, but owing to the number of hostile Indians infesting the region, no further attempt was made at that time to build either the fort or the road.

In the spring of 1759, Capt. John Stark, having enlisted a new company, returned to Fort Edward and was

present under General Amherst at the reduction of Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point. After the surrender of Fort Frederick he was ordered by the general with a force of 200 rangers to construct a road through the wilderness from Crown Point to Number Four on the Connecticut. A good wagon road was built from Crown Point to Otter Creek and Colonel Hawks cut a bridle path thence over the mountains, but for some reason did not complete the work. The road commenced at Chimney Point, a short distance from Crown Point, in what is now the town of Addison. An older branch of this road and the only one traveled prior to 1759 (probably an old Indian trail) passed through Centre Rutland northerly to what is now Proctor, following nearly the west Proctor road and the present road in Pittsford west of the Otter Creek, crossing the Hubbardton road, from Pittsford railroad station about a mile west of the present West Creek road, continuing northerly to Breese's mills, thence to Crown Point.

The eastern end of the road, between Number Four and the mountains, was built in the summer of 1760, one hundred and forty-nine years ago. The work was done by Col. John Goffe and his renewed regiment of eight hundred New Hampshire men. They had first opened a road from the Merrimack River towards the Connecticut, clearing a mere bridle path as far as Keene, N. H., and arrived at Number Four in June. Crossing the river, they first built a block house close by the ferry landing and enclosed it in palisades as a protection in case of trouble. They were 44 or 45 days in cutting the road to the mountains where it hit the bridle path cut by Colonel Hawks the year previous. At every mile they set up a post, and twenty-six of these posts had been placed when the mountains were reached. Their baggage was carried on ox-teams as far as the mountains, then pack horses were used. Such was the speed with which the work was dispatched that Colonel Goffe's regiment was able to participate in the final expedition against Montreal in September, 1760.

While on this work an epidemic broke out among the soldiers employed, and several died; their bodies were buried at a spot east of the line of the road, in Springfield. The block house at the river, the land adjoining, and two of the king's boats used as a ferry, were given by General Amherst to Luxford Goodwin in payment for carrying a packet to General Murray at Quebec. All but a small part of the road through Springfield was discontinued as early as 1826.

The road was built from a point on the river not far from where the Cheshire bridge is now located, just skirting the southern point of Skitchewaug mountain running north by west through Springfield.

Many provincial leaders who took part in the French and English war on the English side afterwards became famous in the war of the Revolution on the American side, notably George Washington, Israel Putnam, John Stark and John Hawks; Benjamin Franklin was also major of militia under the king, but found military life not to his taste and resigned.

Henry W. Herrick

The Appreciation of a Former Student

By Alice Donlevy

IN THE field of art and education in the United States, Henry W. Herrick was a Pioneer. He paved the way for giving an honorable profession to women of talent and culture.

Mr. Herrick had moral courage. He braved public opinion. In word and in deed went forward against the influence of the artists and engravers of this country in behalf of women. True, there were some exceptions among painters and publishers, and some celebrities of that time who respected the sacrifice of "business interests" made by Mr. Herrick when he taught women to engrave on wood.

The prejudice then against women engravers was parallel to the prejudice now against the Japanese. "Keep them out, else they will interfere with our bread and butter." This was the cry then against woman's higher art education, as it is now against the Japanese.

He was a fine teacher, judging by the standards of to-day. Judging by the standards of fifty years ago, he was a wonderful teacher. He preached then what Hartley, the sculptor, says to-day in his "Art Lectures to Art Schools," viz.: If you intend the fullest expression of humanity that art can give, draw from Life; not simply models who are sitting still for you, but draw men, women and children who do not know you are drawing them."

Mr. Herrick made his pupils feel that he was a good man, a refined American, a public-spirited citizen, and a Defender of the Faith in Human Progress. His manner

and habits were conservative. His aims for women were radical. His influence was ideal.

He became acquainted with Horace Greeley, the founder of the *New York Tribune* during the first World's Fair in New York city. Later, they used to meet at the exhibitions of the American Institute Fair, then a great event every year in city life.

They had great respect for each other. Horace Greeley had the same magnetic effect on Mr. Herrick that he had on many men. Mr. Greeley had a winning smile and real coaxing, compelling eyes when he chose to exert an influence. He exerted that influence on Mr. Herrick so the concession was made of admitting me as a pupil of the School of Design under age. The rules drawn up by Mr. Herrick and the lady managers required the students to be fourteen years of age.

The majority of the students were mature women who acted as protectors to the few pretty young ladies who were learning to draw or engrave on wood, or were preparing to teach.

All the students had a background of culture. Miss Mary Macready was afterwards one of the founders of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York city (where they have had drawing classes for years). Miss Katherine Ireland became a very successful teacher of history. Miss Jessie Curtis who Linton (when he came to this country as the greatest engraver on wood) said drew children more tenderly, more expressively, than any other artist. (Her later drawings bore her married name, Shepherd.) Ada C. Thompson* was the first teacher of drawing from Nature in the public schools of New York city. Some of the Board of Education came to consult Mr. Herrick, requesting him to select a good looking student, capable of interesting the pupils of all grades in

*Mrs. S. S. Carpenter.

the public school. They said they wanted a lady who had some knowledge of literature and some taste in dress.

Among the pupils were the southern young ladies, Misses Henrietta and Virginia Granbery, who for many years have been constant exhibitors at the National Academy of Design. Both taught drawing in important schools; one in the Packer Institute of Brooklyn.

Miss Elizabeth Clement Field and Miss Annie Tooker were both pupils of Mr. Herrick during all the time of his connection with the School of Design. He came three times a week for two hours. It was Mr. Herrick's plan to appoint Miss Field and Miss Tooker as all-day teachers, ready to teach those who needed instruction and to receive orders for engraving on wood, to collect the money, to pay each engraver, deducting a commission to add to the funds of the school to help pay expenses. Besides this, Mr. Herrick asked Mrs. Corinne B. Nye, a native Canadian lady, who came from a highly cultured family and was an art collector with a fine library and an income, to represent the school whenever necessary. She went with Miss Field to publishers and business firms. Mrs. Nye was older than Mr. Herrick. He treated her with beautiful deference, though he criticised her drawing very severely. She had studied with good English artists, and Mr. Herrick knew she could stand more criticism than the other students who had not received her early advantages.

He asked Mrs. Nye to look after me, so she took me to art exhibitions and artists' studios and to scenes of natural beauty and pointed out the places most suitable for landscape drawing from nature. She lent me whatever books Mr. Herrick recommended.

Miss Gulielma Field was my tutor in engraving on wood. I sat on her bench with three others under her tuition.

In short, Mr. Herrick knew how to cultivate a sense of public spirit among women. He knew how to choose his assistant teachers. He always co-operated with the

lady managers in any plan for the betterment of the school and the necessary education of public opinion.

Henry W. Herrick was a master in white line engraving, and knew every expression a line could give. A later day master, Elbridge Kingsley, has taught the world of art what can be done with the other possibility in wood engraving, namely, viz.: white dots. Mr. Herrick did not know everything, but what he knew was high, broad and deep.

His creative talent made him (so far back as his teaching days in New York city) draw his own designs for book illustrations. His drawings were very easy for a good engraver to execute, not that I ever had the honor of engraving one, but I saw them every day. Nothing was left to the engraver's decision or imagination. Strong and delicate outlines, harmonious composition, shades and shadows painted in India ink, and over that pencil lines to show the direction the tint tool must take in the hand of the engraver; always the light and shade was effective, always the color was translated (as much as is possible), always the whole was exquisitely finished.

This New England artist was a master in the technique of using paints mixed with water. I cannot better illlustrate this than by giving the experience of a French artist who came to New York to make money with her pastel and porcelain portraits. She came to my studio saying, "I find those of my students who succeed are those that have taken lessons of you in water colors. Will you give me lessons in technique of water color washes? It will give me pleasure to pay what t is worth to me, and you will keep it secret."

She took Mr. Herrick's book on "Water Color Painting" to Paris with her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "if he had sent his pictures to France, our government would have bought one."

Mr. Herrick exerted a high moral influence. The tone of the School of Design was very high, very earnest,

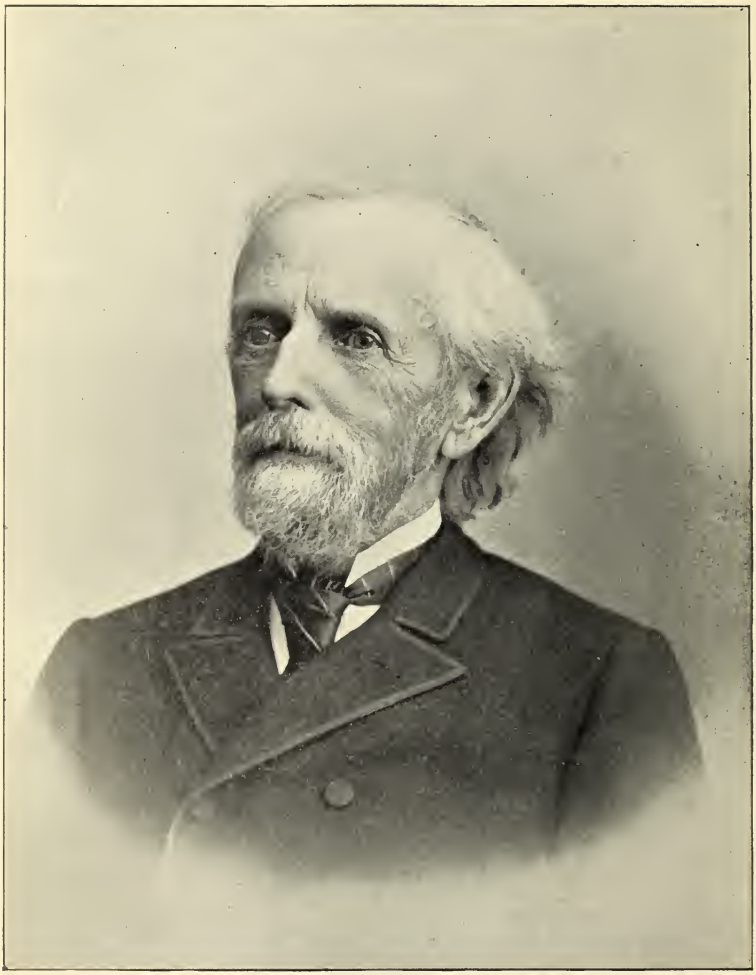
very aspiring. There was no flippant conversation. There was no attempt at Bohemian manners. True, two pretty girls did talk about their beaux at lunch time, but only then. (And would the world go on if there were no beaux?) There was no daubing of paint on clothes or wall as a testimony of genius. Quickness and exquisite cleanliness in using the brush were a requisite to success in drawing on wood for engraving.

Mr. Herrick proved himself superior to the rock inferior artists rush against, viz.: the feminine flattery with which students often flood a teacher's senses. He was too dignified; too occupied with the proper direction of his pupils' career. He felt, and made all under his jurisdiction feel, that the School of Design was an experiment, and that it could only achieve success by the most earnest and ideal endeavor of all.

Horace Greeley approved of the position Mr. Herrick had taken for the higher education of women in art. Before this girls were taught painting as an accomplishment. I never shall forget the forcible indictment during the Civil War, uttered by a young southern lady, "My father paid thousands of dollars for my education in fashionable schools in the North, but to-day I cannot earn one cent with all my accomplishments."

Horace Greeley appreciated the practical bread winning side of the School of Design for Women of which Mr. Herrick was the back bone. Consequently there were many descriptions of the school and its aim and results published in the *New York Tribune*. Mr Greeley sent the best educated of the *Tribune* staff to visit the school, after a conference with Mr. Herrick.

The lady managers of the School of Design planned a course of lectures, so as to provide funds for the necessary expenses. Six silver-tongued orators from New England and New York came to the rescue, and gave their time and brains. The old New Yorkers, the cultured New Yorkers and the society climbers swelled



FRANCIS B. EATON

but always voted the Republican ticket. In 1890 the citizens of ward six sent him to represent them in the legislature, and he served in that body during the term of 1890-91.

He was a member of Louis Bell Post, No 3, G. A. R., and was also heartily interested in the Irish cause, and when the Land League was organized in Manchester he was its first treasurer.

On January 20, 1869, Mr. Cody married Ellen Coughlin, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. William McDonald, from which union were born the following children: Genevieve C., Walter F., Ellen M., Michael D., and Mary G. In March, 1881, Genevieve and Ellen died, leaving three living.

His wife and children found him a kind and loving husband and father. In manner he was unassuming and courteous and, although he was deeply interested in everything that concerned the welfare of the city, he was happiest at home with his family.

In the summer of 1900, he went to Ireland and spent a number of weeks with relatives, visiting his boyhood home. Mr. Cody was always loyal to his religion and nationality, and has shown what a good American an Irish Catholic citizen can make. The sterling integrity which characterized and formed the basis of his honorable and useful life present a lesson worthy of imitation. He died June 7, 1904, at his home on Massabesic street, Manchester.

FRANCIS B. EATON

Francis Brown Eaton, the son of Peter Eaton and Hannah Hale Kelley, was born in Candia February 26, 1825. He was educated at the common and high schools in his native town, and at Pembroke and New Boston

Academies. He taught school for a time, and in 1852 he wrote and published a "History of Candia, once known as Charmingfare, with Notices of Some of the Leading Families." This interesting work is now rare.

In 1853-4 he was assistant editor and Washington correspondent of the *Manchester Daily American*. He married Lucretia, daughter of John Lane, Esq., January 1, 1854. Upon the institution of the Public Library of Manchester, he became its librarian, a position he filled with apt ability for ten years, occupying the spare moments of his industrious life by writing for the *Daily Mirror* and correspondinging regularly to the *Boston Traveller*. From December, 1861, to January 1, 1863, he was editor and proprietor of the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture*, which upon the last-mentioned date was merged with the *Mirror and Farmer*.

At this time Mr. Eaton accepted an editorial position in the office of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* until the close of the war, when he became assistant editor of the *Boston Journal*. From 1866 to 1869 he was in the employ of the Customs Department, and stationed at Portland, Me., and Montreal.

At the close of his service here, Mr. Eaton returned to Manchester, where he opened a bookstore in the Mercantile Block. After eleven years as a book seller, he retired from business, though he continued to contribute to the local press, among his other articles being a highly interesting series in local history under the title, "Grapes from the Vines of the Piscataquog." He was the principal author and editor of the sketches of the life and public services of ex-Governor Frederick Smyth, printed for private circulation in 1885. Some personal reminiscences were contributed by the Hon. Ben: Perley Poore. For several years, Mr. Eaton was a director of the First National Bank, and vice-president of the Merrimack River Savings Bank.

Mr. Eaton was a charter member of the Manchester Historic Association, and always a willing and efficient

worker. Several of the sketches in the preceding volumes of the published works of the society were written by him, while the valuable article upon Lake Massabesic, published in Vol. III was written by him in his happy style of narration. In his death, July 24, 1904, the society lost one of its most valuable members, and the city a citizen of acknowledged ability and honesty.

LUCRETIA LANE EATON

Lucretia Lane, wife of Francis B. Eaton, came from one of the pioneer families of New Hampshire, her paternal grandfather being John Lane, who had for his wife, Hannah Godfrey, of Fremont, and her maternal grandfather, Col. Nathaniel Emerson, who did valiant service under Stark, at Bennington.

Her father was John Lane and her mother Nabby Emerson, both descendants of a long line of God-fearing men and women.

Lucretia, being the youngest in a family of one son and five daughters and of delicate health, was the object of special solicitude and affection from all the others, and this made her latter years peculiarly lonely to her, the last survivor of her family.

She received such education as the common schools and an occasional high school of her town could give, supplemented by a course at Henniker Academy, then for several terms was a successful teacher in Candia and Deerfield. But teaching was sore discipline to one of her retiring nature, and it was not long continued.

A friendship with Mr. Eaton, begun in early youth, culminated, January 1, 1854, in a union which continued for over fifty years in such love and devotion as is rarely

known in these days. Without children of their own, they made many little ones happy and their home was one of charming hospitality to young and old.

Mrs. Eaton was passionately fond of all things beautiful. The birds and the flowers and everything in nature strongly appealed to her and the exquisite taste she displayed in every detail of the furnishing of her home, and in dress, was a distinct contribution to art. Refined, sweet manners, excellent good sense, and genuine old-time courtesy and kindliness shown to every one she met characterized this quiet gentlewoman.

Not far-famed or noted in public her greatest charm was shown in her devotion and loyalty to a large circle of friends, each one of whom held a warm place in her affection and for whom she had constant solicitude.

Her extremely quiet life was yet one of strong influence for the best and distinctly in sympathy with Christ and His cause, though she never became a member of any church. She believed, as the result of the teaching she received in early life, that to be openly a Christian one must have a powerful conviction of sin and a great overturning of heart and life, and this she never experienced. But her strong trust in God shone forth most brightly in her last years, when, left alone in widowhood, she forgot herself in trying to make others happy and lived cheerfully and without complaint the remaining days.

She survived Mr. Eaton three and one-half years, and, in her sudden falling asleep after only a day's slight illness, her oft-expressed wish that she might not live to be long a burden to others was gratified. She died November 14, 1907, on the threshold of her eightieth birthday, having been born November 13, 1828.

SALLIE S. HARVEY

SALLIE SOPHRONIA HARVEY

The Harveys are among the oldest and most respected families in New England. John, the great-great-grandfather of the subject of this Memoir, came to Newburyport about 1743 as captain of an English frigate, to guard the mouth of the Merrimack River during the troublesome period of war with France. His family came with him, consisting of a wife and three sons, John, Enoch and William. Later Captain Harvey was ordered to Cuba with his vessel, to participate in the struggle with Spain, and was killed in a naval encounter in front of Morro Castle, Havana.

The sons remained in Newburyport awhile with their mother, and after her decease moved into the interior of the country. Enoch went to Vermont, after the Revolulion; William founded him a home, above Concord, near Sutton. John, the oldest, settled in that part of Londonderry which was included in the charter of Derryfield, and his name appears among the first in the old records.

He had a son, John, and, accompanying him on a trip to Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec, while stopping at Shipton, was seized with smallpox and died. His son returned to Derryfield where he lived the remainder of his life, and his dust sleeps in the Merrill yard. He married Abigail Nutting of Derryfield, and they had fifteen children, of whom the following lived to grow up: David, Jonas, Esther, John, Enoch, Jonathan, Zilpah, who married a Huntoon, Sally, who married David Stevens, and Susan, who became the wife of Ephraim Stevens. Of these children, David lived and died in Shipton, Can.

Jonas Harvey, the second son and grandfather of Sallie, was born July 1, 1777, in Fisherfield, and came to Derryfield when a boy. He married Sallie Young and they had eight children: Gilman, born in May, 1803; John, born in May, 1805; Jonas, December 31, 1808; Sarah, 1810

Mary, May 1, 1813; Israel, February, 1815; Ephraim S., May 21, 1817; Charles E., March 29, 1820. The mother died April 4, 1820, aged 39, and he married, about a year later daughter of Mrs. Rachel Cory, nee Dickey, and they had two children, Rachel and Rebecca. Mr. Harvey's second wife dying, he married Rachel McAllister.

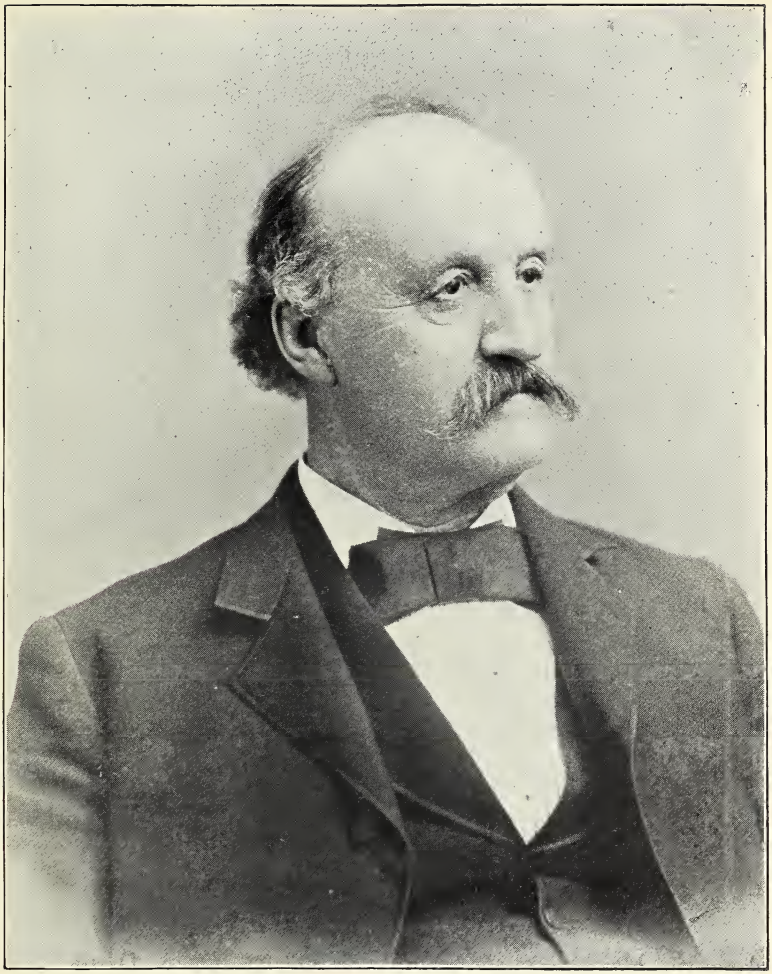
Sallie S. Harvey was born February 19, 1846, and died November 9, 1904, after a short illness, at her home, 423 Concord street, Manchester. She obtained her education in the Harvey District school and the old Intermediate school on Manchester street, the house located where the police station now stands, and at the old high school on Lowell street.

She lived with her brother, Cleaves N. Harvey, for many years. Of a sunny disposition, and a mind well stored with information upon varied subjects, she was a pleasant companion, always ready to assist in any good work, with the ability to do much. She was a member of the First Baptist church. Only the Sunday before her death, she was at church, apparently in perfect health and as active, wherever needed, as ever. Besides the brother mentioned, she left one sister, Mrs. Mary O. Pierce. The floral offerings at her funeral spoke in loving remembrance of a wide circle of friends who felt her loss.

HON. JAMES F. BRIGGS

By Edwin F. Jones, in Proceedings of the N. H. Bar Association

James Frankland Briggs was born in Bury, in Lancashire, England, on the twenty-third day of October, 1827. When he was less than two years of age, his parents, with their family, moved to America, landing at Boston, March 4, 1829. After short stays at Andover, Saugus and Ames-



Hon. JAMES F. BRIGGS

bury, Mass., they finally settled in that part of Holderness which is now Ashland, in 1836. In this latter town, Mr. Briggs' father, in company with his two brothers, purchased a mill which was already located there, and embarked in the business of manufacturing woolen cloth.

Mr. Briggs received his early education in the public schools, and at the age of 14 attended one term at the Newbury, Vermont, Academy, and afterwards was a student at the academy at Tilton.

In 1848 he entered upon the study of law in the office of William C. Thompson, but had hardly begun his studies when he was, for a time, by the death of his father, compelled to devote himself to work in the mills in order to carry on the business of the estate. However, at the end of a year he was enabled to enter the office of Joseph Burroughs, and subsequently completed his studies in the office of Judge Nehemiah Butler, at Boscawen. He was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1851, and began the practice of his profession at Hillsborough Bridge, where he remained until 1871, when he removed to Manchester, which continued to be his home until his death.

Until 1860 Mr. Briggs was a member of the Democratic party, and as a Democrat represented the town of Hillsborough in the legislature at the sessions of 1857, '58, and '59. In 1860 he was nominated for councilor, but owing to his views upon the subject of slavery he was compelled to decline the honor and soon after associated himself with the Republican party, with which he was subsequently continuously connected.

When the Eleventh Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers was raised, Mr. Briggs was commissioned quartermaster, and was with that command at the battle of Fredericksburg, and also took part in the Mississippi campaign, resulting in the capture of Vicksburg. Owing to ill health, caused by malaria, he was honorably discharged from the service in August, 1863.

After his removal to Manchester he associated himself in practice with Henry H. Huse, and the firm of Briggs &

Huse for a number of years did a very large and profitable business. He served as city solicitor of Manchester, and in 1874 was elected to the state House of Representatives from Ward 3, in which he lived, and two years later was elected a member of the state Senate and also a member of the constitutional convention. In 1877 he was nominated and elected to Congress from the second district, and was twice re-elected to that office. While in Congress he served upon important committees, including the judiciary, and after six years of service in the National House he declined a fourth nomination and returned to Manchester to resume the practicc of law. Subsequently he was a member of the state House of Representatives in 1883, 1891 and 1897, in the latter year being speaker. He was also a member of the constitutional convention of 1889 and 1902.

During the last dozen years of his life he gradually dropped out of the active practice of law, but was connected with various manufacturing corporations and financial institutions as director and legal advisor.

Major Briggs was a Mason, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion of America, and in his religious tendencies was liberal and an attendant at the Unitarian Church.

In 1850 he married Roxanna Smith, the daughter of Obadiah and Eliza M. Smith of New Hampton, who died January 25, 1888. They had three children, of whom a son and daughter are now living. The former, Frank O. Briggs, is a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and is now a resident of Trenton, N. J., being prominent both in business and political circles. The other surviving child is Mrs. D. Dudley Felton of Manchester. Two grandchildren, Frankland Briggs, an attorney at law of Newark, N. J., and James Briggs Felton, a student at Yale College, also survive him.

Mr. Briggs was one of the state's great lawyers. He was a safe adviser, an honest counselor, a powerful advo-

cate. He was thoroughly grounded in the fundamental principles, was familiar with the New Hampshire decisions and possessed a faculty of clear and accurate statement both of the law and the facts of a case such as is given to few men. He made his client's cause his own, and always gave to his argument a strong personal tone which added greatly to its effectiveness. In his argument he was forceful, plausible, persuasive. He was particularly strong with the jury, and before legislative committees few lawyers could excel him. He did not know what it was to give up until the court of last resort had said that his case was hopeless. The harder the place in which he found himself the harder he fought. For many years he was one of the foremost public speakers of New Hampshire. He was not showy or brilliant iu his public addresses, but he had that to say which interested his audience, and he always was able to present it in a way which was illuminating and convincing. By those who knew him in the fullness of his strength, he was regarded as one of the giants in the professional and political life of New Hampshire for the three decades following 1865.

He was a great lover of books and possessed a fine library, and during the latter years of his life it was a great pleasure to listen to his comments upon the men and affairs of the last half century. He was deeply interested in the work of the Manchester Historic Association and prepared a valuable paper upon Hon. James Wilson, which he read at one of its meetings, and which was published by the society in Vol. III. He died in his 78th year, January 21, 1905, from causes ascribed to old age and fatigue, the latter resulting from a western trip taken in the autumn of the previous year.

I. CLARENCE WHITTEMORE

Isaac Clarence Whittemore was born in Manchester, December 2, 1847, and died in this city, January 30, 1905. He was the son of Isaac and Lucy (Hall) Whittemore. He was educated in the public schools of this city and, upon becoming of age, entered the employ of the Concord Railroad in April, 1868, where he remained a little more than a year. For a few months he worked for S. C. Forsaith & Co. as engineer. Then he returned to the employ of the railroad company under Major Josiah Stevens, in the yard and freight house. He continued here until July, 1871, when he went on the road as brakeman and spare freight conductor.

In July, 1874, he was promoted to be a regular conductor, which position he held at the time of his death, having been on all the branches, but most of the time on the Concord and Portsmouth division. He was then one of the oldest freight conductors on the road.

Mr. Whittemore married Lydia D. Jenkins of Bedford, May 28, 1873, who died September 20, 1880. He then married, June 1, 1882, Emily P. Clough, who survives him.

He was a member of Lafayette Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; a past High Priest of Mt. Horeb, R. A., chapter, Adoniram Council, R. and S. M.; Trinity Commandery, K. T., having been standard-bearer of the last-named body seven years. He was a 32d degree Mason. Mr. Whittemore was also a member of Hillsborough Lodge, I. O. O. F., Mt. Washington Encampment and Grand Canton Ridgely, Social Lodge of Rebekahs, Amoskeag Grange, the Old Residents' Association, Order of Railway Conductors, and a charter member of Ruth Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

Strongly attracted to historical matters, he took a lively interest in the work of the Historic Association.

Although identified with numerous fraternal orders, and the son of a politician, he always held aloof from public life and made his home the Mecca of the brief hours of leisure coming into a busy career.

DANIEL J. DALEY

Daniel Joseph Daley was born in Londonderry, N. H., August 1, 1873, the son of John and Julia Daley. He inherited the strong, determined will of his sturdy ancestry, awakened by an ambition that knew no bounds. His boyhood was passed upon his father's farm, his time alternated between his days at the district school and work at home. He attended Pinkerton Academy and, following his graduation, he entered upon the study of law.

Taught early to depend upon himself, he was peculiarly fitted to overcome the obstacles besetting the student of limited means, and he passed through the various stages of acquiring his education to come out successful, as his friends expected. The hard work he willingly undertook to obtain the funds needed to meet the demands of his course of study taught him independence and courage to combat with the hindrances that beset the pathway of a young aspirant for a position in his chosen calling.

He first read law in the office of United States District Attorney Charles J. Hamblett of Nashua. He then entered the Boston University Law School, afterwards rounding out his studies in the office of former County Solicitor James P. Tuttle. He was admitted to the bar in 1899, and he opened an office in Manchester.

Possessing rare oratorical ability, and being a lively debater, he gave great promise in the profession of his choice. He was favorably associated with several impor-

tant criminal trials, notably the Sells and Brigham cases, and gave remarkable promise in this field.

As a lawyer in civil cases, he had the confidence of several large corporations, and could he have lived he would certainly have reached a high position.

He was frequently called upon as a speaker upon social occasions, and he possessed a wide circle of friends. He was Past Master of General Stark Grange, and a member in the Manchester Council, K. of C.

He married, in 1903, Miss Josephine C. Burke, who survives him, as well as his mother and two brothers, John of Londonderry and James of Chelmsford, Mass. He died of pneumonia March 21, 1905, and his remains were laid at rest in St. Joseph's cemetery, his untimely death mourned by all who knew him.

WILLIAM F. HUBBARD

The Hubbards were among the oldest and most distinguished families in early New England. Of these, one branch went to Connecticut while the other settled in the vicinity of Boston. Abel Hubbard, the grandfather of the subject of this Memoir, who was born October 5, 1779, and died November 3, 1852, lived in Brookline, Mass. He married Martha Winchester, born June 11, 1785, and died October 15, 1836. William Winchester, their son, was born in Brookline, August 8, 1819, and died in Manchester, N. H., April 28, 1907. He was a machinist and woodworker in Boston, until he removed to this city in 1860 and opened a wood manufacturing business at Winter Place, where he continued until retiring from active pursuits. He married Harriet Hoyt, the daughter of Charles Hoyt of Moultonborough, N. H.

WILLIAM F. HUBBARD

William Frank, the son of this couple, was born in Boston, March 6, 1843. Frank, as he was usually called, attended the public school of Boston, through the grammar grades, and graduated at the head of his class, while there was only one other to equal him in rank in all the schools of the city. He was given a medal of scholarship at his graduation, presented by the governor of the state,

It was his wish to enter the high school of Boston, but his father required him to go to work in his shop. Still ambitious to acquire a higher education, Frank improved every opportunity to earn money to pay his expenses through college, accomplishing this pnrpose by working at civil engineering, teaching school and working in his father's factory until he had obtained the means to pay his expenses at Dartmouth, taking a four years' course, and graduating in the class of 1869.

For various reasons he had taken a scientific instead of classical course at college, and though it had been his desire to follow a professional career, he was induced to enter the employ of his father as foreman of the manufactory, where he soon displayed great ability. In 1888 he bought out the business and continued it alone very successfully until his death, February 21, 1905.. Under his management, the business had grown, and by diligence and ability he had acquired a comfortable competence. In 1894 he built him a nice residence on Elm street, where he lived with his family. He was a man to enjoy home life, preferring it to the clubs.

A great reader, he was well informed on all topics, and though never accepting any office of public trust, he took a keen interest in passing events. He was a member of the Franklin-street church, and one of the earliest members of the Manchester Historic Association, being a regular and interested attendant at its meetings. He was also a member of Manchester Art Association, having joined this society when it was in its infancy.

He married, May 22, 1888, Myra Isabella Kelley, daughter of Daniel and Betsey (Richards) Kelley, of Chi-

chester. Her grandfather was Dr. Amasa Kelley, a graduate of Dartmouth Medical department, and her grandmother was the daughter of Abraham Richards of Atkinson, N. H. She had been educated at Pittsfield Academy and Manchester Training School, having taught schools in Ashburnham, Mass., two years and eight years in the schools of this city before her marriage to Mr. Hubbard.

While upon a trip to Pinehurst, N. C., for rest and recreation, accompanied by his wife, Mr. Hubbard contracted a sudden cold, which developed into acute bronchitis, and, after a week's illness, he passed from this life at Pinehurst on the morning of February 16, 1905, lamented by a wide circle of friends.

GEORGE BYRON CHANDLER

The Chandlers have always been natural leaders in whatever community their fortunes happened to be cast. William Chandler, the first of the name to come to America, settled in Roxbury, Mass., in 1637, and immediately became prominent in the development of the new plantation. His descendants participated in the border warfares, and one of them, John Chandler, fought throughout King Philip's War. He was rewarded for his meritorious service a grant of land in Narragansett No. 5, now Bedford, and hither his son Thomas emigrated in 1750. Here succeeding generations lived, improving the homestead hewn out of the wilderness by this sturdy pioneer, until Adam Chandler, who married Sallie McAllister, occupied the old home.

Three sons, all worthy of their heritage, were born to this couple, Henry, George Byron and John M. The second of these robust boys, and the subject of this Memoir,

passed his boyhood upon the farm, but his parents, anxious for him to follow some more lucrative calling than that of his immediate ancestors, gave him all of the school privileges possible in his native town, supplementing this with courses at Gilmanton, Hopkinton and Reed's Ferry Academies. He taught school in Amoskeag, Bedford and Nashua, at the same time improving every opportunity to acquire information by reading and studying alone. When he was 17 he took up civil engineering for a year in the employ of the Concord Railroad.

In 1854 he came to Manchester to enter the employ of Kidder & Duncklee as bookkeeper. After a year here he was offered a position of a similar nature in the Amoskeag Bank, when that institution was beginning to get a start. This was March 1, 1855, and after eighteen months, so well had young Chandler fitted into his work, he was promoted to be teller, a position he occupied until the organization of the Amoskeag National Bank in 1864, when he was appointed cashier, holding this position until he was elected president, to succeed Hon. Moody Currier, in 1892.

During the earlier period of Mr Chandler's connection with Amoskeag Bank it was located on Market street, in the rear of the present Manchester National Bank. John S. Kidder was president and Moody Currier cashier. Upon the organization of the People's Savings Bank in 1874, Mr. Chandler was made its treasurer, a position he filled until his decease. He was also treasurer of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, and one of its incorporators. He was a director in the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, in the Massachusetts Life Insurance Company, the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad, the Moline Plow Company and various other corporations and enterprises. In fact Mr. Chandler was a man of many sided influences for the good of the public. He was largely instrumental in securing the shoe industry for the city in its earlier stages and was generous in his assistance to the needy.

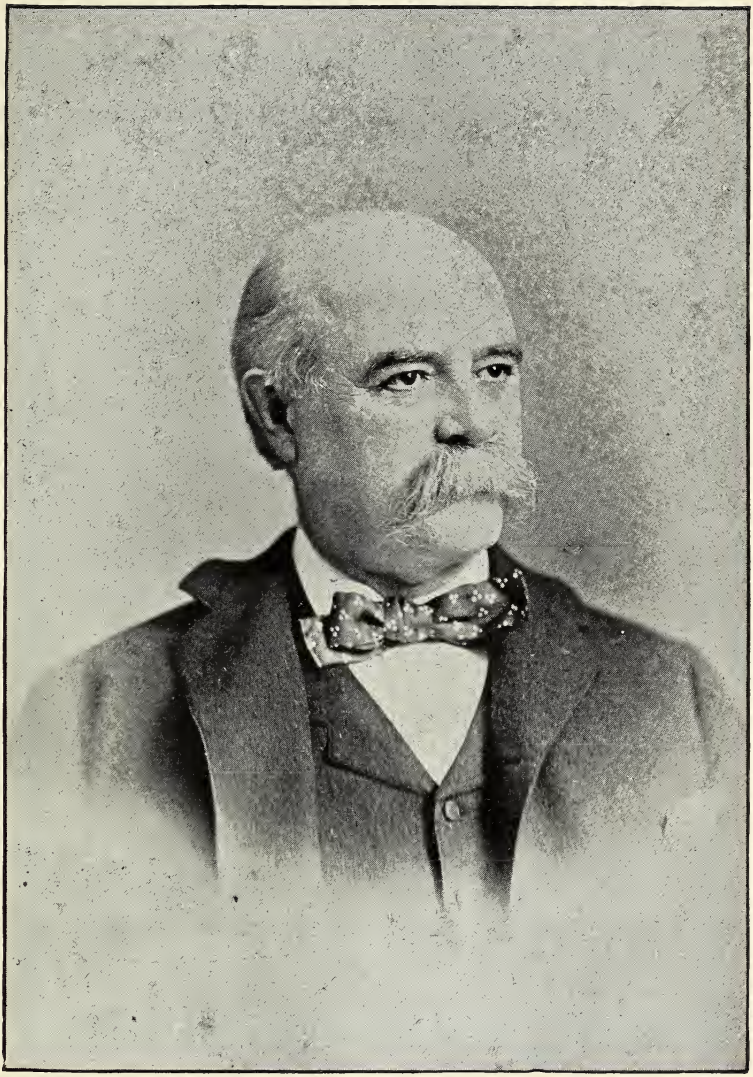
He was a prominent factor in the organization of the New Hampshire Club, and his love for the arts and sciences led him to take a deep interest in the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, and when that institution suffered so severely by the fire in the Kennard, where it was located, he did much toward its recovery from the blow. It was due entirely to Mr. Chandler's generous efforts that the lost paraphernalia was replaced, and the Chandler courses of lectures, which have afforded so much pleasure and instruction, came from his bounty. He was also one of the leading spirits and supporters of the Philharmonic Society. In truth, it would be difficult to find another person who has done as much as Mr. Chandler towards affording good, healthy entertainment for old and young. In this respect alone, Manchester owes much to his memory.

Mr. Chandler was a member of the Royal Arch Chapter, Adoniram Council and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar, joining the Lafayette Lodge of Masons in 1854, and transferred to the Washington Lodge in 1857, to become its first secretary. He was a member of Wildey Lodge, I. O. O. F., and the Derryfield Club. He became a member of the Amoskeag Veterans in 1854, which year marked his coming to Manchester and organization of that body, of which he was an officer for several years.

Active in political matters, he never sought an office, but was elected state senator in 1874, and later was the Democratic nominee for representative in Congress.

He was an active member of the Unitarian Society, and served for years as one of its directors and president, giving liberally towards the support of the church. Possessing a wide acquaintance with distinguished men, a student of the best literature and well-informed on a varied line of subjects, he was a pleasant conversationalist, and a delightful public speaker.

Mr. Chandler married Miss Flora A. Daniels, daughter of Darwin J. Daniels, in 1862. Mrs. Chandler died in 1868,



Hon. GEORGE BYRON CHANDLER

and one daughter born to them who survived her mother only a few months. In 1870 he was married second to Fanny R., daughter of Col. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Martin, and three children were born of this union, Benjamin M., Alexander R., and Byron, the first and last named, with their mother, surviving Mr. Chandler, who died June 29, 1905, mourned by a wide circle of friends and relatives.

HORACE P. SIMPSON

Horace P. Simpson was born in York, Me., March 29, 1829, and died in Manchester August 13, 1905, in his 77th year. He attended the town schools and worked on his father's farm until he was eighteen, when he came to Manchester and began, in the dress room of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, a long career in the mills of this city.

The manufacture of cotton cloth was then in its early stage, and with a liking for the work and faith in its results, Mr. Simpson rose step by step in advancement until, upon the building of the Jefferson, he was made superintendent of that mill. The importance of this position is more clearly understood when it is known that this mill for many years was a complete factory, taking the raw cotton and turning out finished cloth ready for shipment.

With a keen interest in municipal and political affairs, Mr. Simpson held various offices of honor and responsibility. He was assessor during the war, being chairman of the board the last four years. He was alderman in 1872.

It was largely through his efforts, while serving in the capacity of chairman of the Committee on Lands and Buildings, that the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company was

persuaded to transfer the old school lot on the corner of Manchester and Chestnut streets to the city as the site for the present police station. He was representative to the state legislature from Ward 7 in 1881, and from Ward 8 in 1891. Upon the creation of the Street and Park Commission in 1895 a member, and in 1897 he was made chairman, a position he held at the time of his death, which resulted from a complication of diseases that finally undermined a strong constitution.

During his long term of office on the Street and Park Commission, much important work was done, and many of the improvements we are enjoying to-day were begun by him, under his direction. The streets were extended, Granite street bridge was built, the system of parks increased, the sewer system improved, and a practical system of permanent paving was adopted. He always maintained a great interest in the development of the city parks, and that one in McGregorville bearing his name became a memorial of his interest in the work of public improvement.

In this simple summary of a long and busy life, we cannot do better than to quote the words of another:

"The high position which Mr. Simpson occupied in the industrial and administrative circles of the city was no greater than the sincere regard and respect which he held in the hearts of his fellow townsmen. A sturdy type of American manhood, active and faithful in all his works, but ever democratic and whole-hearted in his treatment of others, his personality was strong in the community and his death left a void that will not soon be filled."

EZRA HUNTINGTON

Ezra Huntington was born in Weare, N. H., March 20, 1829. Upon the death of his father, when he was six years old, his mother moved to Lynn, Mass.; later she moved to Peabody, and in these two places Ezra passed his school days. With an aptitude for mechanics, he started in to learn a machinist's trade in Peabody, working there till he was twenty-one years of age. He then went to work on locomotives at Ballardvale and Andover, Mass.

Locomotive engineering having a fascination for him, when the old New Hampshire Central railroad was built from Manchester to Henniker, he stood at the throttle of the first engine making a through trip on that line. When Superintendent Gilmore tore up the rails between North Weare and Henniker, he left the railroad and entered the employ of the Manchester Print Works, taking charge of the repair shop, where he remained for thirty years.

For the next twenty-five years, he was foreman of the West Side boiler house of the Amoskeag Company, a position he held until the beginning of his last illness.

Mr. Huntington came to Manchester to live in 1850, and the following year he married Miss Mehitable Bedge of Peabody, Mass. Three children were born to them, Alice, who married L. T. Mead, Miss Ella L., and Harvey Huntington, all of whom are living.

A loyal Republican in politics, his party elected him to many of the offices in the people's gift. He represented his ward at the state capital, was alderman, councilman, and served on the school board. He was prominent in Masonic circles, being a member of Lafayette Lodge, Mt. Horeb Royal Arch Chapter, and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar. He was also a 32d Degree Mason.

He died after an illness of several weeks of rheumatism, February 27, 1906, missed by a wide circle of acquaintances who respected him for his courtesy and faithful discharge of his duties.

CHARLES W. EAGER

Charles Winthrop Eager, the son of John Q. A. and Angelina Sanborn (Howe) Eager, was born in Webster, N. H., June 16, 1854, and died at his home in Manchester, April 7, 1906. His parents moving to this city when he was four years old, nearly all his life was passed here. His preliminary education was obtained in the public schools here, he graduating from the High School in 1873, fitted for college. He then entered Dartmouth College, to graduate in 1877.

It was his original intention to follow the calling of a lawyer, and upon leaving college he entered as a student the law office of Henry E. Burnham, but a year later concluded he would change to a mercantile career. Accordingly he went to work in his father's grocery store, and in a few years he became a member of the firm, continuing in that capacity with his father until his decease.

Mr. Eager, in his younger years, was active in politics, and held several offices of trust and honor. He represented Ward 6 two sessions, and served on both branches of the city government. He was chairman of the aldermanic committee that had charge of the building of the McGregor bridge, in 1881. His interests in political matters abating, as he grew older, he came to devote his time and energy to his business.

He was possessed of a fine physique, and was always deeply interested in athletics, acquiring marked distinction in that respect while at college, rowing and walking being his special fortes. As well as a sportsman, Mr. Eager was a lover of good books, and he had a good critical knowledge of the best literature. He was an Odd Fellow, and belonged to the Derryfield Club, being at one time, 1883, its president.

He married S. Jennie Williams, December 16, 1886, and his wife with three children, Harold Williams, Mildred Howe and Helen Frances Eager, who has since died,

CHARLES W. EAGER

survived him. His last illness was a brave fight for life, aided by a strong constitution and an earnest will, but these, coupled with the best medical skill obtainable, failed, and he passed away in the prime of his life.

JOSEPH W. FELLOWS

Joseph Warren Fellows was the son of John and Polly (Hilton) Fellows, and he was born in Andover, N. H., January 15, 1835, on the homestead of Elijah Hilton, his maternal grandfather. He was the seventh in direct descent of Samuel Fellows, who came to this country from Bowden, Nottinghamshire, Eng. Samuel Fellows, the immigrant, was styled planter in the colonial records and was a man of means and influence. Joseph Fellows, his great-great-grandson and great-grandfather of the subject of this Memoir, served in the second expedition against Louisburg, and the powderhorn he carried on that memorable campaign was a highly prized heirloom among his descendants. This Joseph Fellows removed from Salisbury to Andover, N. H., then known as New Breton, in 1761, being the first settler, and for the first year he was the only inhabitant in that township. His son Stephen and grandson John were born and lived upon the farm he cleared from the wilderness. The ancestors of Mr. Fellows' mother, the Hiltons, came to New England about 1700, to become active and influential throughout the troublesome period of colonial hardships.

The boyhood of Joseph Warren Fellows was passed upon his father's farm, where he acquired the habit of industry and sobriety. He attended the district school, and fitted himself for college at the Andover Academy. He entered Dartmouth College in 1854, earning his way by

teaching during vacations, and upon graduating in 1858 became principal of Andover Academy, where he remained one year. In September, 1859, he went to Georgia to become principal of the Brownwood Institute at La Grange, which he left to become principal of Marietta, Ga., Latin School. But the ominous awakening of the Civil War was already disturbing the peace of the country, and the young pedagogue deemed it wise to abandon his position and return north.

At this stage, he changed the course that had seemed mapped out for him and, instead of continuing his teaching, though he had been very successful, he began the study of law with John M. Shirley of his native town. He followed his studies here with a law course at the Albany Institute, from which he graduated in 1861. Upon being admitted to the bar in the New York state court, he returned to New Hampshire and entered the office of Pike and Barnard at Franklin, 1862. Remaining here a few months, he came to Manchester, was admitted to the supreme court of New Hampshire, and the following month formed a partnership with Amos B. Shattuck.

Captain Shattuck had already enlisted for the war, and it was the plan that the young lawyer should take charge of the business until his return, when the partnership should be continued. But the former fell at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and on January 1, 1863, Mr. Fellows began practice alone in an office in Merchant's Exchange, where he remained for thirty years, one of the most successful lawyers in the state, and in addition to his extensive and successful general practice, he was clerk of Concord Railway from 1874 to 1884, and was its attorney and for the Concord and Montreal and Boston and Maine Railroads until his death. He made the law relating to corporations his special study, and was one of the most successful and careful corporation counsellors in the state.

He was made judge of the police court in 1874, but resigned the following year, in July. While Judge Fellows

was an ardent Democrat in politics and an active worker in his party, he never sought an office. Positive in his religious beliefs, he was a staunch Unitarian, doing much for the upbuilding of that society. He was particularly zealous in his efforts towards establishing the Unitarian grove meetings at the Weirs; was a charter member of the Unitarian Educational Society and a trustee of the Proctor Academy, the successor of the Andover Academy, where he prepared for college. He was one of the original grantees of the Gale Home, and served as its clerk from its organization.

Judge Fellows was always a prominent force at the meetings of the members of the state bar, never forgetting the dignity and importance of his association. It was his idea and purpose to build up at the courthouse a large law library, and did much towards the accomplishment of that plan. He was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, but never became very closely identified with its work. It was with the Masonic fraternity that he gave most of his time and mind. He became a member of the order in 1858, and step by step advanced through all of the grades, including the orders of Knighthood, and the 33d, and last, degree. He held many positions in the subordinate and Grand bodies of the fraternity; was Grand Commander of Knights Templar in the state of New Hampshire, Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of Masons of New Hampshire, and for many years was a member of the law committee. He was a member of the Committee of Jurisprudence of the Grand Encampment of the United States. He gave the same thought and diligent attention to Masonic matters that he did to the law, and was the author of many reports of careful and logical reasoning which exerted significant influence over the deliberations of the body. He was one of the most active promoters of the movement which gave the fraternity the beautiful Masonic Home in this city. He was chairman of its board of trustees. Deeply interested in historical affairs, he was

an interested and valuable member of the Manchester Historic Association, and was its vice-president for several terms. He prepared a life sketch of Hon. George W. Morrison for Vol. III of the society's Historic Collections.

As well as prominent in professional, political and Masonic circles, Judge Fellows was a loyal son of Dartmouth and a devoted and zealous member of his class which contained several names of wide and highly eminent distinction. He was chairman of the committees which arranged for the fortieth anniversary at Hanover, forty-fifth at Boston, was on the committee to prepare for the fiftieth. which was held at Hanover in 1908, though he had passed into the Great Beyond at the time it was held. An editorial in the *Union*, summing up his character, says most aptly:

"Judge Fellows was of the type of men who take life most seriously. His classmates in college recognized this trait of character in his youth. He entered in this spirit of seriousness upon the profession of a teacher, and when the situation in the South, where he was already achieving success, radically changed his plans, he returned and entered upon the profession of the law with the same earnestness and seriousness of purpose. From the first he felt that his clients were entitled to the best that he could bring to their service, and throughout all of his long career they had it without reserve. The same earnestness characterized him in all of his relations."

Judge Fellows married, in 1865, Susan Frances Moore, daughter of Henry E. and Susan (Farnum) Moore. She died in 1874, and in 1878 he married Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davis who survives him. Judge Fellows died after a short illness from a cold, which developed into a lung trouble, April 26, 1906, in his 72d year, apparently endowed with sufficient strength to meet the demands of several years more.

HENRY W. HERRICK

HENRY W. HERRICK

Henry Walker Herrick was born in Hopkinton, N. H., August 23, 1824, the son of Israel E. and Martha (Trow) Herrick. He was educated in the common schools and at Hancock Academy. At an early stage in his life, he began to show an aptitude for drawing, and his mother, who had considerable talent in that direction, encouraged him and at the early age of eight taught him to paint flowers, birds and other natural objects. While a youth in his teens, he became interested in wood engraving, and studied the art for two years, when he was able to find employment in Concord and Manchester. At the age of twenty he went to New York to take a course of study at the National Academy of Design.

So rapidly did he advance that within six months he began book engraving for the Appletons, also executing commissions for Harper Bros., The American Tract Society, Carter & Bros., and other leading houses of that day. Mr. Herrick for several years worked largely on the designs of Felix O. C. Darley, then the leading American artist in genere pictures. The impressions he thus obtained was noticeable throughout his later work.

In 1852 the School of Design for Women was started by George L. Schuyler, grandson of Gen. Philip Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame, and Mary Hamilton, granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton, at the corner of Broadway and Broome street, New York. Miss Cordelia Chase, of Hopkinton, was made its principal, and he was invited to become a teacher in this school, through the recommendation of Benson J. Lossing, the noted artist and historian. Mr. Herrick remained in that important position for four years and then two years as principal, and until its union with Cooper Institute. His praisworthy career here is quite fully described by one of his pupils in this volume. He was then given an invitation to assume

charge of the art department of Yale College, but he declined this offer to continue his work of wood engraving for prominent New York houses, the American Bank Note Company, and others, among them redrawing designs for the Imperial Bank of Russia.

After twenty-one years in New York, he returned to Manchester in 1865, though he continued to work as designer and engraver for firms in New York and Boston. He executed the illustrations for the handsome volume of Æsop's Fables, published by Hurd & Houghton. He did some of his best work for Prang in his drawing of birds, which in natural pose and color have not been excelled. In his maturer years, he turned more especially to landscape pictures and water colors, producing work of a high class. The scenery about Manchester afforded inspiration for some of his best work, so in a double sense he was an artist of local associations but with a national reputation. He encouraged art at home in every way possible, and was one of the founders of the Art Association. He frequently gave free lectures upon art and never seemed happier than when he was assisting some struggling young artist. Still, if thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his profession, it did not make him less approachable and enjoyable as a companion. Possessing an independent character and a perseverance that never lagged until within a few days before he was called upon to enter that higher life, he was always the courteous, unobtrusive, kind-hearted gentleman of the old school.

He had exhibited pictures in oil and water color in the Academy of Design, in the American Water Color Society, in the Boston Art Club, and at the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia, 1876, studies from the life of Gen. John Stark, a favorite subject. He was the author of "Water Color Painting," a standard work, and had a revised copy of the work ready for the printer at the time of his decease. For a long time he was the only resident artist in the city, and Manchester was honored by his presence.

Mr. Herrick was a member of the First Congregational church and devoted much time to mission work. He was an active member of the Manchester Historic Association, and for four years served as its president, doing all in his power towards promoting the growth of the society in its infancy. Four pictures in oil painted by him hang on its walls, in remembrance of him. These show the old and the new warship "Kearsarge," with portraits of Rear Admiral John Ancrum Winslow and Capt. James B. Thornton in command.

Mr. Herrick married, in 1849, Miss Clarisa Parkinson of New Boston, who died August 16, 1902, at their home in Manchester. Three sons were born to them: Allen E., Robert R. and Henry A., all of whom are respected citizens.

FRANK W. FITTS

The American ancestor of the family of Fitts was Robert, who, with his wife, Grace D., came from Fitzford, Devon county, England, and was among the original settlers of Salisbury, Mass., in 1638, tradition says three years earlier. He died in Ipswich, May 9, 1665, leaving a son, Abraham, besides his widow.

The New Hampshire branch begins with Richard Fitts, second generation from Robert, who married March 18, 1694-5, Sarah Thorne. His descendants settled at South Hampton, Sandown, Chester and Candia, N. H., always in the van of pioneers, as the new country was opened up. Abraham of the fifth generation settled in Candia, having married in Chester, Dorothy Hall. He followed the occupation of a blacksmith, and he was a steady, intelligent citizen.

Frank Wallace Fitts was the son of Isaac and Ann M. (Shackford) Fitts of the sixth generation. He was born in Piscataquog Village, then a part of Bedford. Educated in the public schools of Manchester, in 1872 he opened a store in one-half of the building which became well known under his trade name of The Little Five. At first the postoffice was kept in the other part of the building, but offering the owners more rent than the government cared to pay, he came into the occupancy of the whole building. Here his business grew and prospered for many years, until he moved into a store fitted up for him in Merchant's Exchange, where he was in business at the time of his sudden death from heart trouble, August 22, 1906. Thus he had been in constant business for thirty-four years and, though only sixty at the time of his decease, had outlived all but three or four who were in trade when he began.

Mr. Fitts married, October 17, 1871, Miss Sarah J. Abbott, daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Campbell of Wilton. She, with two children, William L., of Portland, Me., and Mariana, at home, survives him.

ROLAND ROWELL

The son of Ephraim K. and Amanda (Davis) Rowell, Roland Rowell was born on February 22, 1849, and died November 15, 1906. He was educated in the Manchester schools and, upon his graduation from the High School in 1867, he entered the *Union* office, where he learned the printer's trade. After five years of service, he began the study of law in the office of Morrison & Stanley. He was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1876.

Living in the midst of an exciting political period, and an ardent Democrat, he became active in municipal affairs.

He was clerk of the police court, when Judge J. W. Fellows was at its head, and he was clerk of the common council.

Mr. Rowell removed to Boston in 1882, where he remained for about a year, following which he went to Chicago for a shorter period. He then returned to New England, locating in Lowell. For nine years he worked on the *Lowell Times*, published by George A. Hanscom and James L. Campbell, who had sold out the Manchester Union Democrat and removed to that city.

In 1892, upon the death of his father, Mr. Rowell returned to Manchester to devote his time to looking after his real estate interests. Interested in historical matters, he was a valued member of the Manchester Historic Association, serving for three years on the Publication Committee and one as Librarian. His paper upon the Stark Farm has been frequently consulted.

He was an Episcopalian in religious belief, and belonged to several fraternal bodies. He was a member of Edward A. Raymond Consistory, of Nashua; Kilkenny Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Lowell; Mount Horeb Royal Arch Chapter, No. 11, of this city; Adoniram Council, R. and S. M.; Trinity Commandery; Aleppo Temple, N. O. M. S., of Boston; Past Chancellor of Merrimack Lodge, K. of P., and Past Noble Grand of Highland Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Lowell. He was a member of the Sons of the Revolution, and the New Hampshire Bar Association.

He married, in 1885, Miss Susan Crosby of Albion, Me., a teacher in the public schools of Manchester, who survives him, as well as a brother, Charles Rowell, who lives on the old farm on the River road.

GEORGE H. TANSWELL

Born in Taunton, Mass., May 21, 1834, Mr. Tanswell came to Manchester, when he was fourteen years old, and lived here until his death, July 26, 1906. He worked for the Manchester Print Works from 1848 to 1851, when he became a clerk in the dry goods store of Samuel Jackson & Co. Remaining in this employment five years, he then accepted a position in a large dry goods establishment in Boston, where he stayed until 1860. He then returned to Manchester and entered the employ of Jackson & Kimball.

Having by this time obtained a thorough knowledge of the business, in 1870 he opened a small store in Music Hall building. From this modest beginning, by perseverance, strict integrity and enterprise, he enlarged his business, until in 1876 he moved to 39 Hanover street, where he continued in active mercantile pursuits until his retirement on March 4, 1904.

Though active in political circles, he was of a retiring, conservative nature. He represented his ward in the state legislature of 1876 and 1877. He was an attendant at the Franklin-street Congregational church and was a contributor to charity.

His entire career was marked by strict probity, and he enjoyed in full measure the confidence of the public. For many years the sign of The Golden Star hanging above the entrance to his store in Masonic Temple was a noted symbol of business.

He married Lydia White of Deerfield, who survives him.

CAPT. JOHN A. BARKER

John Anthony Barker was fortunate in having had the country for his birthplace. It is there the freeman is nur-

tured, and from thence have come the strongest of our thinkers and leaders of men. A native of Landaff, this state, he passed his early boyhood on his father's farm, coming to Manchester with his parents when he was eight years old. Five years later he was at work in the mills, where he remained until he was nineteen.

At this time the alarm of war spread over the country and he enlisted May 20, 1861, in Company C of the Second New Hampshire Volunteers, seeing his share of active duty. He was in the first battle of Bull Run, to be captured by the Confederates and sent to Libbey prison. After eight weeks of life at this noted prison pen, he was transferred to the old Parish prison in New Orleans. From there he was removed to Salisbury, N. C., where he was exchanged and returned to his regiment. A year had transpired since his enlistment, and in February, 1863, he was made a corporal. He was with his regiment in the midst of battle at Gettysburg, and on the second day he was struck on the head by a piece of shell, which completely disabled him from further service. In fact, his wound was of a most serious nature, fracturing and depressing the occipital bone to the extent of two inches square. After nearly a year in the hospitals he was honorably discharged. He bore the mark of his wound and suffered from its effects as long as he lived.

Following the close of the war, he was employed by the government for a year to protect public property in Nashville, Tenn. At the conclusion of this duty, he returned to Manchester, and was engaged in various positions until 1870, when he was chosen city messenger. This office he held, with satisfaction to all, for thirty-two years, or until failing health compelled him to resign.

John Barker's experience in the war had been of the kind that might well have been expected to cool the ardor of any one in whom the military instinct was not paramount. It had just the opposite effect on him. He became a member of an infantry militia organization upon

his return and remained with it two years. Then the First Light Battery was organized, and, although he was offered a commission in the infantry service, he refused it and became one of the original members of the present artillery organization. He was the last of the original members to leave it.

Captain Barker became a member of the Battery, May 19, 1867. On June 4, 1873, he got his first promotion, being made corporal. He was made sergeant on May 1, 1879. Then came the second lieutenancy, on June 11, 1894. He was brevetted captain on December 16, 1901.

Whatever he undertook, Captain Barker performed with all his heart, and his association with the battery was marked with his characteristic fidelity, until the time arrived when declining health compelled him to retire from active duty. On the evening of February 18, 1902, the entire command met to bid good-bye to their old comrade, and presented him with a sword and a copy of the reso utions. The ladies were present, and it was an occasion to be remembered as long as one of its participants shall live.

He was a member of Wildey Lodge of Odd Fellows, the Knights and Ladies of Honor, and the New England Order of Protection. His greatest interest, however, lay in his veteran organizations. He was a member of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., of the Manchester War Veterans, and of the Union Veterans' Union. Of social organizations, he was connected with the East Manchester Veteran Firemen's Association and the Manchester Turnverein.

He was a son of Samuel and Sarah (Jackson) Barker, born May 1, 1842, and he died September 23, 1907, the last of seven children, five boys and two girls.

He married, December 4, 1869, Maria P. Towne, of Manchester, who, with two children, a son, Dick Barker, and a daughter, Mrs. Ella Barker Davis, survive him. Another daughter died in infancy.

As late as September 6, he invited the members of the city government to visit him at his camp on the bank

HENRY H. MORGAN

Mr. Morgan was born in Lyndon, Vt., October 26, 1838, and died in Manchester, N. H., January 5, 1909. He received the advantages of such school education as usually fell to the lot of country children at that period. When fourteen years old he went to New York city, where he learned stencil cutting, following this trade as the principal occupation of his life, at the time of his decease being in business in this city.

During the Civil War, he served in the First Vermont Heavy Artillery, a regiment originally recruited as an infantry command, but transferred to the other branch of the army. He was largely employed on detail service at regimental and brigade headquarters, and acted as quartermaster and in other capacities higher than the rank of corporal conferred upon him. Both in the service of his country and in every day life he was always sincere and faithful in his endeavors.

He was a charter member of Chamberlin Post, No. 1, G. A. R., of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; a member of the Vermont Association of this city, and of Amoskeag Grange, P. of H.

A great reader, with a very retentive memory, and considerable of a traveler, Mr. Morgan was a very enjoyable companion, cheerful and kindly. He never married, and left only distant relatives.

ADONIRAM J. LANE

Adoniram Judson Lane was born in Deerfield, October 30, 1835, the son of Joshua and Jane Lane. His parents removed to this city in 1841, and soon after this he

began to earn his own living by selling papers and doing chores. At thirteen he went to work in the mills, but four years later he secured a position as grocery clerk. He then engaged in that business in company with his brother, the late Thomas A. Lane. Later he tried the wholesale business of fruits and produce, and afterwards went into furniture. Meeting with reverses here, he finally abandoned it, though he subsequently paid his creditors in full.

In 1871 he opened a real estate office in the Globe block on Hanover street, being a pioneer in that business. It was almost a month before he effected his first sale but, once established, the undertaking proved very successful. To his real estate operations, he added fire insurance, brokerage and the placing of loans. As his business increased in volume, he moved successively to offices in the Riddle building, the Opera House block, the old north store of the city hall and, lastly, to the commodious quarters in the Tewksbury block, Elm street, where the Commonwealth Bank had formerly been located, which office he was occupying at the time of his death, January 12, 1909.

Mr. Lane's long experience, wide knowledge and sound judgment him an acknowledged authority on real estate values, not only in Manchester but in the surrounding country. An enormous aggregate of business was transacted by his agency. He accumulated, also, records of great value, among them being complete data of all real estate transactions in the city for a period covering many years.

His most notable undertaking was in connection with the disposal, in residential lots, of the famous Isles of Shoals, off Portsmouth, and for many years the property of the Laighton family.

Mr. Lane was an attendant at the Universalist church; a member of the Lafayette Lodge, Mount Horeb Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Adoniram Council and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar; a member and Treasurer of

the Old Residents' Association. He was a member of Bektash Temple, Mystic Shrine.

He married Myra W. Aldrich of Lakeport, who survives him.

ALONZO ELLIOTT

Alonzo Elliott was the only son and the second and younger child of Albert and Adeline Waterman (Blackburn) Elliott, and was born in Augusta, Me., July 25, 1849. At the age of eight years, he was taken by his parents to Sanbornton Bridge (now Tilton), where he was educated in the common schools and later at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary.

At the age of fourteen years, he became clerk in a country store at Tilton and later went to Colebrook, Coos county. Thence he changed to Wentworth, where he continued in the same line of business until September, 1869, when he secured the position of telegraph operator and ticket seller in this city, on the Concord and the Manchester and Lawrence Railroads. He succeeded to the position of ticket agent in 1870.

Here he became known as the most expert ticket seller and one of the ablest telegraphers on the line. He held this position until 1893, when he resigned in order to engage in the banking and insurance business. His insurance business became very extensive, his agency representing some twenty-five leading fire, life, and accident insurance companies. He continued in this line until 1896, in the winter of which he was thrown from a sleigh and so severely injured that he was unable to attend to business for a year and at this time sold his insurance business and relieved himself from all possible cares.

Mr. Elliott was the organizer and one of the incorporators of the Granite State Trust Company, subsequently known as the Bank of New England, of which he was the treasurer, and which went out of business in 1898. He was president of the Manchester Electric Light Company, and a trustee and one of the organizers of the Guaranty Savings Bank.

In 1907, he was the vice-president, director and clerk of the People's Gas Light Company, was secretary of the Citizens' Building and Loan Association, and was a director of the Garvin's Falls Power Company. He secured the funds to build the first electric light plant in Manchester.

Mr. Elliott organized the Elliott Manufacturing Company, makers of knit goods, having a capital of $150,000 and employing 500 operatives, was its first treasurer, and at the time of his death was its vice-president.

He had been actively engaged in other business organizations, and through his ability to secure the necessary capital had brought to Manchester many of its most important industrial enterprises, including the F. M. Hoyt, the Eureka, Cohas, East Side, of which he was president, and West Side Shoe Companies, and the Kimball Carriage Company.

Mr. Elliott was treasurer and director of the Pacific Coal and Transportation Company, which owns large coal deposits at Cape Lisbon, Alaska, and also the steamer Corwin, which was the first vessel to arrive and deliver the the United States mail at Nome in the spring for several years. This was a great event in that section, and was also considered of importance in the annals of steamboating and the steamship world.

In the last two years, Mr. Elliott had conducted a brokerage office on Hanover street, north of the opera house entrance.

In company with the late Governor James A. Weston and the late John B. Varick, Mr. Elliott owned the valuable hotel property known as the Manchester House.

Mr. Elliott was a tireless and persistent worker, and his labors and influence contributed much in making Manchester's business what it has become. Being identified to such a large degree with the trade and industrial situation in this city, Mr. Elliott was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Manchester Board of Trade, and in the last few years had served as the president of this body.

An Independent Democrat in politics, he believed in certain changes in the policy of state government, and unable to influence either of the old-time parties to declare upon the issues that he upheld, he ran as an independent candidate in 1892 for governor.

He became a member of Washington Lodge, No. 61, Masons, Manchester, and was also a member of Mt. Horeb, Royal Arch Chapter, No. 11; Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar, Bektash Temple, Ancient and Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine, and charter Member of the Derryfield Club, He attended the Unitarian church.

After a long and painful illness, Mr. Elliott died at his beautiful residence in Manchester "Brookhurst," which for several years had been occupied by himself and his family, and which was built on the North River road in 1893. The estate surrounding the house includes a part of the original historic Stark farm, which belonged to Gen. John Stark of Revolutionary fame, comprising eight acres, and commanding a beautiful view of the valley of the Merrimack.

Mr. Elliott married, in 1873, Ella R. Weston, daughter of Mr. Amos J. Weston, and niece of former Governor Weston. Mrs. Elliott died in 1876, at the age of twenty-three years. In 1878 Mr. Elliott married Medora Weeks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Weeks. Four children blessed this union, Lucille Weeks, who married Harry Gilman Clough, Laura Medora, Mildred and Alonzo, Jr.

COL. EDWARD C. SHIRLEY

Colonel Shirley died at his home, on Shirley Hill, May 17, 1909, in his 74th year. He was the son of Robert M. and Sophronia McCutchins Shirley, and always resided in Goffstown. Of striking presence and genial manners, he was widely known and respected. Deeply interested in agricultural matters, he was one of the foremost figures in the management of New England and New Hampshire agricultural societies. He was associated in these organizations with ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth and Col. George W. Riddle. Colonel Shirley was always marshal of the big parade, one of the leading features of the fairs in Manchester.

An ardent Republican, he was prominent in the councils of the party, and won his commission on the staff of Gov. P. C. Cheney. For many years he was president of the Manchester and North Weare Railroad, and was the promoter of the carriage road to the summit of the Uncanoonuc Mountain, which paved the way for the incline railway.

He married, in 1862, Miss Amanda Baldwin, who survives him. He left a son, Robert L., and two daughters, Mrs. Arthur Griffin of Malden, Mass., and Mrs. Philip L. Marden of Lowell, Mass.

GEORGE S. EASTMAN

Mr. Eastman was born in South Weare, in May, 1849, and died in Manchester, November 29, 1909. He was the son of Daniel B. and Mary A. Eastman. When he was a year old, his parents moved to West Manchester, where they lived in a small house, which is still standing near the

North Weare Railroad. His father was a man of good business capacity and, investing early in real estate, he acquired a handsome competency before he died.

Inheriting the shrewd business qualities of his father, George Eastman went into the manufacture of carriages in 1877, combining with this dealings in real estate. He was a pioneer in building homes for poorer people on the installment plan, in five years building over fifty of these houses. In 1898, he closed his carriage manufacturing and devoted all his time to the care of his real estate holdings.

A staunch Democrat in political faith, he represented Ward 8 in the state legislature in 1882 and 1884, and in 1886 he was elected senator, the only Democrat ever elected from that district, which proves his popularity. He never joined any secret society, but he belonged to the Derryfield Club and the Manchester Historic Association.

He married, on January 1, 1877, Miss Jennie Riddle Goffe, who survives him, and also his aged mother. He built in 1887 the handsome house at the corner of Main and Parker streets, where he lived until his death.

GEORGE F. LAIRD

George Franklin, son of George and Hannah (Wright) Laird, was born in Tyngsboro, Mass., May 22, 1848. He was but fifteen years of age when he enlisted with the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, and he served out his time and received an honorable discharge.

He learned the trade of brick laying in his early life, and followed that occupation during the remainder of his days. He came to Manchester in 1870, and, barring three years when he served on the Manchester police force, under both City Marshals Melvin J. Jenkins and Horatio Longa, he was in the contracting business all the time.

He was associated with Charles A. Merrill since 1880, and was identified with the erection of many Manchester buildings, many of them being among the best-known structures in the place. He did all the brick work of the old Kennard block for Samuel Mead. The Kennard was the six-story affair which was destroyed by a fire several years ago. He also laid the brick for the Bedford block on Elm street, and for the Smith and Dow flats and Dunlap block, also on Elm street. Other buildings which Mr. Laird's firm was instrumental in erecting were the Charles A. Morrill residence at the North End, the Noah S. Clark home on North Elm Street, the Weston, Hill and Fitts block, and the Boston & Maine roundhouse. These are but a few of the structures that bear evidence of Mr. Laird's industry.

He was a member of Lafayette Lodge, F. and A. M.; of Mt. Horeb Chapter, Adoniram Council, Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar, and was a 32d degree Mason, under the New Hampshire Consistory. Besides, he was a member of Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shriners, of Boston. He was an active member of Louis Bell Post, and was conspicuously prompt in his attendance at the meetings of the Post.

Mr. Laird was a man of striking physique, and for that reason was a figure in Manchester not easily to be forgotten. He stood six feet and five inches in his stocking feet, and at one time weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. When on the police force, he made a most impressive appearance in uniform, and was the subject of comment by strangers visiting the city.

He married Marion Rowell, April 8, 1892, who survives him. He died of heart disease, Decembe r8, 1909. He was an interested member of this society, and a noticeable figure upon our streets.

ORRIN E. KIMBALL

Manchester lost one of its oldest and most respected citizens in the death of Orrin E. Kimball, October 3, 1909, in his 76th year. He came to this city in 1839, from Dracut, Mass., when he was six years old, so that he was educated in the local schools, and before he was twenty-one he had entered upon a mercantile career, being actively engaged in the leather business until his decease. For a long period he was a senior member of the firm of Kimball and Gerrish, but in later years this became Kimball and Brown. The company had a tannery at South Manchester and leather works on Elm street, just north of Bridge.

Mr. Kimball was deeply interested in the development of property at Lake Massabesic, and he built a two and one-half story house there, which was his summer home for more than twenty years. The popular tract of country on the shore known as Kimball's Point he improved and converted into an ideal summer resort. So carefully and successfully did he conduct the condition here, though he leased the land for nearly forty cottages, the water commissioners never had any reason to complain, and when they made such an extended purchase of shore property they did not seek to get control of Kimball's Point, aware that the city could not manage affairs so as to improve the conditions.

In the days when boats dotted the lake as they do not at present, he owned the fastest and staunchest craft afloat. Among all those who sought Lake Massabesic for recreation and out-of-door life, not one loved the beautiful lake more or was more zealous for its protection against vandal hands.

Taking a deep interest in the affairs of the city government, Mr. Kimball frequently and efficiently held office at the city hall. He was a member of the council, under the government of Mayor John Hosley, and was alderman from his ward, No. 2. He was interested in the manage-

ment of the fire department, having had long experience with old handtubs, and in the days of the famous old Torrent, he was foreman of that machine. He was acting chief of the department at the time of the Webster block fire, August 7, 1885, which resulted in the loss of so many lives, in spite of all that could be done. He served for twenty-two years on the board of engineers, and was always noted for his coolness and good judgment.

He left a daughter, Mrs. Simon H. Brown, and a grandson, Perley K. Brown. The funeral ceremony, shorn of all display, was in keeping with the quiet and peacefulness of his last years. The service was brief but impressive, and the usual custom of having bearers was dispensed with, the casket being borne from the house by carriers chosen for that purpose. Interment was in the family lot in Pine Grove cemetery.

GEORGE F. PERRY

This gallant war veteran was the second son of John and Betsey J. Perry, and was born in Pembroke, Mass., March 14, 1844. His father was lost at sea when he was small, so his widowed mother was thrown upon her own resources in bringing up her boys. She came to this city when George was about a year and a half old, so practically all of his life was passed here. He was but a little over seventeen when the guns of Sumter awoke the land to the consciousness of the impending war, and of good size he induced the recruiting officer to put down his age at eighteen. He enlisted for three years and joined James W. Carr's company, which became known as the "Rifle Rangers," and which was later reorganized as Company C, Second New Hampshire Volunteers. The regiment was mustered in at Portsmouth during the first week in June,

1861, leaving for Washington the 20th. Upon its arrival, three days later, it was assigned to Burnside's brigade, and made a part of Hunter's division opened fire at Bull Run on the 21st.

After this battle, the regiment was attached to Gen. Joe Hooker's First Brigade at Bladensburg, to be stationed at Budd's Ferry, and though inactive through the winter, in almost constant expectation of fighting which seemed worse to the new recruits than most severe service. In March the Peninsular campaign was begun, and the siege of Yorktown opened April 5 lasted until the 4th of May. Early in this long and sanguinary struggle, young Perry met with an experience he could not other than remember as long as he lived. On the 5th, the battle of Williamsburg was fought, and he was amongst the foremost in the skirmishing line, when he received a Confederate bullet in his right shoulder which shattered the bone of the arm. The contending forces were surging back and forth and the wounded boy sought greater safety at the rear, finding himself helpless to wage further warfare. But on his way he slipped and fell, thus breaking the remaining bone of his arm, bringing entire helplessness to the limb, which now bled profusely and pained him intensely. While waiting in a long line to have the surgeon dress his painful wound, he had ample time to contemplate the hardships of war. But he never faltered, and that night he slept on a pile of wheat in an old granary. The next day he was sent home, under the president's proclamation, to recover from his wound. Ten days later he was back to Manchester, where he remained until August before his shattered arm, which presented a frightful scar, would allow him to return to the front, so that he rejoined his regiment while it was on its retreat from the Wilderness.

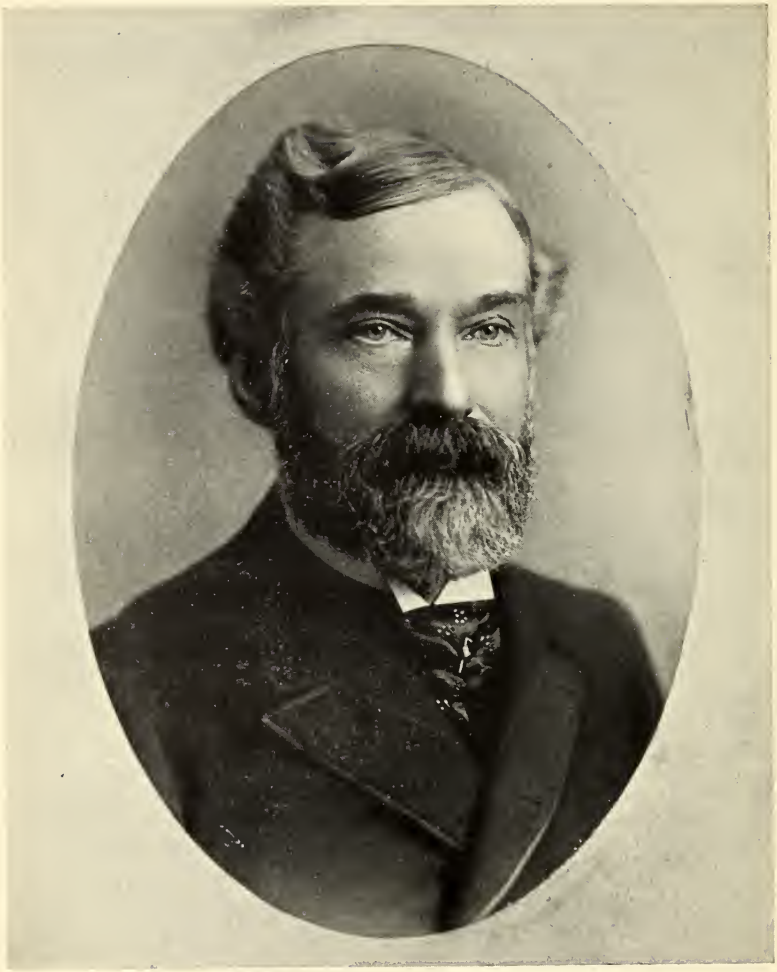
From there the Second went to Harrison Landing, and thence to Fairfax Seminary, where the young soldier was discharged on October 2, 1862, unable to remain longer with his comrades on account of his arm, which would not

admit of such arduous duty. Still the patriotic fires were not quenched, and on January 1, 1864, he enlisted in the Veterans' Reserve corps, going back to Washington and serving on the defence for awhile. He was then appointed chief clerk in the military assistant's office at the Lincoln General Hospital. He remained here until the hospital closed in 1865, being promoted to corporal and then to sergeant.

Upon his return home he took a course in commercial college, teaching awhile there, then bookkeeping, except when he was employed by different grocers. He had charge of the books of John E. Towle & Co., wholesale provision merchants, for eighteen years. His last work was done for Eager & Co.

Comrade Perry joined the War Veterans of Manchester in 1879, and Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., September 26, 1883. He was junior vice-commander in 1895, senior vice-commander in 1896, and commander in 1897. He was a charter member of the Alvin H. Willey command of the Union Veterans, which was organized in this city, and rose through the different grades to be department commander of New Hampshire, with the rank of brigadier-general. He was a member of Hillsborough Lodge, I. O. O. F., from 1880.

He married, July 31, 1871, Miss Ella F. Plummer, of Manchester, who survives him. Five children were born to them, two of whom, Walter S. and Attie are living. His brother, Henry S., also survives him. Comrade Perry answered the last roll-call on the morning of April 4, 1907, and his spirit passed out to the Great Beyond, where the bivouac and the battle are unknown.



Wm. E. Quick

WILLIAM E. BUCK

William Ela Buck was born at Hampstead, N. H., in April, 1838. He attended the village school in Hampstead for twenty-five weeks in the year, until he was 13 years old. After that he went to the same school for one or two winters. At the age of 17 he had saved $600 from work in a shoe shop, and with this money he went to the academies at Chester and Atkinson one year and Phillips Exeter Academy three years, where he was thoroughly fitted for Harvard University, though he intended to enter Dartmouth College.

At the age of twenty-one years, he found himself without money and in poor health, and went west to seek a climate more congenial to his physical welfare, at the suggestion of a friend who proposed that they should teach school for a while to defray expenses. This was in October, 1859. Mr. Buck began teaching his first school the next month, out on the prairie, in a new settlement, about forty miles west of Chicago.

After teaching ten years in Illinois, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, he came to Manchester in April, 1869, from the principalship of the Cohasset, Mass., high school, and was appointed master of the old intermediate school, which was then located where the police station now stands. In six months Mr. Buck was made master of the Spring-street school. He served there five years, and until he was transferred to the mastership of the Ash-street school, when that building was completed in 1874.

He was principal of the Ash-street school from 1874 to 1877, when he was elected superintendent of schools to succeed Mr. Joseph G. Edgerly. Mr. Buck served as superintendent of schools of this city twenty-three years, until his resignation, which took effect June 30, 1900. Always courteous in his manner, efficient in whatever he undertook, and thoroughly interested in the welfare of the city, his best work, that left the deepest and most lasting

impression was his superintendency of our schools, and his resignation was accepted with deep and genuine regret by all people interested in the welfare of the public schools. But failing health warned him that he needed rest after, as he expressed it, "responding regularly to the school bell for forty-five years, four years as student, eighteen as teacher, and twenty-three as superintendent, I feel the need of release from the constant and exacting attention demanded by a proper discharge of the duties of my present office."

Mr. Buck was the author of an improved school register, which was officially used in the public schools of New Hampshire. For several years he was on the board of trustees of the State Normal School, and Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M., in 1886.

He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Helen M. Putnam of Hampstead, by whom he had one son, William Putnam, now living in Denver, Col. Mrs. Buck dying in 1864, he married for his second wife, Harriet A. Mack, who survives him. They had five children, George K., Walter F., Burton W., Arthur E., and Helen I. Buck. His children have reflected credit upon his name, several of them being very efficient educators.

HARRISON D. LORD

Many of the Lords of New Hampshire trace their descent to Robert, the immigrant, who settled in New England before 1650.

(I) Robert Lord, the immigrant, was born in England in 1603, and appears to have been the son of Catherine Lord, who was residing in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1637, and was a commoner in 1641. Robert Lord took the free-

HARRISON D. LORD

man's oath at Boston, March 3, 1636. He was representative in 1639; one of Saltonstall's committee to grant house lots to settlers in 1645; one of Dennison's subscribers in 1648; appointed "searcher of the coin" in 1654; had a share in Plum Island, 1664; selectman in 1661, and many years after. He was town clerk for many years, and also clerk of the court till his decease. The latter office included the duties now performed by the clerk of probate and register of deeds. He served more than twenty years in the Indian wars and became so inured to camp life and exposure that he could never afterwards sleep upon a feather bed. He is said to have been below the medium stature, but of powerful mould, and one of the most athletic, strong, and fearless men in the Colonial service. There is a tradition that the Indians themselves at one time, when confronted by Lord's Rangers, proposed to decide the battle that was anticipated by an encounter between the champions of the two parties; to this the whites agreed, and Robert Lord walked to the front. The Indians selected the most powerful of their tribe, a perfect giant, full seven feet in stature. The two men were to meet at full run and take the "Indian hug" as they closed.

The savages anticipated an easy victory. They came together like two infuriated bullocks, with a tremendous shock, but in an instant the redskin lay stretched upon the earth, and the shouts of the Colonial scouts rang out in the forest. Not satisfied with a single experiment, they were required to rush and clinch again. In this encounter Lord took the "hip-lock" on his greasy antagonist, and threw him with such force that a blood vessel was ruptured in the fall. The Indians took him up and carried him from the arena, fully acknowledging themselves defeated; they afterward reported that the white man's devil invested Lord with supernatural strength. He died August 12, 1683. He married Mary Waite in 1630. Their children were: Robert, Sarah, Nathaniel, Thomas, Samuel, Susannah, Abigail, Hannah, and one who married a Chandler.

(II) Robert (2), eldest son of Robert (1), and Mary (Waite) Lord, was born in 1631, and died November 11, 1696. He had a share in Plum Island in 1664. He married Hannah Day, who survived him. Their sons were: Robert, John, Thomas, James, Joseph and Nathaniel.

(III) Thomas, third son of Robert (2) and Hannah (Day) Lord, married, May 24, 1686, Mary Brown. Their children were: Thomas, John, Jonadab, Mary and Robert.

(IV) John, second son and child of Thomas and Mary (Brown) Lord, settled in the town of Exeter, New Hampshire, and on October 31, 1712, married Abigail Gilman, by whom he had sixteen children.

(V) Robert (3), ninth son and fourteenth child of John and Abigail (Gilman) Lord, was born in Exeter, April 8, 1733, and died in 1801. He was a farmer in Exeter, and lived in a garrison house during the Revolutionary War. Robert Lord is credited in the Revolutionary War Rolls of New Hampshire service in Captain Peter Coffin's company of minute men, mustered by Joseph Cilley, muster master at Portsmouth, November 24, 1775. He married a Miss Cram, of Sanbornton, and they had ten children: Hannah, John, Deborah, Abigail, Anna, Robert, Samuel, James, Nathaniel and Polly.

(VI) John (2), eldest son of Robert (3), born in Exeter, 1770, died April 21, 1800, married Elizabeth Dearborn, who was born June 30, 1771. He was a hatter in Deerfield, N. H. They had two children: Edward Dearborn and John.

(VII) John (3), second son of John (2), was born January 22, 1797; married Mary Dearborn, August 13, 1823. They had eight children: Harrison Dearborn, Freeman Bainbridge, Angeline, Caroline, Mary Ann, John Henry, Charles Franklin, and Harriet Ann.

(VIII) Harrison Dearborn, eldest son of John (3), was born in Barnstead, December 23, 1825. His parents

moving to Corrinna, Me., when he was very young, he received his education in the public schools of that town. A cousin, Joseph Knowlton, living here in Manchester at the time, wrote him such glowing accounts of the opportunities here, that young Lord decided to come hither. Accordingly, obtaining his father's consent to his freedom, he set out at the age of nineteen for his long journey on foot and by the slow ways of travel in those days. His father took him by team twenty miles, and then, with the hearty godspeed of his parent ringing in his ears, he walked to Hallowell. From that place he went by boat to Portland, then came by rail to Dover, N. H., the Boston and Maine road having been completed recently to that city. Again he moved on foot, arriving at his destination footsore and weary, but not discouraged. Through Mr. Knowlton's assistance, he secured a position in the Amoskeag Machine Shop, where he remained twenty years. Finding that indoor work did not agree with him, he left the shop in 1864, and engaged in various capacities. In 1865, he was elected city messenger, serving in that office about four years. In the meantime he had been appointed constable, and in 1876 he became deputy sheriff, an office which, with an interval of two years, he held up to the time of death, over thirty years, being with one exception the senior member in point of service, the exception being Mr. Charles Scott of Peterboro. He was best known, perhaps, in the performance of his duty in taking charge of the grand juries.

In 1885 he was appointed coronor, which office he held continuously until the office was abolished. He was also deputy tax collector, inspector of check list in Ward 4, and assessor to the time of the creation of the new board of three. He represented Ward 4 in the legislature of 1870. He belonged to the Mechanic's Lodge, I. O. O. F., the Veteran Odd Fellows' Asssociation, the Old Residents' and Manchester Historic Associations. But he preferred the quiet of his home, or the outdoor exercise upon his farm, at Centre Harbor, during the summer months.

Mr. Lord married, January 12, 1853, Juliet, daughter of Simeon S. and Lucy (Sturtevant) True of Centre Harbor. Three sons were born to them: Harrison, dying in infancy, Harry True and Samuel Julian, the last two being well-known citizens.

Mrs. Juliet True Lord was a descendant of the Sturtevant family that was among the early settlers of central New Hampshire. Her grandfather, Hosea Sturtevant, was a soldier in the army of the Revolution, and went through many exciting experiences. He was captured by the British and confined in the sugar refinery at Brooklyn and in the New Jersey prison hulks, where he endured great suffering. In recognition of his services he was granted an extensive tract of country near Squam Lake, where he settled with his family. In later years the original Sturtevant homestead fell to Mr. Lord.

His first wife dying January 20, 1870, Mr. Lord married, February 13, 1875, Susan S. Bean, widow of Francis Bean of Manchester. She died in 1877. Mr. Lord was a man of strict integrity, and was held in high respect by all who knew him.

EDWIN S. FOSTER

Edwin Stearns Foster was born in Stoddard, December 21, 1840, the son of Stearns and Mary (Rice) Foster. Before reaching his majority, he went to Springfield and began work in the armory, where he remained until the breaking out of the Civil War. He then enlisted in the Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, serving in the army three years, and going through arduous campaigns. At the close of the war, he went to Chicago, where he stayed for several years, working at the trade of a carpenter. A

better position being offered him in Brattleboro, Vt., he moved hither and remained here a short time, when he again changed his base by removing to Keene, N. H., to become a contractor and builder. He built some of the finest residences in Northfield, Mass., and in Dublin, N. H.

Mr. Foster remained in Keene until 1882, when he came to Manchester and entered the employ of William M. Butterfield, the architect, to be superintendent of construction for him. He was thus engaged when he was chosen building inspector for the city in 1904. He proved the right man for the place and his work was very creditable towards placing the duties of that position upon a firm foundation.

Of a decided temperament, never fearing to express his opinions on matters political, he was an ardent Democrat until the silver issue of the West was thrust upon the party in 1896, when he forsook his allegiance to the Democracy and became a zealous Republican, acting with his characteristic honesty of purpose. His loyalty to his friends and unswerving fidelity to principle won for him many friends.

His death was sudden and unexpected by his family. Thursday he was attending to his duties with his usual apparent good health. That night he was taken with a severe attack of acute indigestion, and in spite of all that medical skill could do he died at 11 o'clock Saturday morning, July 4, 1908, in his 67th year, lamented by a large number of friends.

Mr. Foster was a mason, a member of Security Lodge, Ancient Order United Workmen and the Manchester Historic Association.

He married, November 26, 1868, Ella Stewart Houghton of Brattleboro, Vt., who died May 12, 1889. Five children were born to them: Frank H., September 10, 1869; Harry S., May 12, 1871; George E., August 13, 1872; Louise B., August 13, 1876; Carl H., January 3,

1883, all of whom survive him. He married, second, Clara Ardelle Fay, February 12, 1890, who with one child, Mary H., born August 14, 1891, survives him. He left one sister, Mrs. Ellery E. Rugg, Keene, N. H.

FRANK S. BODWELL

On the afternoon of May 24, 1910, Frank S. Bodwell answered the summons unto that other life with remarkable fortitude. The *Daily Mirror*, in recording his death, says most fittingly:

"He had been ill a long time, suffering from dropsy and a heart trouble, but he bore up with wonderful fortitude, and his courage did not desert him to the last. Less than than three hours before his death, he called for a cigar and leisurely smoked it, apparently as easy in mind as ever, although he knew that the hour of dissolution was near. He was cheerful to the last, and smilingly endeavored to cheer the distressed relatives gathered about his bedside.

"Mr. Bodwell was possessed of a wonderful disposition, and not one in thousands possessed the happy faculty which he enjoyed in always looking on the bright side. His nature was always sunny and cheerful, and even when suffering from pains and ills he was smiling where others would complain. He had suffered numerous accidents in which he sustained broken bones or other injuries, and had been so crippled that he was obliged to use a carriage almost exclusively in traveling about, but his misfortunes did not effect his happy nature. The more serious his ills the more inclined was he to make light of them.

"Mr. Bodwell was a son of the late Alpheus Bodwell, and was born at Goffe's Falls, July 2, 1847. He was edu cated in the public schools, but early went to work with his

father, and later embarked in business for himself. His life was an active one. For many years he conducted the Bodwell granite quarries in the northeast part of the city, and was widely known in the stone trade. He had represented Ward 4 in the legislature in 1891.

"His fraternal associations were in Free Masonry. He was a member of Washington Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Mt. Horeb, Royal Arch Chapter; Adoniram Council, R. and S. M.; and Trinity Commandery, K. T., all of this city, and Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shrine, of Boston.

"He leaves a wife and one son, Frank Bodwell; three brothers, the Hon. Brooks L. Bodwell and Charles H. Bodwell of this city and Dr. Fred L. Bodwell of Dover, and two sisters, Miss Emma A. Bodwell and Mrs. Sadie V. Ballou."

SYLVESTER C. GOULD

He lives not in vain who leaves one friend to mourn his loss. If this is true, well indeed has he lived who leaves many to count his virtues, and recall with kindly thought the good that he did, the kind words that he spoke, the thoughtful zeal with which he performed the duties that fell to his lot. The subject of this Memoir was modest of his accomplishments, a plodder in his work, sowing without reaping, toiling without rest. It was those who knew him best that loved him most. Of a studious mind, he was versatile in his researches. We cannot do better than to incorporate the sketch of this nestor of the New Hampshire press, given by the *Daily Union* at the time of his decease on the afternoon of July 19, 1909:

Sylvester Clark Gould was born in Weare, March 1, 1840. From 1854 to 1858, he was employed as clerk in a

dry goods and grocery store. In 1859 and 1860, he attended school at the Boscawen Academy, of which Jonathan Tenney was principal. He entered the office of the *Daily* and *Weekly American*, February 24, 1862, where he learned the printer's trade.

These journals were published and edited by Simeon D. Farnsworth, who, on being appointed paymaster in the army, leased the newspaper establishment, April 17, 1863, to Henry A. Gage, James O. Adams and Orren C. Moore, which was run under the firm name of Gage, Moore & Co. On August 13, 1863, Mr. Gould purchased the interest of O. C, Moore in the lease; Mr. Moore still acting as editor, Henry A. Gage as publisher, James O. Adams as reporter and Mr. Gould as clerk and telegraphic reporter.

On December 24, 1863, S. D. Farnsworth, returning on a furlough to Manchester, bought off the lessees and sold the newspaper establishment to John B. Clarke, and the papers were published as the *Mirror and American.* From this time to March 16, 1864, Mr. Gould settled up the affairs of the American office as compositor, job printer, and temporarily as reporter, until December 24, 1868.

On January 1, 1869, John W. Moore, Samuel C. Merrill, Charles W. Clough and Mr. Gould associated themselves together under the firm name of John W. Moore & Co., and began the publication of the *Daily News.* In February, 1869, Mr. Gould disposed of his interests to J. W. Moore and entered the Daily and Weekly Union office as compositor, and continued until July 5, 1869, when he again entered the Mirror office as job printer, and continued until May 1, 1871.

Mr. Gould entered the service of the Concord Railroad in 1871, and in 1874 became depot master at the passenger station, under Maj. Josiah Stevens, who was station agent, and he continued in that capacity until early in the 90's.

Mr. Gould had a mathematical rather than a literary mind and, though not a fluent writer, he possessed a won-

derful faculty of research, especially along the lines of the mystic and occult knowledge. He was never happier than when solving some intricate problem or delving deep into the lore of a forgotten or hidden art. He was an indefatigable collector of books along unusual lines, so at his death he had a library of considerable size, many of his books first editions and valuable. He had, with possibly one exception, the largest and finest personal collection of Homeric works in the country, consisting of over one thousand volumes.

In July, 1882, in association with J. L. Webster of Norfolk, Va., he began the publication of a monthly magazine, entitled "Notes and Queries," and devoted to historical and miscellaneous matter. Upon the decease of Mr. Webster, a few years later, Mr. Gould continued the publication of the magazine, though, out of courtesy, adding the name of his brother, Leroy M. Gould, now deceased, to the name of the firm. For a year, George W. Browne was associated with him, but the magazine was a child of Mr. Gould's brain and bore the unmistakable trade mark of his mind. It was continued until his failing strength compelled him to abandon the task, leaving the last volume incomplete. Devoted to abstruse and scientific subjects, with generous space devoted to matters relating to the Masons and Odd Fellows, it came to be prized by those interested in such affairs. Naturally having a limited circulation, it nevertheless went to all parts of the globe.

Deeply interested in fraternal societies, Mr. Gould gave several addresses that were preserved in printed form and make publications of value to the student and seekers after knowledge along their particular sources of thought. Among these may be mentioned "The Master's Mallet," "The Staff of Adam." He was an active member of the town committee for the publication of the history of Weare and did much towards the publication of that excellent work. He wrote several poems for special occasions, and was a felicitous speaker.

He was a charter member of the Manchester Historic Association, and was one of the publication committee from its organization. He compiled a bibliography of Manchester literature, over two thousand titles; a bibliography of Gen. John Stark, about one hundred titles; a list of New Hampshire Election Sermons, and prepared an article on the origin of the song, "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye," all but the first for this society.

Mr. Gould was a 32d Degree Mason, and a member of the Boston Consistory. He was a member of Lafayette Lodge, No. 41, of this city; of Mount Horeb Chapter, No. 11, Royal Arch Chapter; of Adoniram Council, No. 11, Royal and Select Masters, and of Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar. He was also a member of the Brotherhood of Rosicrusians of Boston, and also of various other Masonic bodies having jurisdiction elsewhere than in New Hampshire.

He was an Odd Fellow, and was a member of Hillsborough Lodge, No. 2, of which order he was a past grand master and a past grand representative. He was also attached to the Encampment. For many years he was secretary of the Veteran Odd Fellows' Association, and was at one time the president of that body. He was secretary for many years of the Odd Fellows' Relief Association. He was a member of Arbutus Lodge of Rebekahs. He was a member and corresponding secretary of the New Hampshire Press Association. He was also a member of several foreign societies, some of them of high standing, though the writer of this cannot give their names. He had a wide correspondence and was in touch with many persons of exalted ideas, and proved himself a man of high attainments, though the thoughts that appealed to the many were not those that abided with him.

A tireless worker, he found little time for rest, until at last the day came when the tired hand was compelled by a higher will than man's to become idle. Even then, in his last moments, the brain continued its battle, while the lips

slowly gave utterance to those terms which showed that he was still busy trying to solve some mathematical problem. In the midst of this study, the great change came, and like one groping for the solution of a strange question, prophetic of his life work, he lifted his hand for the last time, saying with faltering voice: "It is growing dark; turn on the lights." These were the last words of a type of man such as rarely comes into our associations, spoken at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 19, 1909.

Mr. Gould married Miss Fannie E. Sherburne, who survives him, as well as a daughter, Miss Annie L. Gould; one brother, Rodney W. Gould, of Weare; a nephew, Harry B. Gould, of Hartford, Conn.; and a neice, Miss Ada W. Gould, of Lakeport, N. H.

GILLIS STARK, M. D.

Gillis Stark, a son of Frederick G. and Anna B. Hutchinson Stark, was born in Manchester, February 9, 1865. He was a great-great-grandson of Gen. John Stark. He attended the grammar schools of this city, graduated from the high scool in the class af '83, and then entered Dartmouth College. After a year in the classical course, he entered the medical department to receive the diploma of a physician, June 27, 1889.

He began practice in Rockland, Mass., but soon removed to Northwood, N. H., where he remained over a year. He then located permanently in his native city, where he soon secured a large practice.

Taking a sincere interest in public affairs, he became one of the most influential leaders of the Democratic party in his ward. In 1896 he was elected alderman from Ward 8, quickly proving himself an able and active member. At

the end of his first term, he was re-elected with an increased majority. An associate, in remarking upon his service, said:

"Dr. Stark was genial and cordial, and was very popular at city hall during his two terms of office. Nobody had a truer friend than he and he will be missed and mourned."

While his extensive professional duties gave him little leisure for society, he belonged to several social and fraternal societies. He was a member of the Foresters of America and their resident physician. He was an Odd Fellow and a Knight of the Ancient Essenic Order; a member of the Calumet Club and of the Manchester Historic Association.

While he had been aware of the serious malady that threatened his life, and he had told a few intimate friends that the end was not far away, his death came as a great shock to the public. He was attending to his professional duties Saturday, making seven calls. On Sunday morning, December 13, 1910, he was stricken down and expired within a short time.

Dr. Stark married, in April, 1893, Gertrude M. Hall, of Windham, Me., who survives him, as well as his father, two brothers, Fred R. of this city and Dr. Maurice Stark of Goffstown, and one sister, Mrs. Charles F. Smythe of this city.

ROBERT D. GAY

Rebert Duncan Gay was born in Hillsborough, N. H., October 23, 1838, where he was educated and lived at home until he was twenty-one. Then, with ten dollars in his pocket, he started out to seek his fortune, as he expressed it, going to Boston. There he worked in the wool business

for three years, when he entered into the upholstery trade, to sell out in 1869 and come to Manchester. In this city he first engaged in the grocery business in the firm of O. & R. D. Gay. In time a change was made and it became Gay and Davis. After about a year in this, he sold out and went into the grain business, in which he remained about a year, and then returned to Boston, but continued in the same kind of trade.

He remained in Boston until the great fire in the spring of 1872, when he came back to Manchester and opened a store at No. 72 Hanover street, where he remained until his death, dealing in upholstery, draperies and fancy goods. Here he was successful and his store became well known.

Mr. Gay became a Mason in Boston, and he afterwards joined Mt. Lebanon Lodge of this city. He was an early member of the Royal Templars of Temperance. But his first choice among the secret orders was the Patrons of Husbandry, with which he became affiliated soon after the organization of that body in the state. He was a charter member of old Amoskeag Grange, No. 3, served as lecturer and master of that body, and as lecturer of the reorganized grange. For four years he served on the executive committee of the State Grange and, thoroughly interested in grange work, he was a zealous advocate of its principles and an untiring worker.

While attending the Pomona Grange at Hudson, on March 25, 1909, upon leaving the hall to return to his home, he slipped upon the ice and fell, receiving an injury to his hip from which he never recovered. He was taken to the hospital at Nashua, and there given the best care possible, but the fractured limb did not recover as had been hoped, and finally he was taken to the home of his nephew, Walter E. Gay, at the home farm in Hillsborough. He made two or three visits to Manchester during his months of suffering, but he was obliged to get about on crutches. It was seen that he was gradually failing, and

on Sunday, December 26, 1909, he was attacked with pleurisy and an affusion which proved fatal.

He was survived by his widow, who was formerly Miss Julia Blanchard of Washington, N. H., and the following nephews and neices: Walter E. and Frank D. Gay, both of Hillsborough; Julia M. Gay, a teacher in New London; Nellie Morgan, of Ludlow, Vt.; Ethel Gay, of Nashua, and Isabel Gay, of Hillsborough. Mr. Gay was a man of temperate habits, a thorough believer in the power of mind over matter, and possessed of marked enthusiasm in whatever he undertook.

CHARLES H. BODWELL

Charles H. Bodwell, the third son of Alpheus Bodwell, was born in Manchester, June 2, 1853, and was one of the city's best-known business men. Educated in our public schools, he became identified with the coal and ice business founded by his father and his eldest brother, the Hon. Loring B. Bodwell.

Genial, enthusiastic, a lover of sport, he was a member of the Order of Elks in Manchester, having filled the offices in the lodge with great credit to himself and satisfaction to others. He was a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, Washington Lodge of Masons, and Queen City Lodge of Knights of Pythias. He was an earnest official of the Hillsborough County Game and Protective Association. Always a staunch Republican, he was honored by the voters of his ward by the elections to the state legislature for two terms.

Coming from a long-lived family, of temperate habits, strong physique, he seemed to have the promise of a long life. But his heart had proved weak, and his death came

suddenly, while he was riding home from the office in the street car, just before noon, on February 21, 1911. He had appeared during the forenoon in his usual health, and was stricken in the car while on his way home to dinner. He lived but a few minutes.

He is survived by a wife, who was Elvira M. Baird; two brothers, Hon. Loring B. and Dr. Fred L., of Dover; and two sisters, Miss Emma S. Bodwell and Mrs. Sadie V. Ballou, both living in the city.

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Manchester, N. H., Oct 1 1913

Mr. Frank E Webster

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